JAN 5 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST

January 10, 1959 — 15¢

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A Passenger's Report on the New Jet Service to Europe

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

THE EARTH'S SHIFTING CRUST

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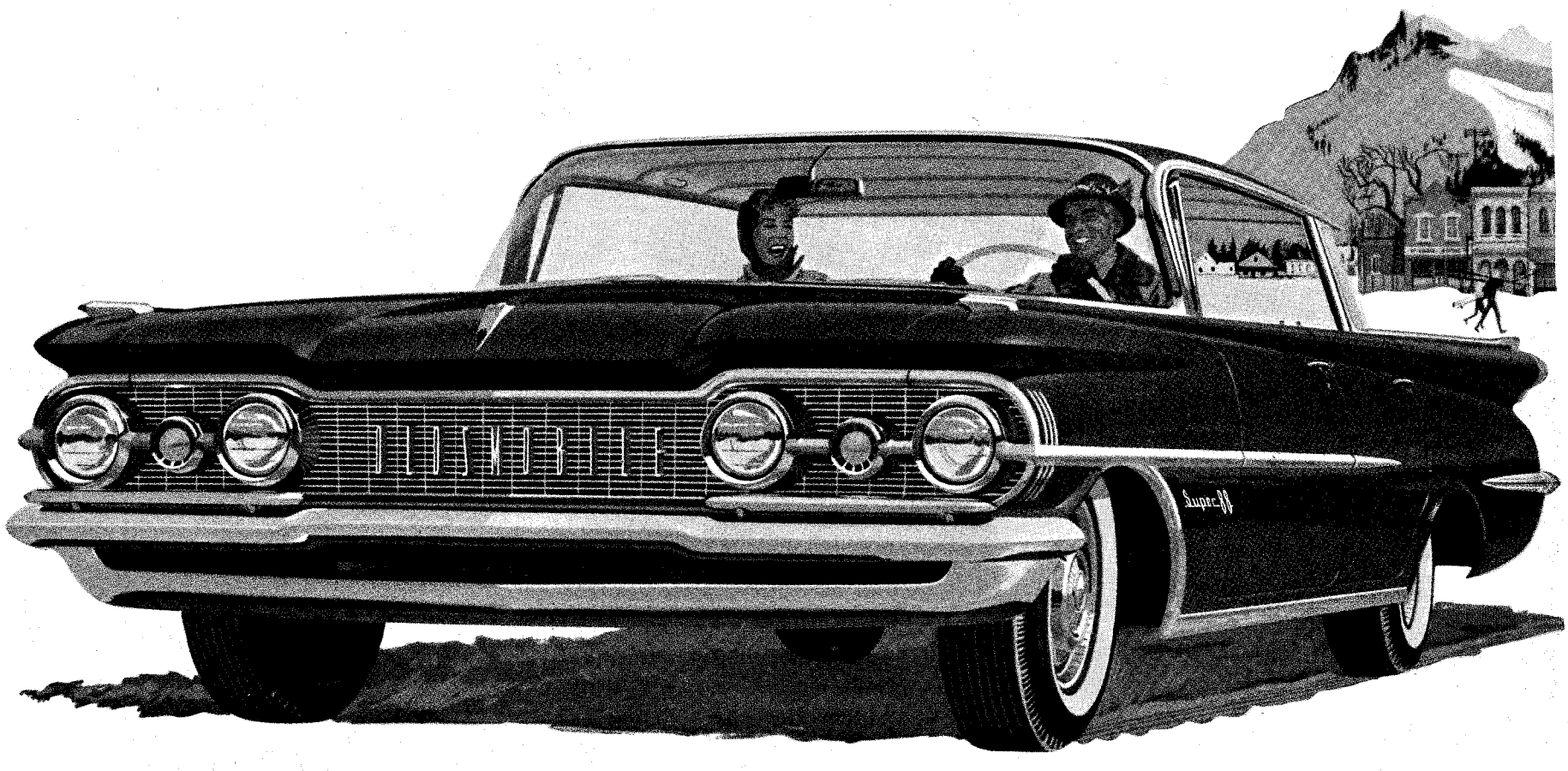

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Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

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- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

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...your No. 1 protection against infection

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THE COVER

Here is a lass in the springtime of years and poundage; she whisks on a new dress and looks in it the way her elders there wish they did, but don't. That lady over by the fittery door, who is about to see if she fits a dress, is surely a kindly soul, yet she may now be entertaining a caustic thought: *When does that emaciated child eat, once a week?* You men who are looking at George Hughes' cover (students of figures, all), what think you about Miss Young? Why, some men admire 'em long and slender, and the rest will say that Miss Y. would be improved by a bit more latitude on the same longitude. Which evokes a query: since those comely matrons certainly have husbands who love them approximately as they are, why don't they mind their own shopping and be at peace?

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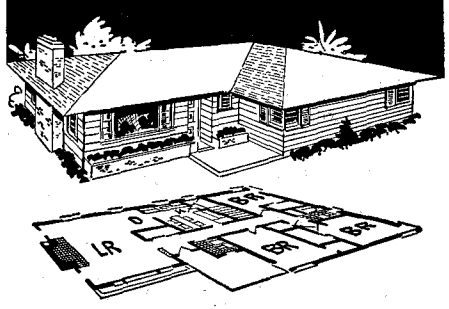

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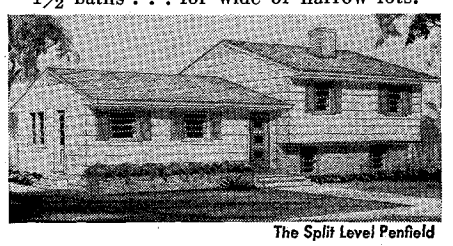

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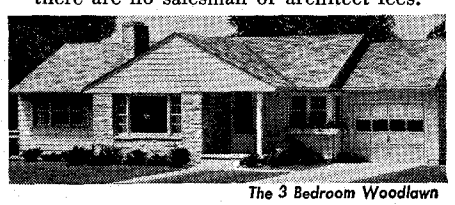

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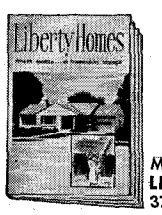

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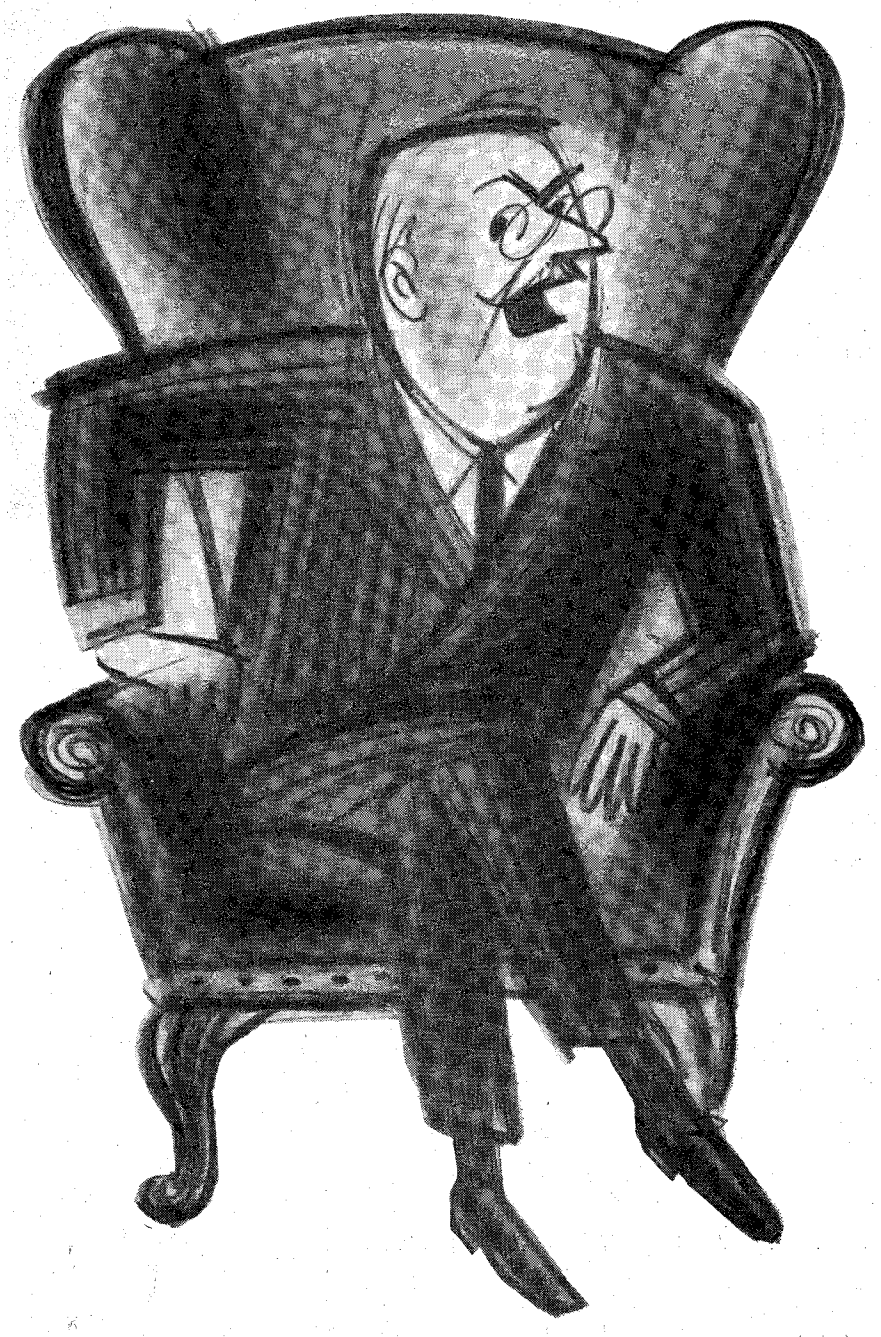


"Harrumph! They think
I'm an old softie because
I like the kids to call me
Long Distance every week!"

"Softie, indeed! Sure I am! Ever since my son and daughter married and moved away I have 'em call me every week—and make it collect!

"They go on and on about how my grandchildren did 'this' and did 'that.' But I really like it. And I'm looking forward to another call tonight!"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

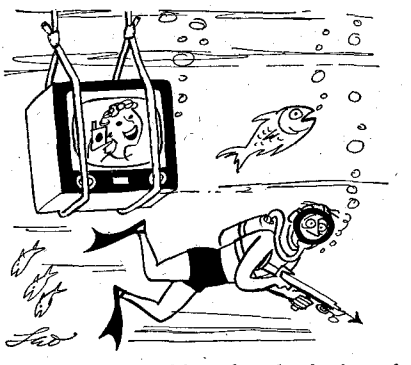
Letters

Music, Music Everywhere

Dear Sirs:

I read Robert M. Yoder's article on Muzak ("BACKGROUND MUSIC": PERSUASION IN THE AIR, Dec. 6) with a distinct shudder. . . .

If Muzak's tapes are to be played in airplanes, subways, buses, zoos, supermarkets and even banks, it will be exactly as if a neighbor's radio or TV set were to follow us around wherever we went, like some evil spirit. Where are we



to find that most blessed and relaxing of all commodities—quiet? . . . .

Let me lift up one man's voice in a plea to be left alone with his *own* thoughts.

WILLIAM R. FRYE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

How can a person's musical taste be educated if his musical senses have been dulled to the point where it requires an effort to listen to music consciously? We are breeding a musically-deaf race.

WALTER COLEMAN
Department of Music
Iowa State Teachers College
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

You state: "Muzak's music plays in the great offices of the Prudential and the New York Life insurance companies, in Yankee Stadium and the Bronx Zoo, on the roof of the Empire State Building and under water in the swimming pool of Eaton's Motel at Hamilton, Ohio."

Muzak's music does not play on the roof of the Empire State Building.

We, Music of Distinction, Inc., supply the background music for the roof of the Empire State Building.

JOHN R. ANDREW, *President*
Music of Distinction, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

On page 84, Mr. Yoder says: "Now it goes into cities down to 25,000 population. . . ."

I think you ought to know that right here in Laconia, New Hampshire, a city of less than 15,000, we have Muzak.

ALFRED D. ROSENBLATT
Laconia, N.H.

● *Our apologies to Music of Distinction and to Laconia, New Hampshire—and to the nine other Muzak-equipped small cities between Laconia and Kalispell, Montana.* —*ED.*

The West is Really Wild Now

Dear Sirs:

I protest most vehemently the views of William L. Worden in his smug, fact-ignoring article, GO WEST, BUT KEEP YOUR GUARD UP [Nov. 29]. Those of us who were born in California look with sadness at what is happening to our state and our way of life. At one time, when orange and walnut groves, tourists, and the motion pictures were our main sources of income, Californians were dignified, hard-working, and respectable. . . .

All of that was to come to a screeching halt when the United States was tipped off balance and Easterners and Midwesterners skidded into the sunshine.

ANTHONY SCOTT
South Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Worden . . . stayed too long in Hollywood. That isn't a place; it's a disease.

MRS. CLAUDE R. DEAN
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

To imply that all of the customs, dress, and culture (or lack of it!) of the Los Angeles area is typical of San Francisco, Portland and Seattle is like implying that Coney Island is typical of the East Coast.

MARJORIE MANWARING
Ross, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As a Webfoot, I completely enjoyed William Worden's article on Western idiosyncrasies.

MRS. WILLIAM L. BRIGHT
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

California: The world's largest open-air nut house. I love it.

B. E. BAILEY
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We know we are nuts, but enjoy it. However, we are not so nuts as to take a picture at Vine and Sunset [below] and

Wrong dress, wrong address.

then try to palm it off as Hollywood Blvd., as your Mr. Worden did on page 26.

ARCHIE R. WOOD
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Don't blame Worden. Our caption writer, who corrected his error in half our press run, says, "I am ready to take my lumps."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Those voluminous frocks [above] . . . are Hawaiian muu-muus—not "mu-mus."

FORREST H. MC GEE
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

And each "u" is pronounced separately—like moo-oo-moo-oo.

HANNAH BONSEY
Makawao, Maui, Hawaii

(Continued on Page 6)

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There has never been anything like these "Progress Kits" available — for completeness, authority and detailed step-by-step guidance. Nothing has been left out. The expert business leaders, psychologists and educators who planned the Program have included all the know-how *and actual practice* you need. Their simplified new self-instruction method enables you to gain "practical experience" in the odd moments that now go to waste every day.

Sample "Memory-Trainer Kit" only 10¢

To introduce you to this new kind of personal achievement plan, Nelson Doubleday offers you a valuable "sample kit" almost as a gift. You'll receive a remarkable 10,000 word handbook — *How To Remember Names and Faces* — that gives you the secrets of professional memory experts. In the first five pages you'll learn one easy trick that will double your memory power — *overnight*. Soon your new "automatic memory" for names, faces, facts will win new friends, gain recognition on the job.

As with each Progress Kit in the Program, a set of handy practice and application cards accompanies the memory handbook to help you "learn by doing". Slip them into the pocket holder provided — for use in your spare moments. They've been scientifically planned to add a "real life" dimension to self-instruction.

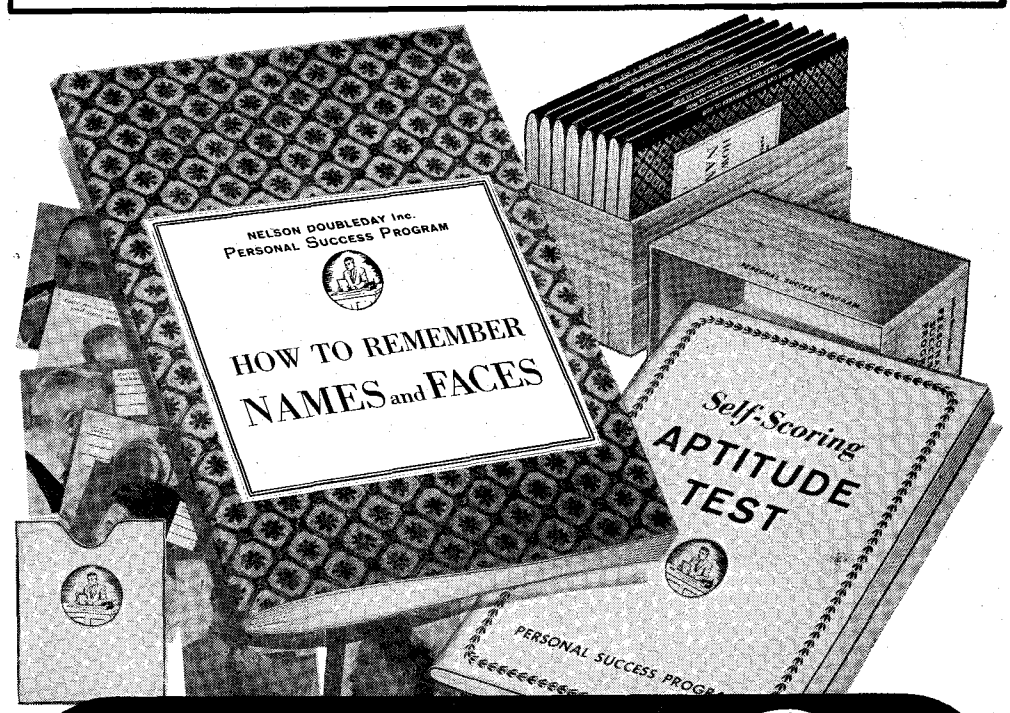
Along with your memory training material — as an extra bonus to launch your own Personal Success Program — you will receive a complete self-evaluation aptitude test.

Will you invest 10¢ in your future?

There's plenty of room for you "at the top". Leaders are sought and welcomed more than ever in the business world today. To begin qualifying for the opportunities ahead, accept the valuable introductory package offered by the Personal Success Program for only 10¢. There is no obligation whatever — and no salesman will call. This is a "demonstration offer."

If you are delighted with your first kit and wish to continue with the Program, you will receive a new Progress Kit each month, for which you will pay — not the many dollars charged by most "schools" — but only $1 plus small shipping cost. You stop whenever you like. Mail the coupon today. The Nelson Doubleday Personal Success Program, Garden City, New York.

START WITH PRE-TESTED "MEMORY-TRAINER KIT" FOR ONLY 10¢



Here's What You Get for only 10¢

1. "HOW TO REMEMBER NAMES AND FACES" — the self-instruction handbook that increases your memory power up to 500% in a few weeks. You possess a skill that's worth a million when you can instantly recall names, faces, facts.

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Nelson Doubleday Personal Success Program
Dept. 9-SPB-1, Garden City, New York

I enclose 10 cents. Send me at once my introductory package consisting of handbook "How to Remember Names and Faces", set of practice and application cards and pocket card holder. Also include my free Self-Scoring Aptitude Test and the handsome Desk File for convenient storing of future Progress Kits.

After examining this package, I will decide whether or not I wish to continue. If not, I will simply let you know. If I do continue you will send me a new Progress Kit each month for only $1 plus shipping. I am not obligated to take any minimum number of kits, and I am free to stop at any time.

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FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,† only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember to brush with Colgate Dental Cream!

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†TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE...GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I concluded that Worden must be one of those frustrated Easterners who for some reason never was able to live here himself.

MARIANNE C. SCHMID
San Pedro, Calif.

● *Worden is a long-time resident of Bellevue, Washington. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I can't think of any reason to keep one's guard up when going west except, possibly, to ward off Mr. William L. Worden.

GUY DE ANGELIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Exaggerations, absurdities, untruths.

V. A. MOLITOR
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I trust, for the sake of Mr. Worden's safety, that we Westerners all have senses of humor!

LOLA ALBRIGHT
Encino, Calif.

● *Well, we're glad that actress Albright [right] hasn't forgotten how to smile.—ED.*

Bismarck Torpedoed By Beebe Guns

Dear Sirs:

I want my money back, all forty-five cents I spent for three issues of the Post on THE NINE LAST DAYS OF THE BISMARCK [by C. S. Forester, Nov. 15–29]. . . .

Of all the dreary, bare-bones, undetailed, glamourless, colorless and shiftless treatments of a great epic, this is the thinnest fare I have yet encountered.

The skeleton lacks any rags of decent clothing, let alone the embellishment and wonderful detail Forester has on tap. . . .

A pox on this sort of history and double pox on the Post for swindling its faithful followers of Forester.

LUCIUS BEEBE
Virginia City, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

A vivid and thrilling story.

FRANK B. STOUT
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

An unforgettable piece of reporting.

NAN M. COMSTOCK
San Clemente, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

On page twenty-four of the Nov. 15 edition is a picture of the christening of the Bismarck. In the picture is Adolf Hitler, who is given the title "Reichsführer" in the caption. . . . Hitler's title was "der Führer." It was Heinrich Himmler, the head of the German secret police, who had the title of "Reichsführer."

EDWARD C. EWERT, JR.
El Cajon, Calif.

● *Der caption writer erred. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

May I, as a former member of the German armed forces, point out to you a discrepancy which discredits an otherwise very credible story? . . .

The Knights Cross with Diamonds was not created by Hitler until sometime in 1943, when some of the air aces like Galland had already climbed up the whole staircase of decorations, were still shooting down planes and simply had to be given another award. . . .

Obviously Captain Lindemann could not have been given a decoration that did not even exist in 1941.

BORIS SOROKIN
Chicago, Ill.

● *Author Forester concedes that reader Sorokin is correct. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Forester must be complimented on his work. However, he has failed to bring out this most important fact:

The U-*556* was returning from operations in the Atlantic. In front of her periscope passed the King George V and the Ark Royal. The two ships were sitting ducks! Fortunately for the British, the U-*556* was out of torpedoes. Had these ships been hit, the Bismarck most certainly would have reached Brest.

BRIAN SMALLEY
Auburn, Maine

Dear Sirs:

In the second of Forester's most interesting articles . . . appeared a photograph labeled "The battleship King George V." Exactly the same photo is in Captain Russell Grenfell's "The Bismarck Episode," published by Macmillan in 1948, but there it is "H. M. S. Prince of Wales." I believe the book is correct.

GEORGE B. THUMMEL
Winterhaven, Calif.

● *Our caption was wrong. A picture agency mislabeled the photograph. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The author states it was the Suffolk that sighted the Bismarck and Prinz Eugen. I always understood the honor went to H. M. S. Norfolk. But not trusting my memory, I referred to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, quote: "On the evening of May 24 Adm. W. F. Wake-Walker in the 'Norfolk' sighted the Bismarck. . . ."

LEONARD C. LANE
Lake Worth, Fla.

● *The Encyclopaedia Britannica account differs from accounts by Sir Winston Churchill and Captain Grenfell. "It isn't easy to make a choice between Winston Churchill and the Britannica," says Forester, "but a choice had to be made." —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Gene Lester. • 6–NBC. • 13, 14, 15–Frank Ross. • 16, 17–Mac Conner. • 18, 19–George Lazarnick. • 20, 21–Al Buell. • 23–Ollie Atkins. • 24–Harold Von Schmidt. • 25–Anonymous; George Burns. • 26, 27–Jacob Lofman. • 28, 29–Bill Shrout. • 30–J. R. Kilpatrick from Detroit News; Detroit Free Press. • 31–Dick Stone. • 32, 33–Carroll Jones. 37–Stan Galli. • 66–Ollie Atkins. • 68–Diagrams by John L. Howard from Earth's Shifting Crust. • 80–Electric Boat; two Anonymous; Italy's News Service—Pix.

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The man who drives 300 miles a day or more will wonder where the weariness went, in new cars of The *Forward* Look. Chrysler Corporation's exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride makes these the finest driving, finest riding cars in America—and at *no extra cost.* You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

Cars that can do what they look like they can do

Built for 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
Quality Cars of The *Forward* Look for '59
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

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VISION OF LOVE
YOURS TO CHERISH

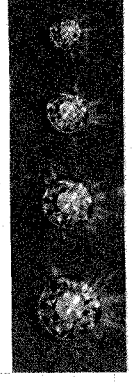
When the heart is full with love's young dreams, nature applauds with wondrous beauties. Most brilliant, most joyous of all is the engagement diamond that was wrought in earth just for you. In its clear and lovely lights, it captures the vision of your love. And ever after, it will tell how one man and one woman found and shared their destiny. This most personal of treasures should be sought with care, chosen for its purity and beauty, for it will be cherished always . . . by you, and for endless generations.

Vision of Love, painted for De Beers Collection by Leona Wood

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

¼ carat (25 points) $75 to $250
½ carat (50 points) $170 to $550
1 carat (100 points) $500 to $1430
2 carats (200 points) $1000 to $4000

Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1958. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities (color, clarity, cut) offered. Remember, purity is significant, no matter what the size. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.



Facts about diamonds. When choosing a diamond, it is wise to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler. He will explain how color, clarity and cutting (apart from size) contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. And he will help you choose a quality that befits the occasion. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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To introduce you to THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

CHOOSE FROM THESE FIFTY ALBUMS

ANY FIVE for only $3.98

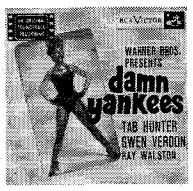
[NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES TOTAL UP TO $24.90]

. . . if you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 to be made available

THIS new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music . . . and takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. **You pay far less for albums this way** than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the introductory offer described here can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership. **Thereafter you save almost 33⅓%.** After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a **free** 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least $3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. **A wide choice of RCA VICTOR albums** will be described each month. One will be singled out as the *album-of-the-month*. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate —*or nothing at all*—you can make your wishes known on a simple form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

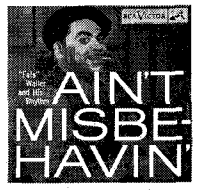
ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R. P. M. LONG-PLAYING

1. BELAFONTE Folk songs, spirituals, blues, calypsos, including *Scarlet Ribbons, Noah, Waterboy, Sylvie, Matilda.*

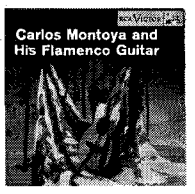


2. DAMN YANKEES Original soundtrack of new film version. Stars Gwen Verdon, Tab Hunter, Ray Walston.

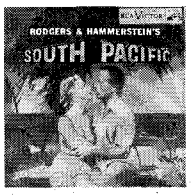
3. LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS Forty top standards and show tunes in a dancy supper-club style.



4. AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Fats Waller plays and sings 12 of his best: *Two Sleepy People, Honeysuckle Rose, Tea for Two.*



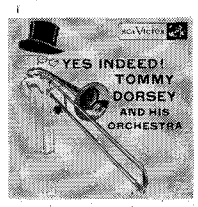
5. CARLOS MONTOYA AND HIS FLAMENCO GUITAR A recital by the greatest living exponent of Spanish gypsy music.



6. SOUTH PACIFIC Original soundtrack recording from the Rodgers-Hammerstein film hit. 15 perennial favorites.

7. LET'S CHA CHA WITH PUENTE The popular cha cha band with perfect tempos for Latin-American dancing.

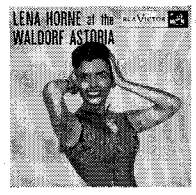
8. STRAUSS WALTZES Melachrino Orchestra. *Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Voices of Spring*, etc.



9. YES INDEED! Tommy Dorsey with Sinatra, Stafford, Berigan. *Marie, Boogie Woogie, Song of India, Star Dust.*

10. SCOTTISH SPLENDOR Pipes, drums, regimental band of the Black Watch. Rousing, fiery music in highest fi.

11. MUSIC FOR RELAXATION *Star Dust, Autumn Leaves, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young* and others.

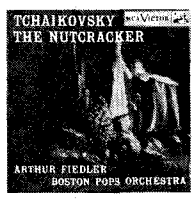


12. LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA On-the-spot recording of her sensational night-club show.

13. THE EYES OF LOVE Dreamy, romantic tunes. *I Only Have Eyes for You, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, I'll Be Seeing You*, etc.

14. THE DRUM SUITE Progressive jazz composition by Manny Albam and Ernie Wilkins. Loaded with name stars.

15. GIGI Songs from the film score by Lerner and Loewe, writers of *My Fair Lady*, sung by Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



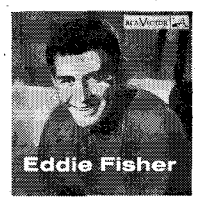
16. THE NUTCRACKER SUITE Excerpts from Tchaikovsky's ballet music, played by the Boston Pops Orchestra.

17. MUSIC FOR DINING Popular favorites and light classics: *September Song, Charmaine, Diane, Warsaw Concerto*, others.

18. THE NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Miller style, modern repertoire, starring Ray McKinley.

19. GISELE La MacKenzie sings ballads; *Stranger in Paradise, Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow*, etc.

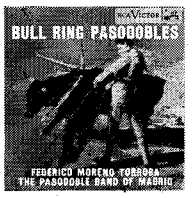
20. THE GOLDEN AGE OF BENNY GOODMAN Original recordings of B.G.'s greatest hits with Krupa, James, Berigan.



21. THINKING OF YOU Eddie's biggest hits. *Wish You Were Here, Oh! My Pa-Pa, How Do You Speak to an Angel?*, others.

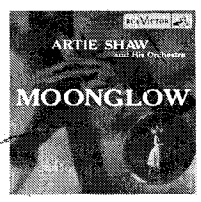
22. THE KING PLAYS SOME ACES Xavier Cugat's latest album: his most famous hits in hi fi. *Green Eyes, Adios*, etc.

23. MARY MARTIN SINGS—RICHARD RODGERS PLAYS Rodgers' songs with Hammerstein and Hart lyrics.



24. BULL RING PASODOBLES Exciting music with Federico Moreno Torroba and the Pasodoble Band of Madrid.

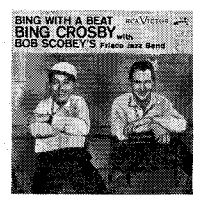
25. COMO'S GOLDEN RECORDS 14 of Perry's million sellers: *'Til the End of Time, Prisoner of Love, Temptation.*



26. MOONGLOW Artie Shaw and his two most successful bands. *Begin the Beguine, Nightmare, Star Dust, Frenesi*, others.

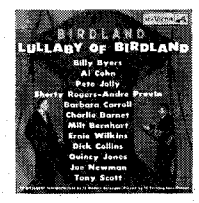
27. GUIDE TO JAZZ Armstrong, Basie, Dodds, Ellington, Waller, Hampton, Hawkins, Morton, Henderson, others.

28. PLAY, GYPSY, PLAY Gypsy Sandor Orchestra plays *Autumn Leaves; Dark Eyes; Music, Maestro Please.*



29. BING WITH A BEAT Bing Crosby on a jazz lark, abetted by Bob Scobey and his all-stars, sings twelve oldies.

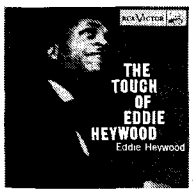
30. SWEET SEVENTEEN The Ames Brothers sing twelve standards: *I Don't Know Why, Little White Lies.*



31. LULLABY OF BIRDLAND 12 different versions of jazz classic. Big bands, pianists, and modern jazz groups.

32. STUDENT PRINCE Mario Lanza sings hit show tunes by Romberg, also Lehar, Rodgers, Brodszky and Coward.

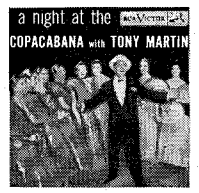
33. GEORGE FEYER TAKES YOU TO SOUTH PACIFIC & OKLAHOMA Sparkling piano versions of the hit scores.



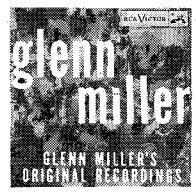
34. THE TOUCH OF EDDIE HEYWOOD Trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, On the Street Where You Live*, etc.

35. MAGOO IN HI-FI Jim Backus (Magoo), in a series of hilarious antics designed to show off your high-fidelity rig.

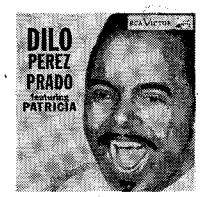
36. MARIAN ANDERSON SINGS SPIRITUALS One of the all-time great vocal collections. Special re-issue.



37. A NIGHT AT THE COPACABANA WITH TONY MARTIN On-the-spot recording of his supper-club routine.



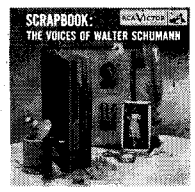
38. GLENN MILLER Original versions of the great Miller hits. *In the Mood, String of Pearls, Little Brown Jug*, others.



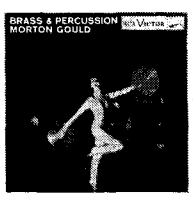
39. DILO (UGH!) Perez Prado's exciting band plays his hit cha cha *Patricia*, also *Back Bay Shuffle, Bandido*, etc.

40. DUKE ELLINGTON 1940-42 band. Includes *Take the "A" Train, Perdido, I Got It Bad, Cotton Tail, All Too Soon.*

41. BELAFONTE SINGS OF THE CARIBBEAN Traditional calypsos and a great variety of West Indian folk tunes.



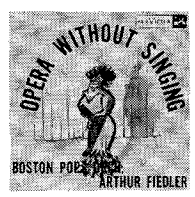
42. SCRAPBOOK The Voices of Walter Schumann sing mellow mood music, varied program of standards, light classics.



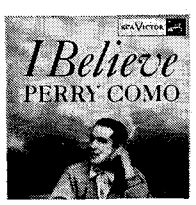
43. BRASS & PERCUSSION Morton Gould Symphonic Band in 17 marches by Sousa, Goldman, etc. Hi-fi showpiece.

44. CAROUSEL Rodgers and Hammerstein's beautifully melodic score superbly sung by Robert Merrill, Patrice Munsel.

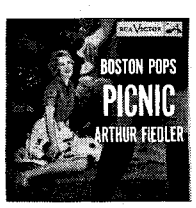
45. TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS A must for jazz collectors, starring Armstrong, Teagarden, Hackett in 1947 concert.



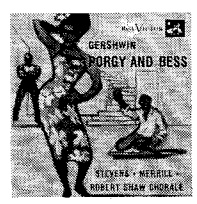
46. OPERA WITHOUT SINGING 15 favorite melodies arranged for orchestra. Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston Pops.



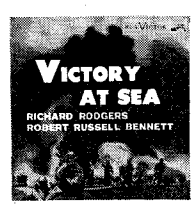
47. I BELIEVE Inspirational songs of all faiths; Schubert's *Ave Maria, The Lord's Prayer, Bless This House, Kol Nidre.*



48. BOSTON POPS PICNIC All-time favorites by concert orchestra. *Jalousie, Malagueña, In a Persian Market*, others.



49. PORGY AND BESS Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill sing Gershwin's *Summertime; Bess, You Is My Woman Now*, etc.



50. VICTORY AT SEA, Vol. I Richard Rodgers' orchestral suite especially composed for the NBC-TV production.

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Please register me as a member of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club and send me the five albums whose numbers I have circled at lower right, for which I will pay $3.98, plus a small postage and handling charge. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price: usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership in The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club. I may cancel my membership any time after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album *free.*

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Editorials

In 1960 We'll be Electing a President, Not Picking Mr. America!

Although it is almost a year and a half before the national conventions will choose presidential candidates, the journalistic "future book" is already operating. Every week figures are released showing just how Nixon would run against Kennedy—that is to say, with people who have graduated from high school; or how much popularity Senator Symington has picked up among male junior executives, in comparison with the popularity President Eisenhower is supposed to have lost. It is all very exciting, but from most of the discussion and prognostication it would not appear that the gentlemen being rated had any more political or ideological significance than if they were horses named for the Santa Anita Handicap.

This being the one-hundredth anniversary of the period in our history just prior to the nomination of Abraham Lincoln by the newly born Republican Party, it is instructive to speculate on how Lincoln accumulated all that prestige in time to get nominated. In 1858 he had run for the Senate in Illinois and lost to Stephen A. Douglas. He looked to be out of the picture, a poor vote getter with no Trendex rating to speak of. And yet two years later he was elected President of the United States.

Public relations had very little to do with it, although Lincoln was backed by some astute politicians. He was brought to national attention not by means of synthetic popularity contests but by his discussion during that unsuccessful senatorial campaign of a vital national issue, the extension of slavery into the territories. In the famous debates with Douglas in that campaign, every aspect of this controversy was explored, with side excursions into the conditions under which Supreme Court decisions could be called the "law of the land," and the morals of the Mexican War. However, it was Lincoln's brilliant analysis of the slavery issue, and his espousal of views on it which were by no means universally popular, which established his class. By the time of his Cooper Union speech in New York, only a few months before the convention of 1860, Lincoln was definitely in the running.

It would be helpful if the selection of candidates for 1960 could spring from better and more penetrating discussion of today's national issues. There are plenty of fake issues trotted out to attract votes. But on the real issues, like the right of a man to work without giving Jimmy Hoffa or his ilk a cut from the pay envelope, or the need for continued firmness against Communist threats, or the excesses of "foreign aid," or farm subsidies, politicians tend to keep their mouths shut until the returns from the opinion polls are in. This may be the modern way to get elected, but it's no help to the perplexed citizen who wonders "whither we are drifting" and would like a candidate's opinion on how to stop.

Conspicuous among politicians who didn't let the supposed "trend" prevent them from standing on their principles is Sen. Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, who took all the rocks the political propagandists of the AFL-CIO had to throw at him and won the election. He stuck to his condemnation of the use of union dues in political campaigns, and he refused to retreat on "right to work." Just why Goldwater survived obstacles which were too much for other conservatives is a matter for political analysts to explore. In the meantime it is heartening to note the triumph of even one Republican in a nontypical state whom "unpopular issues" couldn't lick.

Serov's Fall Doesn't Mean the Reds are Done With Torture

One of the most sinister figures of modern times, General Ivan A. Serov, has been demoted, deposed or maybe liquidated by his Soviet masters. He was a "general," thanks to the NKVD, the designation of the Soviet secret police during World War II. He was directly responsible for the execution or deportation of millions of innocent people. He boasted that he knew how to break every bone in a man's body without killing the victim.

Serov's education began with the Komsomol, the Soviet youth organization, and his entire career has been with the secret police. In 1938 he was Khrushchev's hatchetman in the deportation or execution of Ukrainian collective farmers who had been making serious trouble. When the Red Army entered Poland in 1939, Serov went to the eastern provinces of that country with instructions to deport to the remotest areas of the Soviet Union all "anti-Soviet elements." He did.

Serov's next assignment took him to the Baltic states—Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia—where he organized the deportation of some 750,000 people. For this achievement he was awarded the Order of Lenin. He is a top man in the art of genocide.

In 1945 he went to Poland as head of the NKVD group to organize the Polish secret police. In 1946 he became No. 2 man in the reorganized Soviet Ministry of Internal Affairs, now known as the MVD. For the third time he received the Order of Lenin, for having completed the slave-labor construction of the Volga-Don Canal.

Serov was one of the few powerful secret-police officials to survive the 1953 purge. After Beria's fall there was a series of executions, but again Serov escaped. Indeed, he was given the Order of the Red Banner of Labor and a few months later was made chairman of the Committee of State Security.

When Serov journeyed to Great Britain in 1956 to make straight the way for Khrushchev and Bulganin, popular resentment there rose to such a pitch that he did not return to England with his two employers. We can be sure of one thing: Serov's loss of favor is the result of another of those purges which are a chronic feature of totalitarian tyranny. No substantial change in the methods of the Red police state is to be expected.

Houses May Have Rooms Again, and Not Just "Areas"

One of the features of contemporary home design has been to open up the living area as the house shrank in size. Separate rooms for cooking, eating and entertaining have given way to a sort of circus arena where everyone can join in the fun, whether it's cooking, conversation, dishwashing or piano lessons. The only thing lacking has been a quiet place to read, write, or brood over the virtues or horrors of what one of our esteemed contemporaries calls "togetherness."

The "family room" was recently invented to relieve some of the pressure. Its cozy name is misleading. The family room is a convenient cage for the children; a catchall for mother's sewing equipment or for father's hunting gear and trophies of the chase; and is more often used as a refuge or an isolation chamber than as a center where the family activities are conducted en masse. It qualifies as a move back toward the "apartness" which the spacious homes of an earlier generation achieved with nurseries, playrooms, dens and attics.

A new chamber dubbed the "dressetory" promises to continue the trend. This is an invention of the plumbing manufacturers, designed to solve the family traffic jam in the bathroom and, incidentally, to sell more fixtures. A "dressetory" aims to provide each member of the family with his or her own clothes storage, dressing table, wash basin, and toilet adjoining the bedroom. The only facility that is shared is the bathtub, placed in a compartment all its own. A properly engineered "dressetory" is said to require hardly more space than that normally assigned to bedroom closets and presumably adds little to the size of the house.

In a home filled with "dressetories" the sacred rites of make-up could be shrouded in merciful privacy. The head of the house would not be confronted with nylons either floating in the wash basin or draped on his towel rack. The most significant change, perhaps, could occur in the bedroom, freed of dressing tables, chests of drawers and closets. If builders can be persuaded not to shrink it to train-compartment size, there will be room for a comfortable chair, a reading lamp, even a desk—a place where one can find peace, quiet and a degree of solitude in a small, modern house.

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Better "makin's"

...more flavor
...more filter
...more cigarette

A lot to like: filter, flavor, pack or box

The cigarette designed for men that women like

The secret is in the Marlboro recipe

It was created in Richmond, Virginia, from fine, mild tobaccos specially blended—then carefully processed for filter smoking. This recipe, teamed up with Marlboro's improved filter, gives you a generous helping of flavor in a smoke of surprising mildness.

You can tell today's Marlboro by the new gold crest on the package

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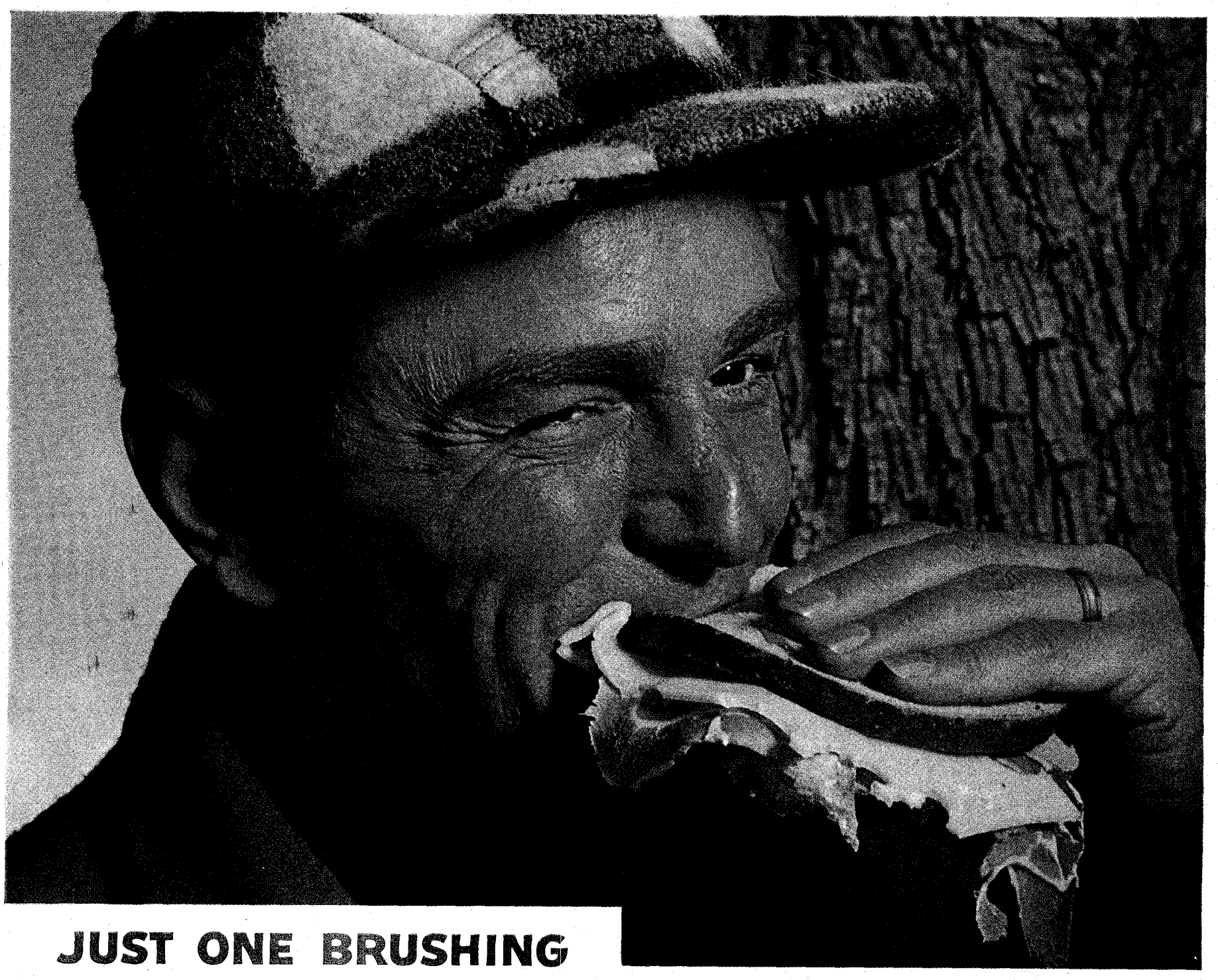
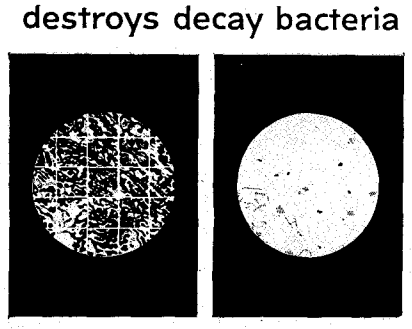
He uses only GLEEM - the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

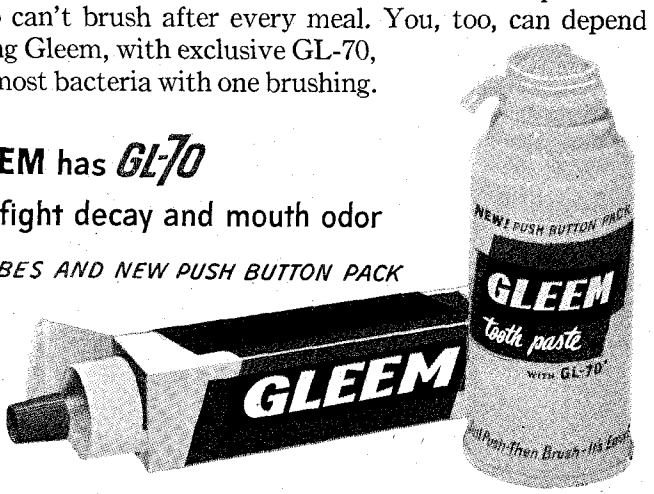
PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day* for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like this dad, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from his wife. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure her family starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with one brushing.

Only GLEEM has *GL-70*
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN TUBES AND NEW PUSH BUTTON PACK



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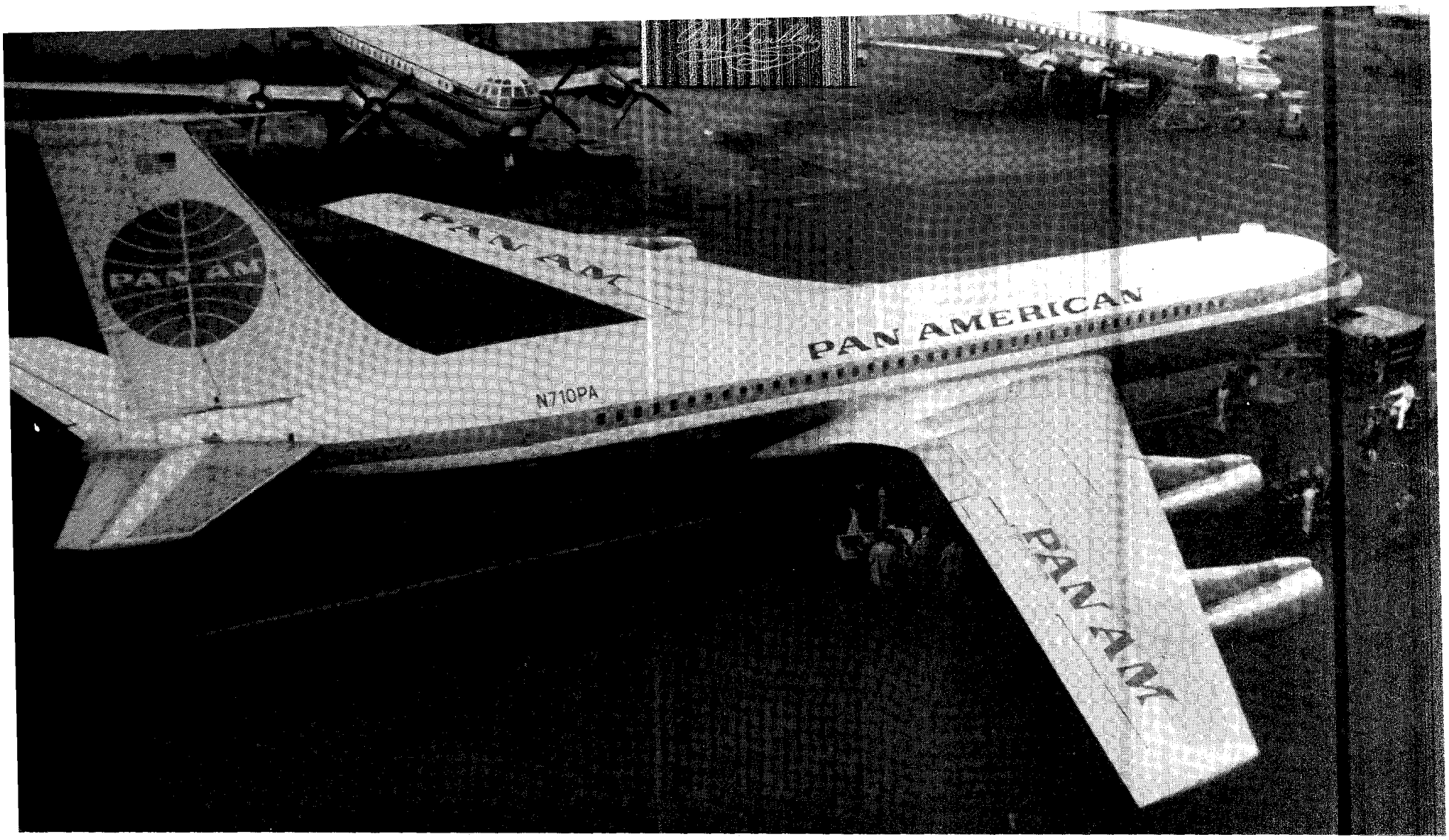

A Boeing 707 jet airliner at New York's Idlewild airport. It has already chopped three hours off the trip to Paris, and may soon reduce it even more.

So You're Flying Jet to Europe

By CLAY BLAIR, JR.

Are the new jet transports the perfect way to travel? Or are they—so far—disappointing? Here's what the passengers told a Post editor aboard a jet to Paris.

With glittering speed and the muffled, controversial whine of immensely powerful engines, the age of the United States commercial jet transport has arrived.

Pan American World Airways, with four jets in its hangars, has already launched regularly scheduled jet flights to London, Paris and Rome. By leasing these same transports during "off" hours, National Airlines has inaugurated daily jet service between New York and Miami. Late in January the giant of the U.S. domestic airlines, American, will begin transcontinental jet flights. Within four years more than 400 U.S. jet airliners—enough to move the entire population of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, simultaneously—will be whooshing through the skies. In the biggest financial gamble of their history, the airlines are betting $2,600,000,000—nearly four times the value of their present equipment—that these planes will be transporting nearly twice as many passengers nearly twice as fast and nearly twice as high as they have ever flown.

It is a massive undertaking, beset with problems and still dark with unknowns. For one thing, 70 per cent of the adult U.S. population has never flown on any airline. Whether this enormous segment of our population can be

Photographs by Frank Ross

A half dollar can be balanced on edge in flight, the airlines claim. The author (center), traveling as an economy passenger, used a nickel. It worked.

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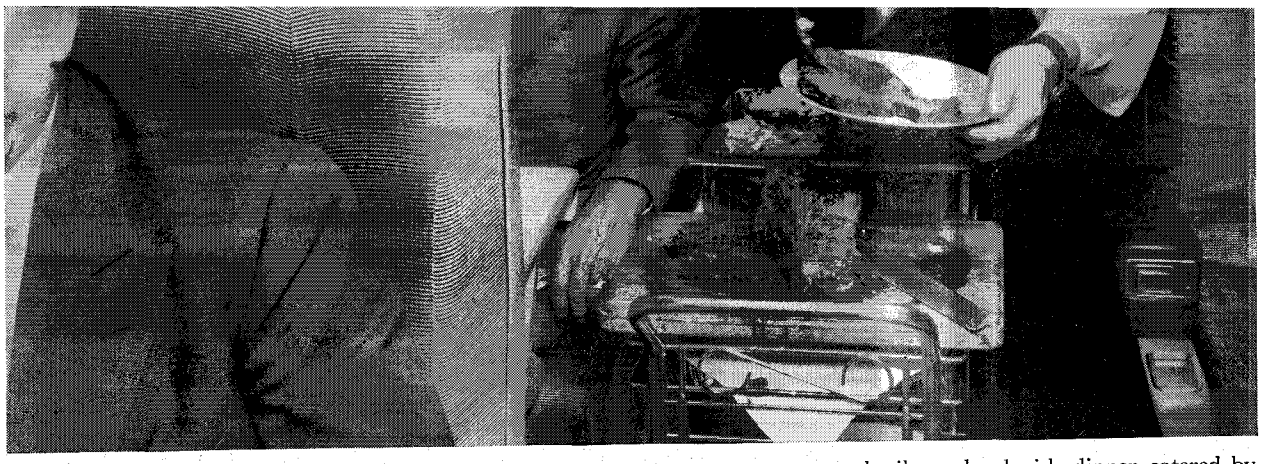


De luxe passengers pay $909 for a round trip, get roomy seats, cocktails, and a lavish dinner catered by Maxim's of Paris. Most people who fly de luxe, the airline says, are businessmen on expense accounts.

In the economy section a stewardess serves the author sandwiches. This is the noisy end of the plane and the seats are three abreast—but the round-trip fare is only $489.

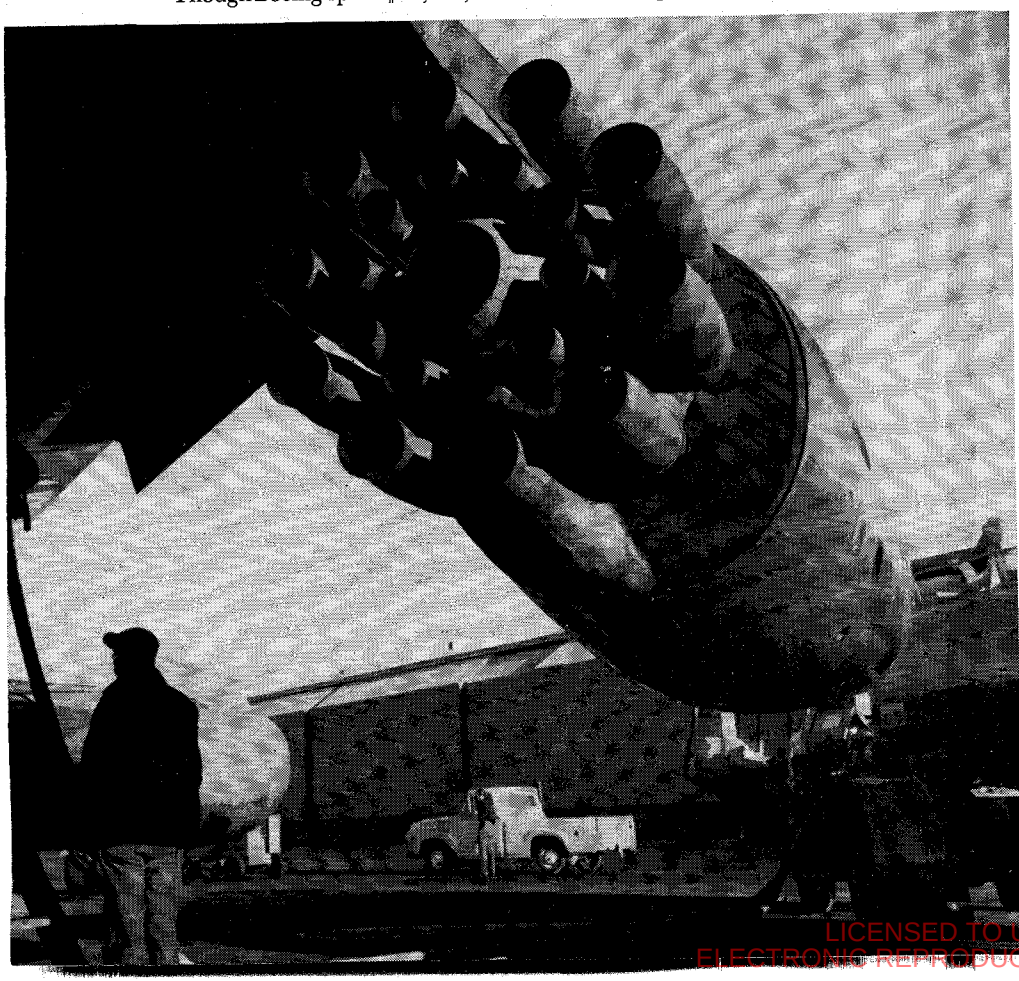
enticed into jets is problematical. In fact, almost half of all commercial flying is done by a scant one tenth of 1 per cent of the population. Since the new planes will almost double the airlines' total seating capacity, the lines must do a prodigious job of selling; otherwise, it is conceivable that the United States may be in for an era of huge, partially filled jets flying about.

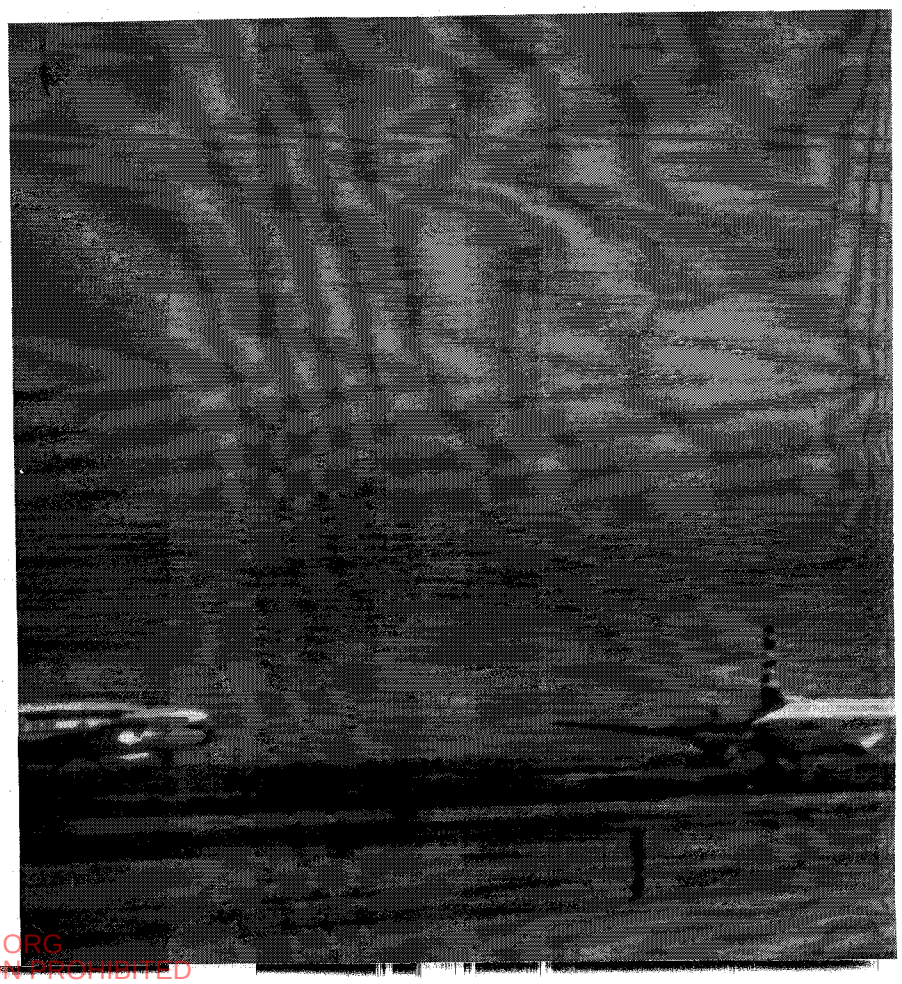
To accommodate the heavy planes with their potentially great passenger loads, existing runways and terminals at forty United States airports are being extended and rebuilt at a cost of nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. To prevent disastrous accidents and collisions between high-flying, fast-moving civilian and military jet planes, the Government's rickety, overburdened airways control system is being completely revamped—at a cost of $1,800,000,000. Yet to be resolved are major labor disputes between the airlines and the pilots, who are demanding large salaries to fly the jets.

To preview this coming revolution in air transport and to find out what it is like to fly as a passenger on a regularly scheduled jet airliner, The Saturday Evening Post recently sent me to Paris on Pan American's new, daily President-Rainbow Flight. On Pan Am's twenty-third jet crossing, I was the 1210th paying passenger to cross the Atlantic. It turned out to be a journey packed with surprises.

Thus far, as I discovered when I telephoned for a reservation, the response to Pan Am's selling job has been astonishing. Every flight leaving New York has been booked almost to capacity. Many weeks after the service was begun, Pan Am was warning its regular customers to call well in advance for definite reservations—all of this in the so-called "off-season," which runs from October fifteenth to March thirty-first. National Airlines says it has had a similar response. In fact, nearly 5000 people requested space on National's first jet

The contraption on the exhaust end of the engine pod below is a "noise suppressor." Though Boeing spent $10,000,000 on research to quiet jets, the noise is still formidable.





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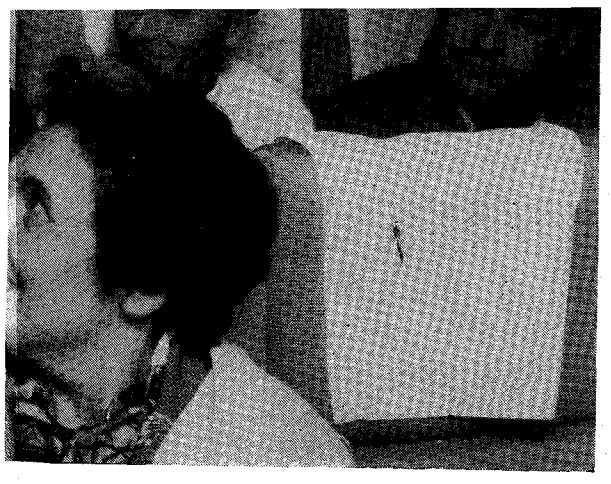

flight from New York to Miami. It would take about forty-five planes to lift that many passengers.

Whether this kind of "off-season" demand for Paris space will continue after the swept-wing novelty wears off is the big unknown. Meanwhile, Pan Am officials are ebullient, as well they should be. The gross revenue on a one-way flight, assuming a full load and an average number of discounts, can reach $32,000. It costs about $2000 an hour to operate the plane, including insurance and depreciation. On an eight-hour run to Paris this would amount to $16,000, leaving an operating profit of

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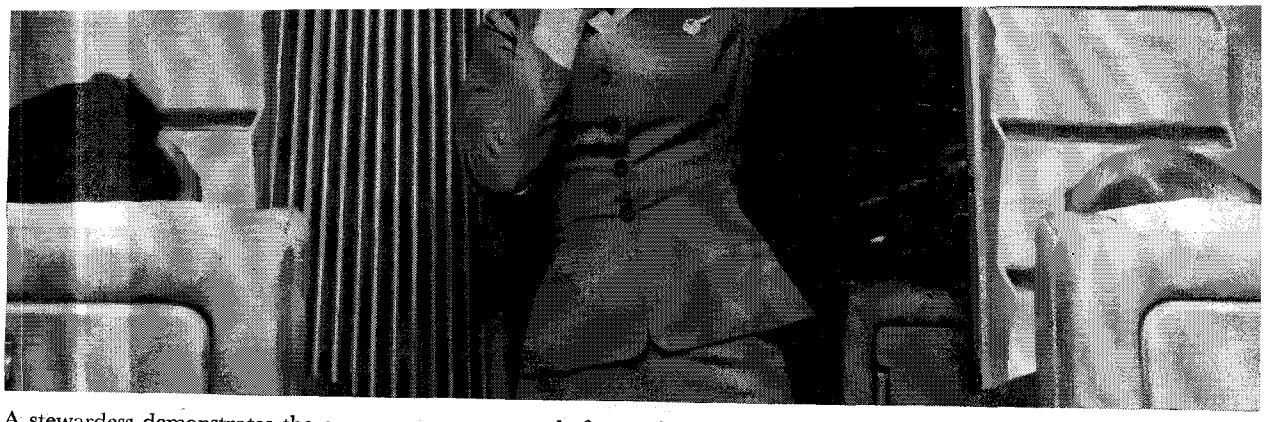
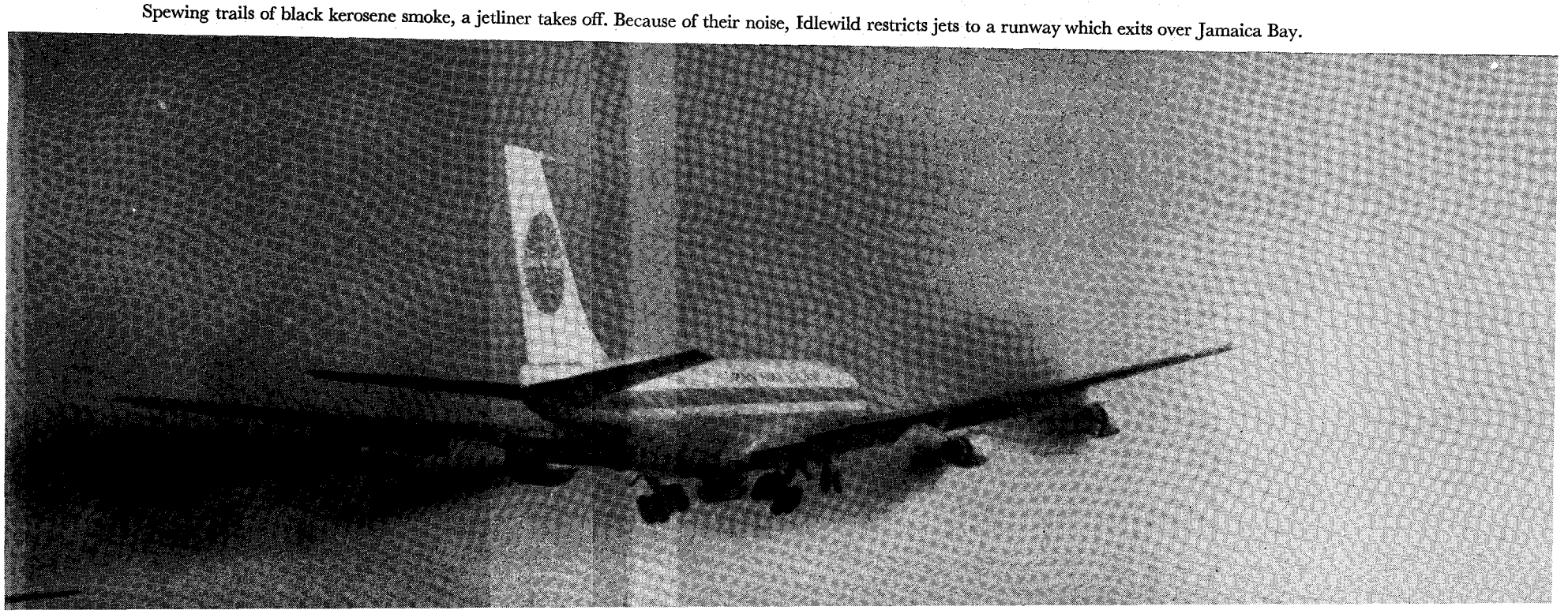


A stewardess demonstrates the emergency oxygen mask, for use in the event cabin pressure should fail.

Captain Weeks briefs his crew: first officer, navigator, engineer, two pursers and four stewardesses.

Spewing trails of black kerosene smoke, a jetliner takes off. Because of their noise, Idlewild restricts jets to a runway which exits over Jamaica Bay.



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The Secret of Glacier River

With scarcely a nickel in his pocket, Ravenhill suddenly came on the biggest treasure he'd ever seen. But someone else saw it first.

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

I

In midafternoon in midsummer, two hundred-odd miles north of the Arctic Circle, the slovenly season of "mud, mosquitoes and the midnight sun" was abroad on the Mackenzie delta. Following a day's disheartening rain, the village of Aklavik steamed under a flawless sky: a huddle of weathered buildings dominated by the massive mission, the neat barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the lofty radio tower which represented Aklavik's sole communications link with the outside world.

Since this point marked the end of the continent's water-borne transportation northward, and the ice-free interval comprised less than ninety days, the sluggish adjacent river was a bedlam of activity. Loaded barges slid downstream, shepherded by impatiently hooting riverboats. Empties crept back against the current. From the mountainous docks, cat-drawn lorries crawled up the muddy grade toward town.

Even the gorgeous sky had its share of traffic. At intervals, its throbbing engines adding remotely to the nearby din, a lofty air freighter crept across the zenith, northbound from Great Slave Lake to the lonely outposts of the DEW Line.

At the downstream edge of this water-front turmoil, Joe Enders' single-engined plane waited beside the small dock adjacent to the bush pilots' hangar, its floats riding deep under its heavy pay load and full tanks. Encircling the dock at a respectful distance was the usual group of watching Eskimos for whom summer was a season of delightful idleness. O'Rourke, the hangar mechanic, stood alongside, thumbs hooked in grease-stained coveralls and his bristling, good-natured face upturned expectantly toward town. O'Rourke was worried. It was after three-thirty, a half hour later than Joe Enders' usual take-off time on his biweekly flight with mail and supplies to the archaeologists' camp on Glacier River, some two hundred miles westward along the edge of the Arctic.

Enders himself would not be piloting the plane. Still weak from the flu, he had phoned O'Rourke hoarsely that he had a hired substitute pilot—the Englishman, Ravenhill, who had been marooned at Aklavik for the past three weeks.

This had been an hour ago, and time was on the wing. Flying to Glacier River was an hour-by-hour gamble with late-afternoon fogs which crept in almost daily from the mist-shrouded ice pack to the north. Each passing minute was increasingly precious now. The question was, where was Ravenhill?

Here he came, finally. As Ravenhill surmounted the bank and began his brisk descent, O'Rourke guessed the reason for the delay. Having been "on the beach" at Aklavik for three weeks—penniless and afoot on the edge of the continent's most northerly and desolate frontier—the fastidious Englishman, with Enders' cash in hand, had paused to prepare himself as one going to a feast. His burnished boots shone, his whipcord breeches were knife-edged and his leather jacket spotless. A musette bag swung carelessly from his shoulder.

His features took form as he drew nearer, framed in the light flier's helmet he invariably wore. They were strikingly handsome after a hard, somewhat dissipated fashion: finely chiseled, impeccably shaved, the waxed tips of a tiny military mustache imparting a dandified air instantly belied by the bitter cynicism of his lips and the contour of his lean, truculent jaw.

About Ravenhill, moreover, was an armor of aloofness, an impenetrable poise of caste and class, of Eton and Sandhurst, that had somehow survived wastrel years in the far north.

At the moment, he appeared to be in affable mood. He nodded to the Eskimos and received pleased grins in return.

"Well, O'Rourke!" he greeted the mechanic, in his clipped British accent. "Sorry for the delay. We're ready to take off?"

O'Rourke nodded. "All set. Better check with the tower, though."

Ravenhill swung aboard, settled himself at the controls and hung his musette bag at convenient arm's length. It contained all his remaining worldly goods: field glasses, toilet articles, cigarettes, a crested silver flask containing his favorite brand of Scotch. This latter investment—plus costs attendant on "sprucing up," plus the temporary appeasement of creditors who had leaped out upon him from their several thickets the moment it was noised abroad that he was in funds again—had all but demolished the fifty dollars Enders had advanced for this chore.

He inspected the pay load and found it expertly stowed. Emergency gear was properly racked. Everything being in order, he started the engine. Then he called the tower and was told he must postpone his take-off a few minutes more: the semiweekly passenger flight from Norman Wells—the last leg of the continent's northernmost scheduled air service—was coming in.

Ravenhill swung down to the dock to wait out the interval, leaving the engine to warm

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His right hand gripped a heavy-calibered automatic whose muzzle seemed to peer unwaveringly at the second button of Ravenhill's shirt.

up. He explained the new delay to O'Rourke, who shrugged fatalistically. "Keep your fingers crossed," he advised. "You may be neck-and-neck with the fog at Glacier River."

"I've Enders' instructions in case I'm fogged in," Ravenhill said, producing a penciled map. "He said to recheck them with you. The archaeologists' site is about four miles inland from the Arctic—here"—indicating the map. "They're digging on a small bench just inside Alaska, but their landing lake—here—is on the Canadian side of the line, in Yukon Territory. If I'm fogged in I fly a half mile upriver, and eight hundred or so feet higher, to Glacier Lake—here—and wait out the fog. No fog, I'll be back tonight. Fogged in—tomorrow. Right?"

"Right. Remember one thing, though," the mechanic warned. "This ship isn't licensed to fly in Alaska, and Glacier Lake's plenty inside the line. In an emergency, of course, all rules are off, but you'd better be socked in plenty before you cross the boundary."

Ravenhill nodded and returned the map to his pocket. "Enders says four Alaskans are in camp up at Glacier Lake. Reopening the old placer diggings there, perhaps." He eyed the mechanic narrowly. "Enders mentioned that the Alaskans came down to visit the archaeologists—and stayed all afternoon, helping them dig. Doesn't that strike you as a bit odd?"

O'Rourke was unimpressed. "Probably felt like a little neighboring. Passing the time of day. And what of it?"

Ravenhill did not pursue the subject. The Eskimos had a word for such an offbeat detail: "there are strange tracks in the snow." It was worthy of investigation, later.

"Just how large is this archaeological party, O'Rourke?" (Continued on Page 72)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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Food for Nonconformists

The story of a remarkable Florida restaurant, where the food, listed on a 20-page menu, is served by some of the most emotional waiters in the business.

By Rufus Jarman

In the section of southeastern Florida known as the Gold Coast, a major concern for many years has been the care and feeding of well-heeled visitors from chillier parts of the country. As a result, most of the state's better-known restaurants are located either in or along the seventy miles between West Palm Beach and Miami Beach.

With a few exceptions, these restaurants are all pretty much alike. Typically, their architecture belongs to the school best described as Spurious Spanish. Moonlight, real and artificial, bathes their patios, balconies and assorted grillwork, while highly fertilized indoor foliage proliferates on every hand. Through casement windows can be heard the rustle of trade winds in the royal palms and the murmur of southern seas washing the sands.

Photograph by George Lazarnick

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Specialties of the house: from left, Red Snapper Alicante, Columbia Special Salad, Paella Valenciana (see recipe below), and Harlequin Dessert; in rear, Café Diablo and Spanish Bean Soup.

The service is excellent. The steaks are thick, and taste like New York steaks. The clientele appears to consist mainly of bejeweled fugitives from 7th Avenue in Manhattan, retired successful undertakers from Cleveland, Ohio, and Texas oil barons. And when a man of modest means emerges from a dinner there, he is likely to remember the price he paid for his filet mignon longer than he does its tenderness and taste.

It therefore seems worth reporting that the largest, probably the most colorful and—according to many faithful patrons—the best restaurant in the whole state of Florida is not like this at all.

This resolute nonconformist is called Columbia—"The Gem of Spanish Restaurants,"—and it is located, not in the Gold Coast area, but in a somewhat shopworn-looking Latin section of Tampa known as Ybor (pronounced EE-bor) City. The Columbia's exterior is undistinguished, a hodgepodge of bleak windows, grillwork, tiles, one heavy portal and patches of stucco that struggle along the width of a block which could serve as the stage setting for a Central American revolution. Inside are nine loosely connected dining rooms.

At the eastern end of the block, with its entrance on the corner, is El Café, where local Latins saucer and blow their coffee and wave their arms in spirited political talk. From El Café a double doorway leads through to a room called La Fonda, which in turn opens onto the Don Quixote Court. Beyond this is the Patio, from which a short corridor leads to the restaurant's night

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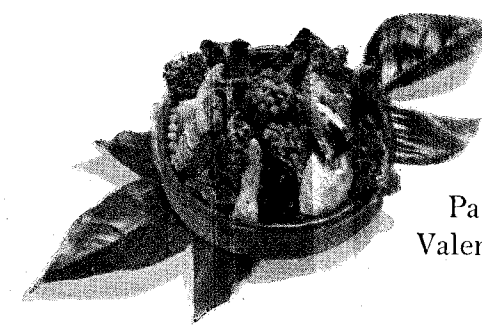

Paella Valenciana

Heat 6 oz. Spanish olive oil in a casserole. Add 3 buttons minced garlic, ¼ lb. lean pork chunks, and ½ frying chicken; cook until tender. Then add 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped green pepper, 4 oz. tomatoes, ½ lb. crawfish, ½ lb. shrimps, 4 oz. oysters, 4 oz. scallops, ½ lb. red snapper. When sea food is almost done, add 2 qts. sea-food stock and 2½ cups rice. Bring to a boil, then add 2 bay leaves, pinch saffron, dash yellow food coloring, and 1 tablespoon salt. When rice begins to thicken, cover and bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Garnish with petits pois, parsley, hard-boiled egg, red pimento, and cold cooked asparagus. Sprinkle with white wine and serve.

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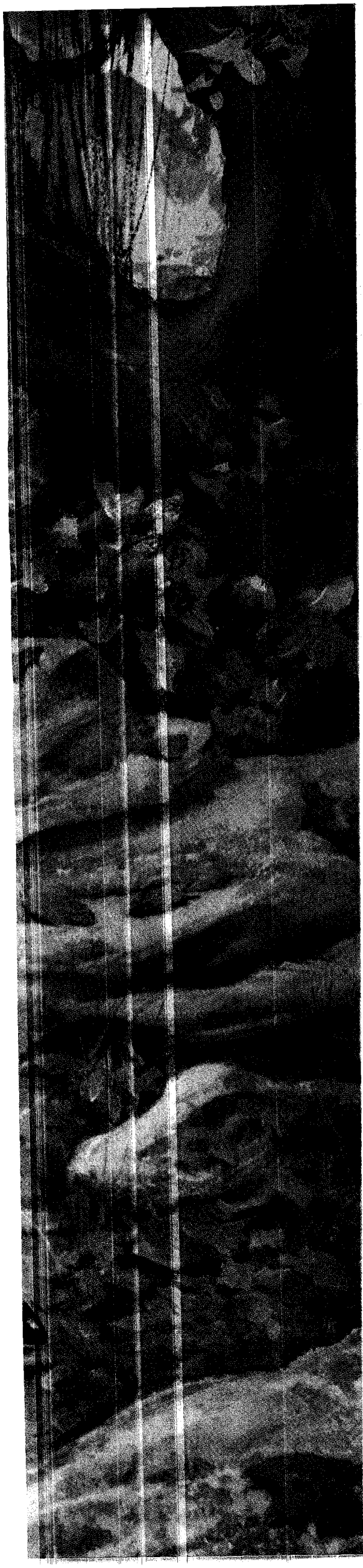

It's good when two lonely people fall in love—
but not if each is married to another.

HEARTS ASTRAY

By JOHN F. WALLACE

It was Saturday morning, ten o'clock. In the upstairs study of his newly bought old house in the country, Logan Paige had worked on the trustee powers of an *inter vivos* trust, had read some wills and made the preliminary notes on the bylaws of a new corporation. Now he tidied his desk and stuffed a good satisfying morning's work into his briefcase. The weekend, free and clear, lay ahead. Logan stood up and stretched, and smiled with happy anticipation. He was high-built, lanky, maybe in his early thirties, and looked a little older than he really was. He was also homely, but when he smiled this didn't matter.

He put the briefcase on his desk and went downstairs to see what his wife was doing. Ellie was in the kitchen, and as Logan approached some of the sparkle went out of his feeling of anticipation. The kitchen was going full blast, and so was Ellie. Ellie's new stove was winking mysterious signals, or commands, from its bank of lights. The tremendous new refrigerator and the new freezer were humming away, the automatic washer was sucking and sighing rhythmically, and the dryer was rumbling. Ellie was stacking dishes in the dishwasher.

Ellie was a blond little honeybun. Logan had wanted to put his arms around her the first time he'd ever seen her. He still had the same reaction. So now he walked down the row of domestic appliances and put his arms around Ellie's waist and kissed her on the back of the neck. Ellie yipped and jumped.

"Gee," Logan said. "I didn't mean to startle you."

"I nearly dropped this cup," Ellie said.

"Give me a kiss," Logan said.

"This is no time for kisses," Ellie said.

"When is the right time, anyway?" Logan said. "I'd like to know. Maybe you'd give me an appointment."

Ellie turned around and gave him a fast one, very cool. Then she wriggled away and closed the front of the dishwasher and started it. It made quite a noise, and it occurred to Logan, who had once been a j.g. in the Navy, that the kitchen in his house became more and more like a destroyer's engine room with each new mechanical aid he bought for Ellie. And Ellie herself was turning into the kind of engineer officer—dedicated, abstracted, against frivolity—that Logan had seen created by too much intimacy with machinery.

Ellie snapped a switch and the disposal unit in the sink started up with a loud snarl. "Damn the torpedoes," Logan said. "Full speed ahead."

Ellie darted to the stove. "What?" she said.

"Sink the Navy," Logan said gloomily. He wandered outside.

His two children were playing hopscotch on the graveled drive. "Heyah," Logan said, squatting down on the lawn, "want to go for a walk in the woods?"

"I got my good dress on," Bessie said. She was five, and clothes conscious.

"How about a swim, then?" Logan looked at Bruce, his seven-year-old son.

"We're waiting for mommy to take us to dancing class," Bruce said.

"Oh," Logan said. He stretched out on his back. He did not inquire about the afternoon: the Class Mothers, or some such, were having a children's cookout.

Above him the sky was blue and the air was sweet and clean. Leaves rustled and birds chittered. Ellie's garden, her summer's labor of love, was pretty with zinnias and asters and chrysanthemums; and her vegetables and the last of her corn grew in orderly rows. Life in the country was everything Ellie had said it would be in those long discussions they'd had in New York. It was everything she had said it would be, and quite a lot more.

Or quite a lot less. Logan Paige the lawyer could assign precise values to the human situation: Logan Paige the man felt himself eluded. In New York, on Saturdays, Ellie put the washing in (Continued on Page 63)

Illustrated by Al Buell

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The Earth's Shifting Crust

By CHARLES H. HAPGOOD

Science may be about to rewrite the story of the earth. Geophysicists and geologists are currently examining with new interest the startling idea, first advanced in the nineteenth century, that the earth's crust may be loose and that from time to time forces may cause it to slip over the layers below. Such crustal shifts would literally change the face of the earth, subjecting the areas affected to climatic changes that would determine the fate of all living things.

It has recently become apparent that many of the established and hitherto accepted principles of geology are not leading us to a solution of the basic problems of the earth. The assumption of crustal displacements provides many of the answers for which science has long been searching.

I shall summarize these problems and the evidence for such continuing shifts, and present a theory—worked out in collaboration with James H. Campbell—to account for these shifts.

One of the long-standing mysteries of the earth is the origin of mountains. It was originally suggested that mountains could be explained by the cooling and shrinking of the earth, in the same way that an apple, as it dries up and shrinks, produces skin wrinkles. However, Clarence Dutton, the geologist, pointed out more than forty years ago that this would not explain mountains. He showed that the patterns of folding that would result from such shrinking, if it really occurred, would bear no resemblance whatever to the patterns of existing mountain ranges. He pointed out that in that case the ranges would run in all directions and would not form long, narrow belts such as the Appalachians, the Rockies or the Andes. Nobody was ever able to contradict Dutton. Geologists now agree that the force responsible for the folding of the rock strata did not operate in all directions on the earth's surface, but was exerted horizontally as a *CONTINUED ON PAGE 66*

About the Author

Charles H. Hapgood, a graduate of Harvard College, the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and the University of Freiburg, has specialized in intellectual history and, during recent years, the history of science. Professor Hapgood is associate professor of history and anthropology at Keene Teachers College in New Hampshire.

James H. Campbell, who has collaborated with Professor Hapgood on the crustal-shift theory, is a mathematician, chemist and electrical engineer. Mr. Campbell built the first model of the Sperry Gyroscopic Compass, worked closely with George Westinghouse and collaborated with Fessenden in the development of wireless telegraphy. Mr. Campbell is now eighty-five years old.

The theory developed by Messrs. Hapgood and Campbell was presented at length in their book, Earth's Shifting Crust. Photograph by Ollie Atkins

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He and the lion shared one common intent: a quick, sure kill.

BEWARE THE HUNTED

By DALE L. COVERT

The venom had done its work fast. By the time Les Hansen got his boot off and the snug-fitting denim of his pants cut away, an ugly swelling was puffing up on his left calf, with twin bluish punctures in the center of it. He had done all that he could, with the sharp blade of his hunting knife and a tourniquet which he had fashioned of his bandanna and mechanical pencil. There was not much pain yet. His chief concern was for the nausea, which kept coming in waves, and he also worried about the way his heart pounded like a donkey engine. He didn't want to pass out.

Judas priest, he thought plaintively, *what a bind to be in.* If some of the boys at Butte Flat could see him now, they'd have the laugh on him, sure. Old Les Hansen, professional bounty hunter, hunkered down, all stove in by a rattler, at the mouth of a crack with a mountain lion in it. And the cat hurt, to boot, cornered in there with only one way out, and his disposition getting meaner by the minute, likely.

He lifted his gaze and tried to peer into the shadows of the crevice, but he couldn't make out anything. He'd been here before, though, and he knew what it was like, shaped pretty much like three sides of a box, hardly wide enough for a man to get into, maybe ten feet deep, with a little jog at the end; and the walls were straight up, twenty-five, thirty feet. Tracking the big cat down the watershed, he'd had to grin to himself, seeing where the critter was headed. It was hunting out of its own territory, that was clear, or it would never have let itself get boxed up in a dead-end trap.

Well, the grin was on the other side of his face now. He looked into the darkening sky, figured he had a half hour of light left. His leg was throbbing (Continued on Page 38)

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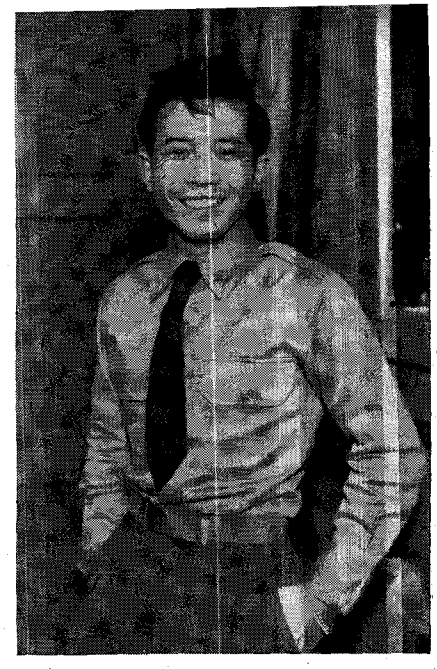
I, JOHNNY TORCH, AMERICAN

By JOHN TORCH CANTELMO as told to Frank Cameron



Johnny in 1949 as an Army mascot in Japan. He was a war waif when G.I.'s adopted him in the Philippines in 1945.

An Army barracks was Johnny's first home, and he didn't even have a name. This is how he proved his own existence and became what he wanted most to be.

Perhaps I am the only person alive to be raised from childhood to maturity by the United States Army. When they found me in the Philippines, over thirteen years ago, I was nobody and had nothing. Later, in Tokyo, I was even told I didn't exist. Since then I've found a name, a family and a home in Whittier, California, from which I commute to Long Beach City College. In less than three years, I will have a country. In 1961, I will become a citizen of the United States—and from Nobody in Tokyo to John Torch Cantelmo, American, is the biggest step in the world.

Not knowing when or where I was born, my birthday—I now consider myself to be twenty-one—is one I picked myself. I chose July eighteenth because on that day in Tokyo, in 1956, I bought my ticket to this new life in a new world.

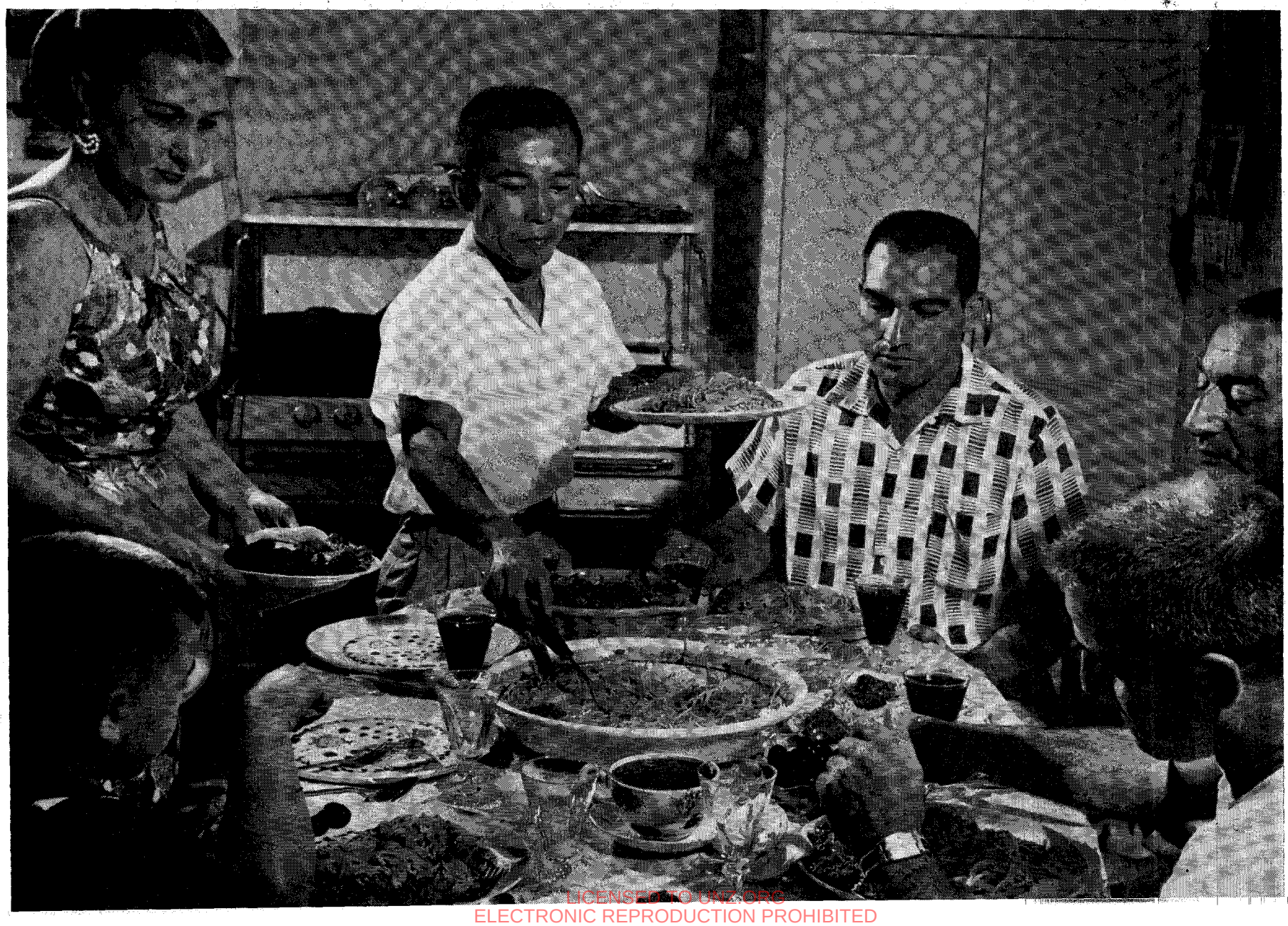
The American officers and G.I.'s of the Tokyo Ordnance Depot who came to a party for me made me a gift of $100. Added to my lifetime savings of $280, the total was enough for third-class steamship fare. I felt so happy I decided that this should always be my day to celebrate and so it became my birthday.

The good feeling lasted until my ship pulled out of Yokohama Harbor. I stayed on deck, looking back, lost between two worlds. No matter what lay ahead, behind me was the only home I had ever known, the Ordnance Depot. There I was reared and there given the name, Johnny Torch.

I was older than five years, younger than ten when life, for me, really began. That was in December, 1945, and I was smuggled into the depot in a barracks bag.

Before that, I remember little. I know that one day (Continued on Page 76)

Below: Johnny today with his new family, the Cantelmos, in their Whittier, Calif., home. Vic Cantelmo (at right, in checkered shirt) was the soldier who fulfilled his promise to bring Johnny to America.



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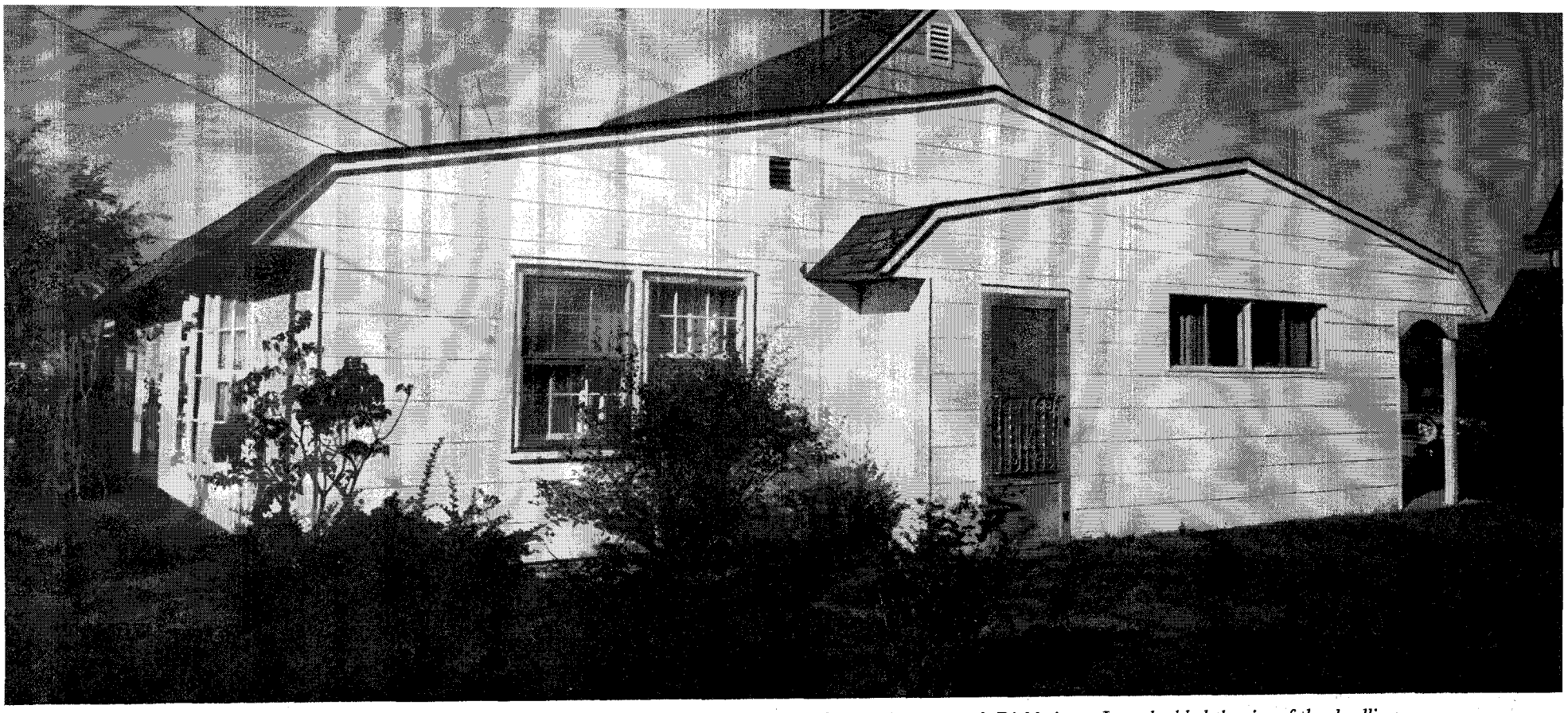
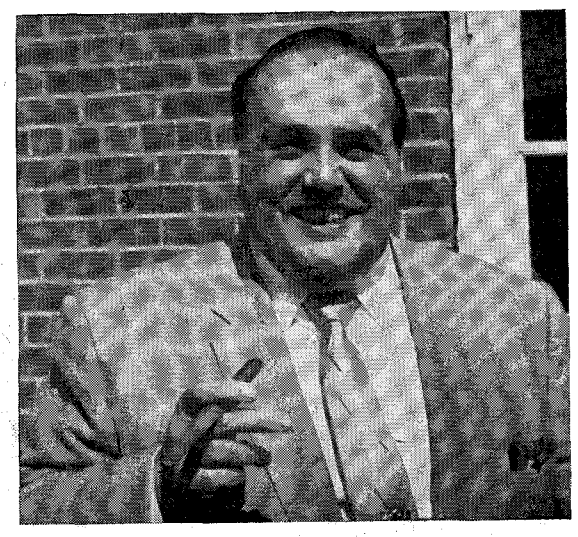


Levittown, N.Y.: Above is the newly enlarged house of Irving Strom. In less than a month Richheimer, Inc., doubled the size of the dwelling.



Herbert Richheimer: In 1954, with a capital of $67, he launched a business that now grosses $2,000,000 a year.

ARE YOU OUTGROWING YOUR HOUSE?

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

In the chaotic, bewildering business of house remodeling, Herbert Richheimer's methods are almost painless. And at making little houses bigger, he's the champ.

It was not much over a year ago when a rotund little man with a thick German accent, glowing dark eyes and a breast pocket full of cigars marched into the New York regional headquarters of the Federal Housing Administration in Jamaica, Long Island. By the time he was ready to leave, having talked his way from one astounded official to another, the Title II department, which deals in home mortgages, was awash with shattered consonants, mangled cigars and lively curiosity.

"We knew a little about Herbert Richheimer," Herbert K. Cronin, chief underwriter, told me. "But the business and background he described seemed incredible. And his proposal was something that, as far as we knew, had never been tried. Not in our territory, anyway. Yet we had to admit, if he was as good as he claimed, that it also made sense."

The proposal, very simply, was that FHA, through its insurance of mortgages, help people improve and enlarge their homes in exactly the same way this Federal agency has stimulated the building and sale of new homes. As millions of couples who have set up housekeeping in recent years are aware, the amount of cash required for the purchase of a new dwelling under a long-term FHA-insured mortgage is small, and the monthly payments are often less than those paid for rent.

"So why not offer as favorable terms for a loan on a house that is lived in, if the family wants to stay there, but needs a large amount of money to improve the place?" was the question Richheimer tossed in the lap of the FHA. "This helps the family, the banks and my business, which is home improvements. Why not—especially since the law itself says it can be done?"

The heavy-set, intense little man was right, and as Cronin and his associates soon verified, he was genuine too. They trooped to Levittown, Long Island, to double-check, and came away impressed by Richheimer's colorful salesrooms, filled with educational models and displays, which he calls the Museum of Modern Home Improvements; by the manner in which his salesmen and construction crews work with customers; and by the respect he has earned in the community, more despite than because of the phenomenal speed with which he mushroomed from nowhere to success.

Herbert Richheimer, Inc., built $2,000,000 worth of bedrooms, baths, playrooms, kitchens, servants' wings, seawalls, and what have you all across Long Island in 1958, which is his third year since incorporation and the fourth full year he has been (Continued on Page 54)

Photographs by Jacob Lof

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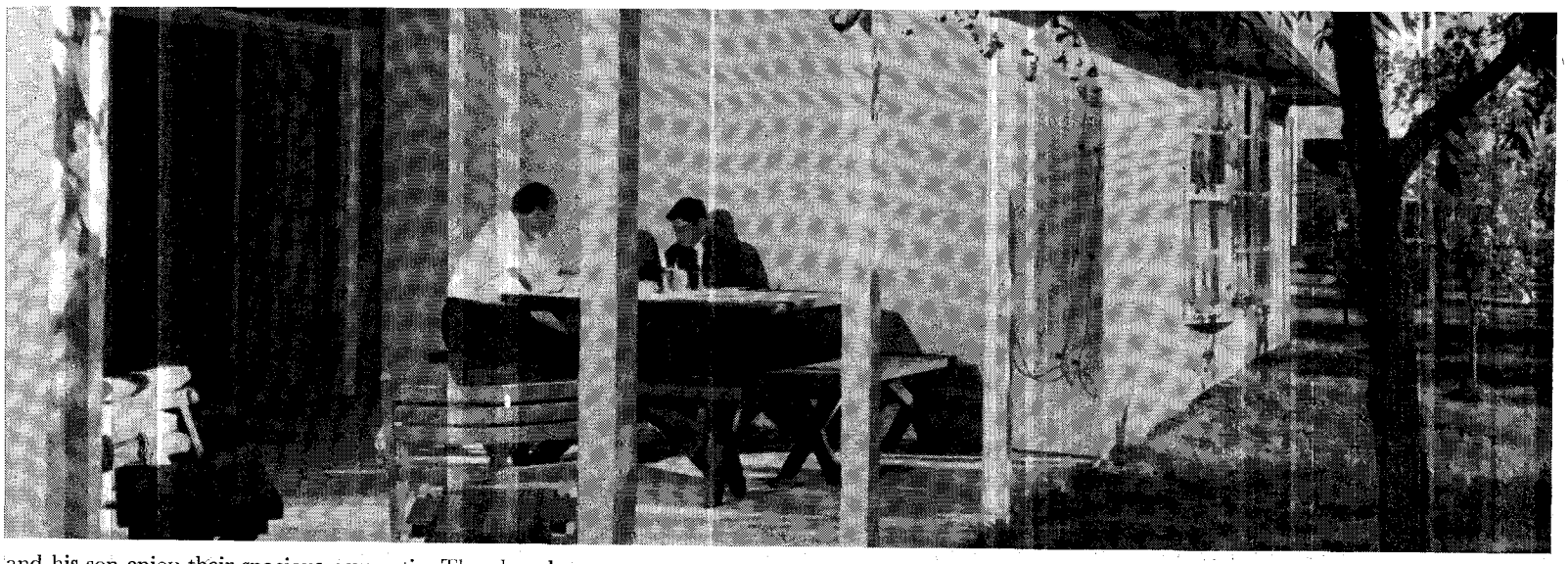
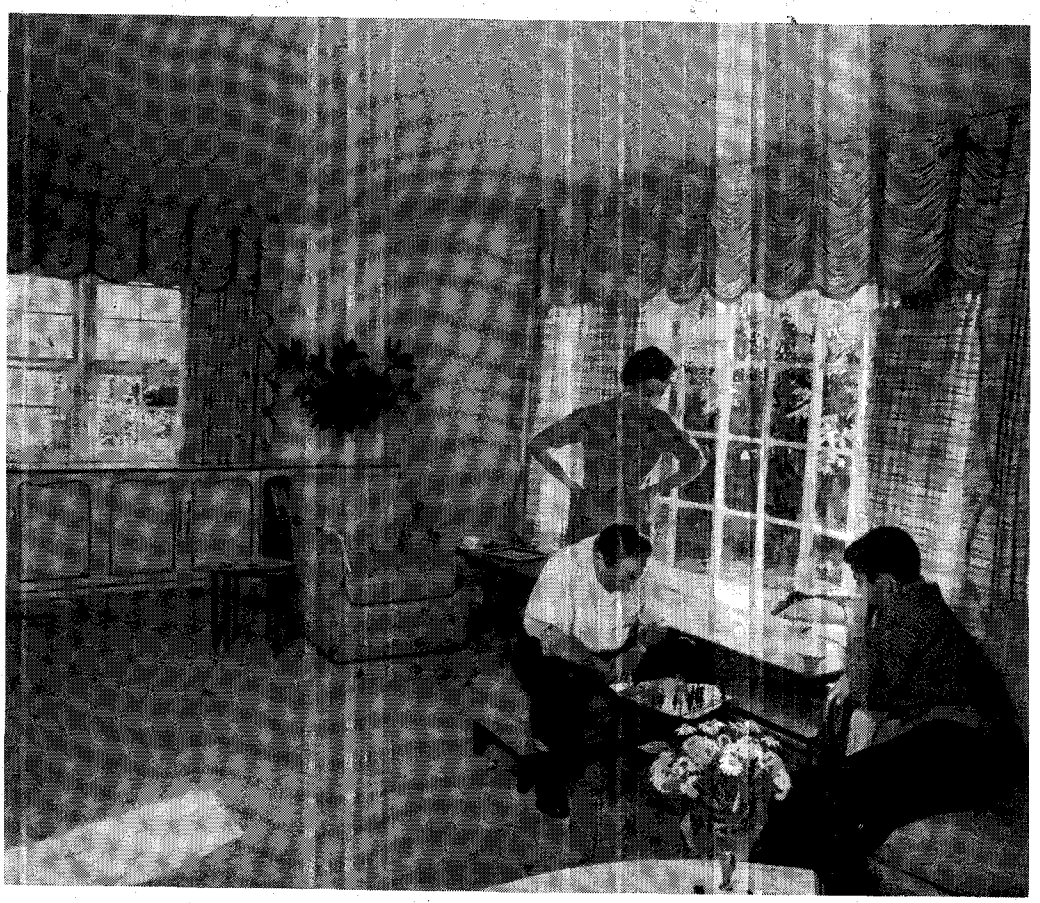


and his son enjoy their spacious new patio. The glass doors a dining room, which was previously a too-small living room.

L.I., a blond Richheimer representative shows prospects from her boss's Museum of Modern Home Improvements.



The Strom family in their new 14-by-24-foot living room. Strom paid $11,000 for the house; the Richheimer additions cost $6000 and increased the market value to about $20,000.

While a crew of his carpenters adds a $1452 garage to Lee Broder's Levittown, N.Y., house, Richheimer superintendent Bill Kearns makes friends with the younger generation.

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The Face of AMERICA

The Quilting Bee

The competent needles darting over the gay coverlet below are plied by members of the Ladies' Aid of St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Glasco, Kansas. The dainty "Parasol Lady" top was supplied by the customer, who will pay about ten dollars for the quilting job. A complete quilt, top

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and all, costs about seven dollars more. Some of the ladies have left the twelve-by-ten-foot quilting frame to have a snack, or to chat with Pastor W. Merle Moebus (in rear). Miss Ota Studt, the organist (at right), livens things up with a hymn. The remaining workers are practicing the art of stitching a quilt top to the cotton fill and backing, a process which has changed not a whit since the 1700's. This sedate gathering originated in a once-rollicking social event: quilting bees of a century ago included the whole countryside. At night, when the new coverlets were finished, husbands, beaux and children joined the quilters for a party. In those days, a quilting bee was often a springboard for romance. As the old song has it, "It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was seeing Nellie home."!

● Photograph by Bill Shrout

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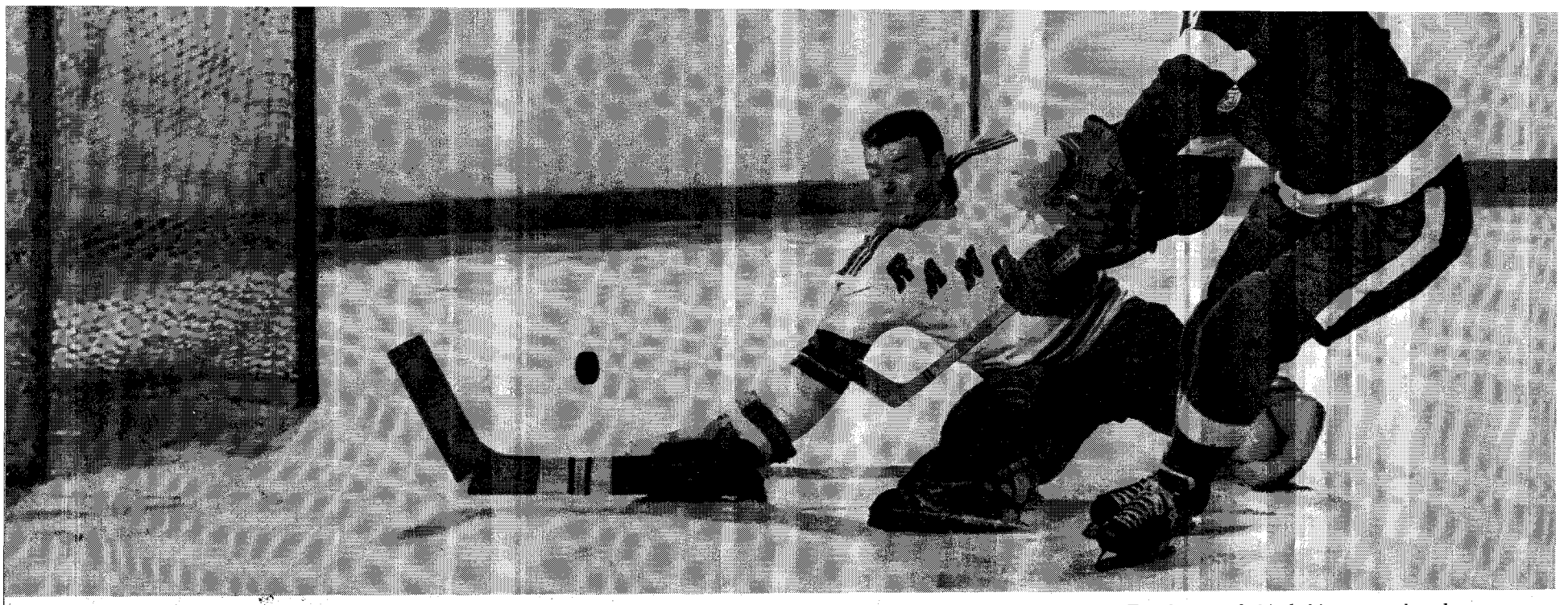
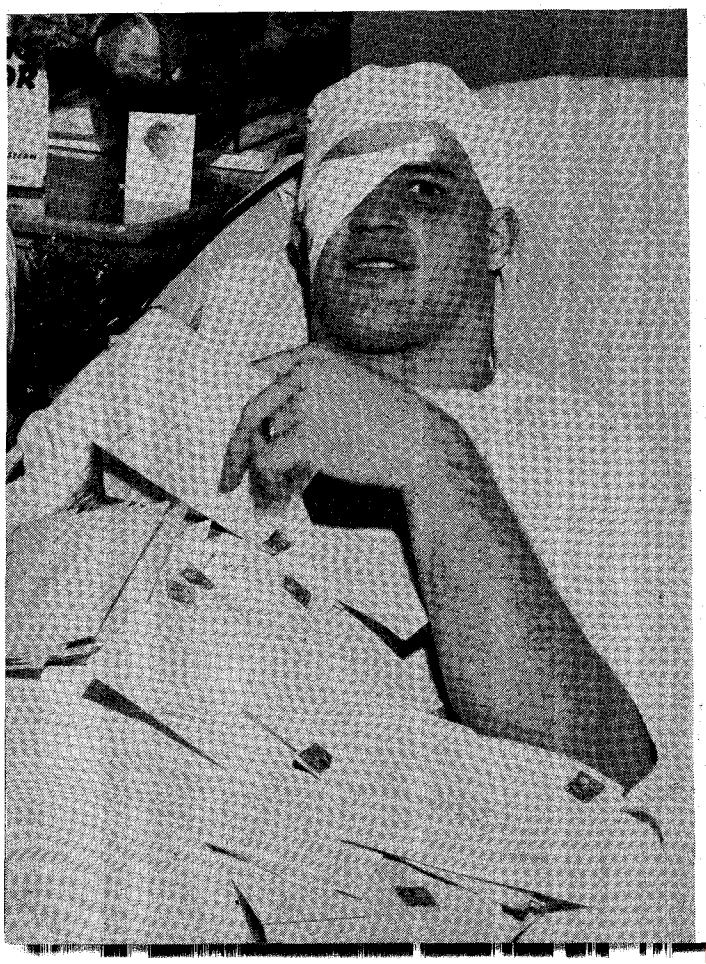


The Red Wings' star in action: Here is how Gordie scored unassisted in the third period of a game against the Rangers. For the story behind this spectacular play see text.

War Horse on Ice

By W. C. HEINZ

As the game's best player, Gordie Howe of the Red Wings regularly survives gashings and bashings that would disable some athletes permanently. Here's what one of his hazardous days is like.



Gordie convalescing from near-fatal injuries after being checked into the boards in the 1950 Stanley Cup play-offs.

In five hours Gordie Howe would play hockey with the Detroit Red Wings against the New York Rangers. Now it was 3:30 in the afternoon, and he was sitting at the kitchen table in his new home in Lathrup Village, a residential suburb fourteen miles northwest of downtown Detroit. He was eating the meal on which he would play—steak, peas, lettuce, fruit gelatin and tea.

"When we have those Saturday-afternoon TV games," he was saying, "I just play on my breakfast eggs. Once, when I was with Omaha, I played on a milk shake."

There is a radio built into one of the kitchen walls. It is the center of a communications system that reaches upstairs to the three bedrooms and downstairs to the oak-paneled recreation room, and now the voice of Perry Como was coming over it.

Howe went on, "I was seventeen years old, and it was our first swing around the league. We were in Minneapolis, and about four-thirty I went downstairs in the hotel to eat. Some of the guys were eating there, but I looked at that big dining room and it looked so nice that I didn't want to go in. I went around the corner to a drugstore and I had the milk shake."

He is six feet and 201 pounds and has brown hair that is beginning to recede at the temples. His face has been cut by pucks and sticks more times than he remembers, but the only scar that is obvious is in the form of a small crescent on his left cheekbone.

"I got two goals on that milk shake," he said, "and we beat them, three to one."

Gordie Howe will be thirty-one on March thirty-first. Many observers maintain that he is the greatest hockey player of all time. Jack Adams, the general manager of the Red Wings, and Muzz Patrick, who holds the same position with the Rangers, have called him that. Six times he has been named to the All-Star first team. Last year, for the fourth time, he was voted the Hart Trophy as the most valuable player in the league, tying a record set twenty-one years ago by Eddie Shore of the Boston Bruins.

All of those who play in the National Hockey League have similar backgrounds. Only the names and the places and the dates are different. This one was (Continued on Page 51)

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A big break suddenly made him boss over his best friends. Overnight, he had to learn to be a

TAKE-CHARGE GUY

By WILLIAMS FORREST

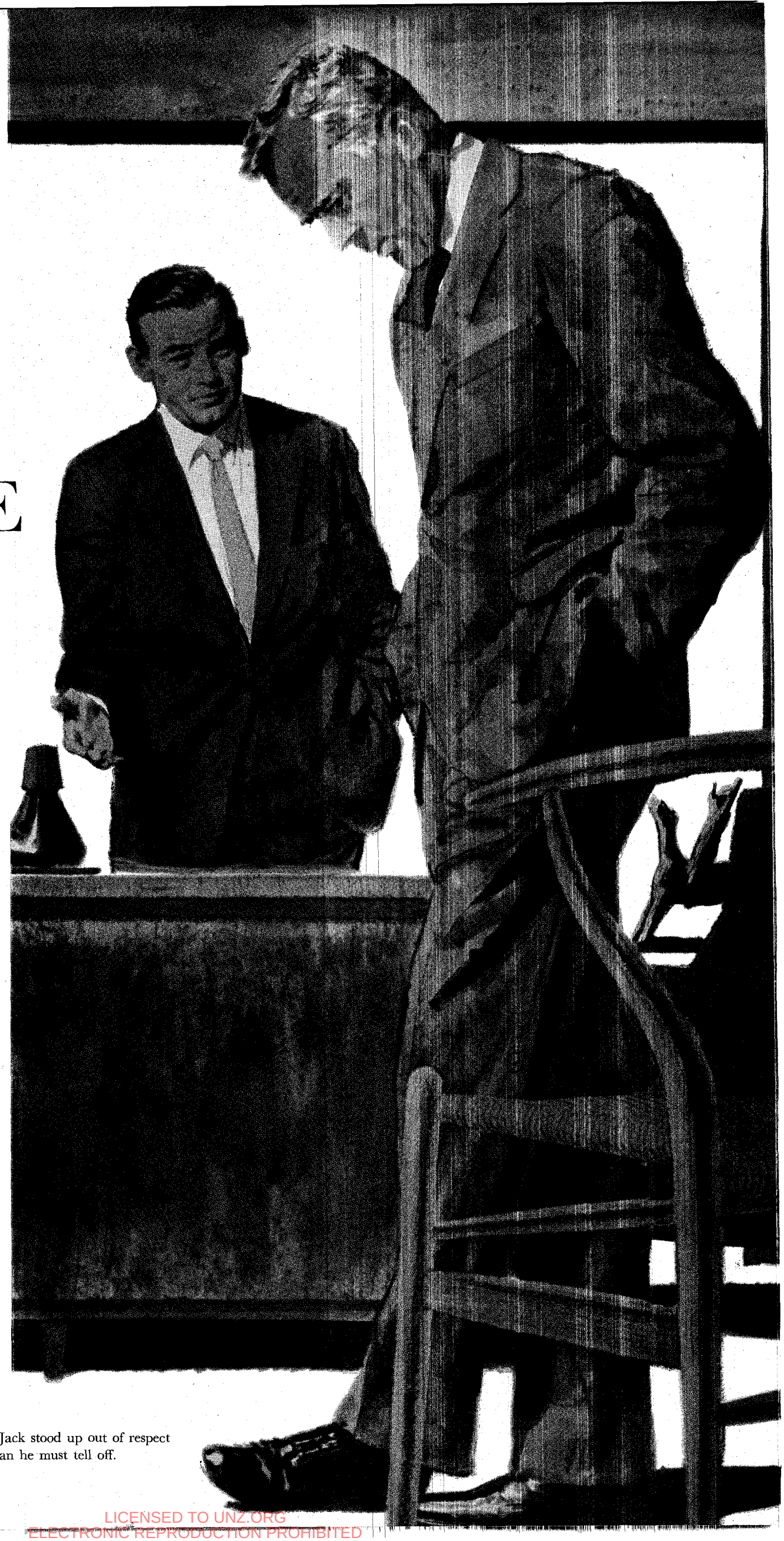
Jack Riley went to the office on Friday with the oppressive sense that the week would again end in frustration. Certain recommendations he would make on costs would go the way of all others, and he would be forced to go along with untidy procedures that angered him in spite of his promise to himself to do his work without emotion and let the devil take the company if it had to.

The morning had seemed to verify his fears on that score, and when he went to lunch with Sam Philder he took two cocktails to leaven his flattened emotions. Sam wanted him to take a third, but he refused. Sam said, "Quit knocking yourself out. As long as you get a good salary, it's no skin off your nose."

Jack looked at Sam with a combination of envy and contempt. "How can you sit there and be so happy, knowing we're way off base on cost control?"

"Enjoy yourself," Sam sang softly, squinting with laughter; "it's later than you think!" He sobered, and said, "If you go on fighting city hall, you'll find yourself in the basement taking out the garbage. Wise up."

Wise up. Why shouldn't he? He had two enchanting little girls who took ballet lessons and were saucy and pretty. He had a neat, loving wife. He had a comfortable, old-fashioned house that served them all in many ways—warm in winter and cool in summer, and with pleasant big rooms and all the gadgets that could make the flow of life simpler. He had good insurance, some company shares, and —— Ha! some company shares. A lot of people had some company shares, and they weren't making (Continued on Page 56)



Jack stood up out of respect to a man he must tell off.

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Outside his cell the watching men were silent and no longer smiling. On the wall of his cell he had drawn a door.

Seven Days To Live

By JACK FINNEY

Did he really hope to escape a prison cell through a make-believe door?

There were three requests from Condemned Row on the warden's desk that Thursday, and he turned to them even before glancing at the morning mail. They might have very little time left, some of the men on the row, and the warden—a neatly dressed man in his forties, with dark thinning hair and a patient intelligent face—liked to grant their requests, if he could, just as quickly as possible.

He smiled a little, shaking his head wonderingly, as he read the first of the requests, written, as they all were, on a pink slip of paper, in pencil. This man, a friendly engaging twenty-year-old who had killed a man in a knife fight, asked permission to buy a Ouija board, and have it mailed in to him. The warden stared across his office for a moment—it was a large, carpeted, quiet room, its many windows hung with Venetian blinds—to wonder where this boy had heard of such a thing. Then he scrawled an O.K. at the bottom of the sheet, and signed his initials.

The second man, who had burned a building for the insurance, a man accidentally dying in the fire, asked that a name be added to his list of approved visitors. A nineteen-year-old girl, a stranger, had written his attorney asking that she be allowed to visit him; she had seen the attorney's name in a newspaper account of the condemned man's crime. The warden wrote "Denied" at the bottom of this slip.

The third request was written in Spanish, and came from a young Mexican convicted of killing a Chinese grocer in a holdup. There are many Mexicans in the West, and a number of them, therefore, among its prison inmates; and so, years before, when he had first come here as a lieutenant, the warden had studied Spanish at the local college. He had learned to speak, read and write it well, and now he read the last of the three notes from the row.

It was a request for oil paints, brushes, palette, charcoal, and other such supplies, and the warden sat back in his swivel chair, raising a knee to the edge of his beautifully carved prison-made desk to consider this request. The man was a good artist, he knew. A year ago he had made a pencil sketch soon after arriving at the prison. It was a street scene, the single dirt street of the village he had been born in. It was beautifully done, the best prison art the warden had ever seen, and he wondered why this man—Luis Perez—should have waited till now to draw or paint again.

For Perez was within seven days of death. His sentence was automatically appealed under the law of the state, and it was technically possible that he might still receive a stay of execution or commutation to a lesser sentence. But out of his long experience the warden felt sure neither of these things would happen, and that Perez

(Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

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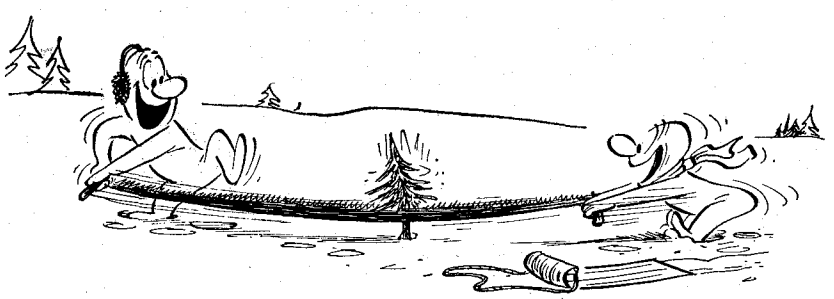
Post Scripts



LETTERS YOU'D BETTER GET OVER WITH

[redacted] Saturday

Dear Folks,

Thanks a lot for the swell fountain pen. I have been needing a good fountain pen and....

#

THE TUESDAY CLUB
Banks, Oregon

Mrs. L. V. Hofer, Sec'y-Treas.

January 10

Dear Member:

Happy New Year and may it be brimful of rewarding Club activities for us all!

Now that the holiday festivities are over, it is my "unpleasant duty" to remind you of the special assessment ($2.50 each) which we voted for our Christmas Play-Day Party. This covers the collapsible chairs & punch bowl ($8.50) from the U 'n' Me Caterers, 10 rolls red crepe paper and place cards ($2.85).....

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What else is new?"

Dearest Ward—

Honestly that "Blue Memories" platter is from Dreamsville and how darling of you to remember "our song!" I've played it ever since Ch.1.t... Ivy Hall—Sat.

Dearest John-boy—

Honestly that "Rock Me Daddio" platter is from Dreamsville and how darling of you to remember "our song"!.. I've played it ever since Ch.1.t... Ivy Hall—Sat.

Dearest Tommy—

Honestly that "Outer Space Stomp" is from Dreamsville and how darling of you to remember "our song!" I've played it every breathing minute since Christmas, and .....

3719 Reading Rd.
Cincinnati 29, Ohio

January 10

City-Wide Sanitary Hauling & WasteRemoval
4380 W. Shattuck Rd.
City

Dear Sir:

I am sorry to have to bother you about this but I last year it was themmiddle of February before your man took our Christmas tree away and he did not take it last week although I asked him specificially, so I thought I would just write to you and make sure that.....

Saturday

Dear Aunt Gail and Uncle Dick,

Thank you very much for the three dollars check you sent me for Christmas. If I get another one on my birthday March 23 I will get a Jr. Catcher's mitt.....

42 Vista Drive
Chicago, Illinois

January 10, 1959

Letters to the Editor Editor
The Morning World
City

Dear Sir:

Last year, on January 27, 1957, your paper carried a letter from a Mr. Leonard Haynes, who laid claim to discovering the first trillium blooming in his backyard on January 25th.

You may not believe the enclosed snapshot but my husband took it yesterday morning (January 9th) and.....

PEG BRACKEN

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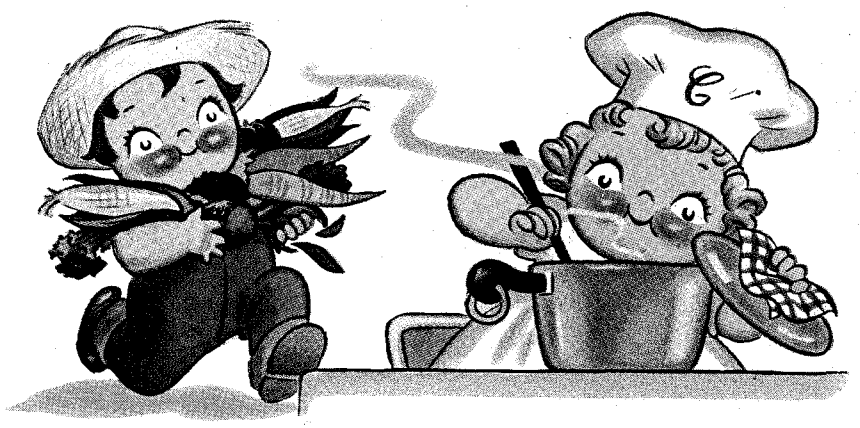
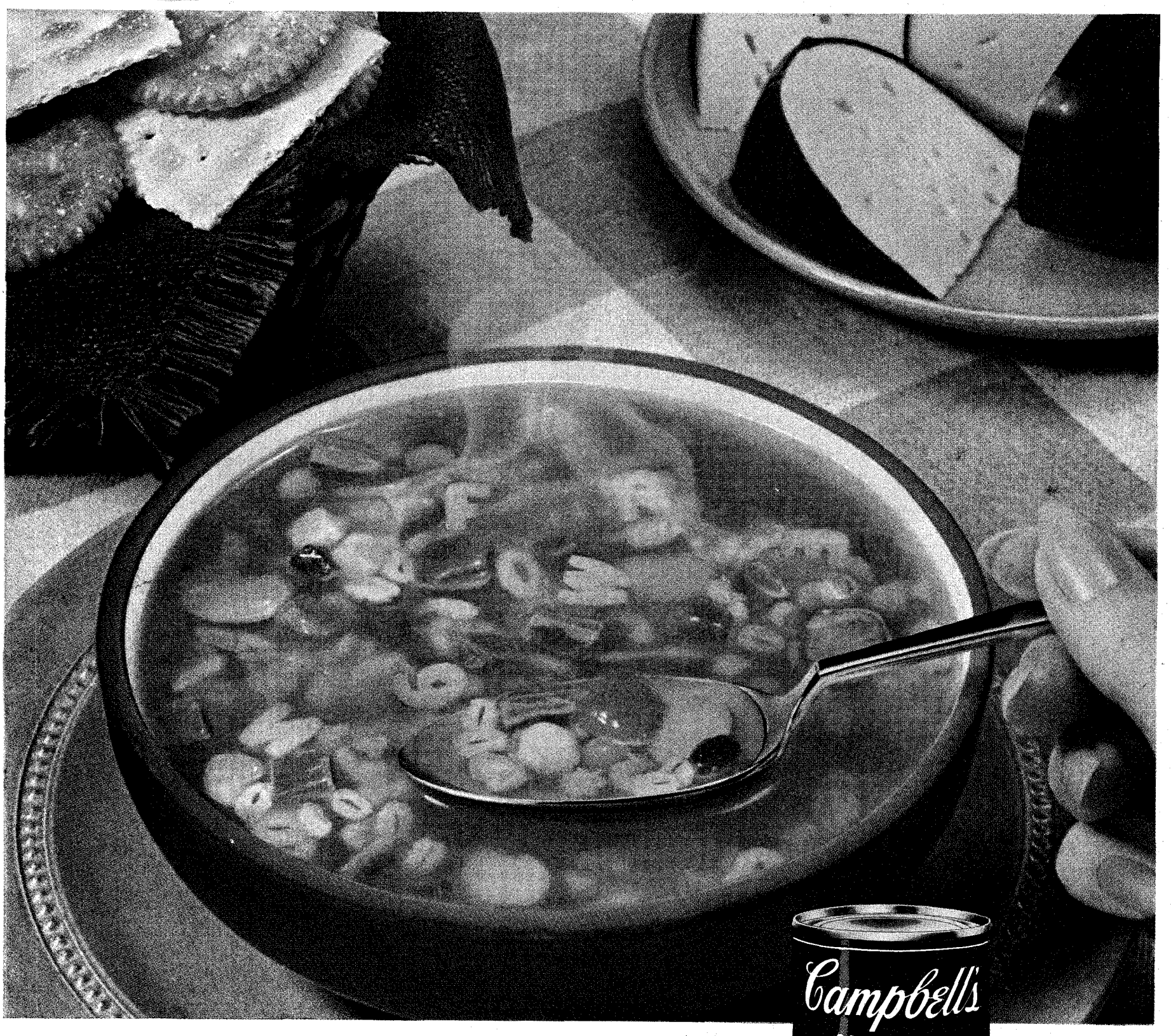


Every weekday . . . Sunday, too!
Campbell's Soups are <u>good</u> for you!

Enjoy *Campbell's* VEGETABLE SOUP



15 GARDEN VEGETABLES AND STURDY BEEF STOCK . . . here's a soup your whole family enjoys—Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Every delicious bowlful is filled with the goodness of 15 green and yellow vegetables picked at their flavor peak. M'm! Good! *Nourishing* good! Ready in 4 minutes . . . less than 7¢ a serving! So easy to enjoy the happy habit . . .

ONCE A DAY . . . <u>EVERY</u> DAY . . . SOUP!

Have <u>you</u> had your soup today?

Campbell's Vegetable Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins . . . Minerals, too!

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ESCAPE INTO DANGER

They eluded their ruthless pursuers only to fall into another kind of trap.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

A microfilm from the top-secret Project M was missing, and three men wanted it: John Dayn, U.S. counterspy chief; Akim Papadopolous, Communist spy; and Marc Hollis, physicist. Marc was a fugitive. On the testimony of his fiancée, Natalie, he had been unjustly imprisoned as a perjured Communist. Marc escaped from custody when he learned that Communist agents had kidnaped his blind brother, Jamie. The ransom demanded: the vital microfilm. Marc knew only that his friend, Boyd Rafferty, had concealed the film somewhere in San Francisco, just before Boyd's mysterious death.

Marc complicated his flight by giving a lift to Tresa Welar, a stranded Hungarian refugee. They took refuge in an isolated motel. But Akim and his vicious companion, Karl, found them; and so did Hartford Cook, one of Dayn's top men. Karl killed Cook, and Marc realized that he, as an escaped fugitive, would be suspected of the crime. Marc suspected Tresa of working for Akim, but he took her on to San Francisco with him. For only she could testify that Marc was not a murderer.

IV

It was still dark. In the distance, the foghorn sounded mournfully across the bay. The fog smelled of salt. Their headlights reflected back at them on moisture-laden air.

It was too risky, Marc thought. He shouldn't have taken a bridge, either this one or the Oakland one. He should have driven clear around the bay and come up by land from the south. But that would have taken hours. And he didn't have hours. By the time it was light, John Dayn would have every cop in San Francisco alerted and their pictures in every paper, so the whole town would be looking for them. And Akim would have his net out for them too. This bridge was a terrible gamble, but he had to take it. If he could get into San Francisco now without being caught, if he had even a little time while it was still dark, he might be able to find the microfilm and save Jamie.

Tresa said, "This long high bridge. I am glad you are driving instead of me. Somehow, for you the car goes straighter. What is down there below us in the fog? Is it another great river? I can see nothing, not even water."

"That's the Golden Gate."

"No," said Tresa firmly. "This I do not believe. My uncle, he has told me. The stories of gold running in the streets of America are not true. So it cannot run under bridges."

"Skip it," Marc said wearily, fumbling in his pocket for the toll.

Now! They passed through the toll gate without unusual incident, though at this early-morning hour the traffic was very light. Marc was sweating. He drew a long breath.

They had made it. They were across the bridge. In San Francisco. Finally.

"Where are we going?" Tresa asked.

"Union Square Garage. It's an enormous place under the square, a couple of blocks from my apartment. If I pay a couple of days' storage in advance, with luck no one will find the car."

Tresa gasped as Marc drove up one of the steep hills, stopping at a light in the middle, and then straight up again.

"It is a town on a mountain!" she said. "How can you see?"

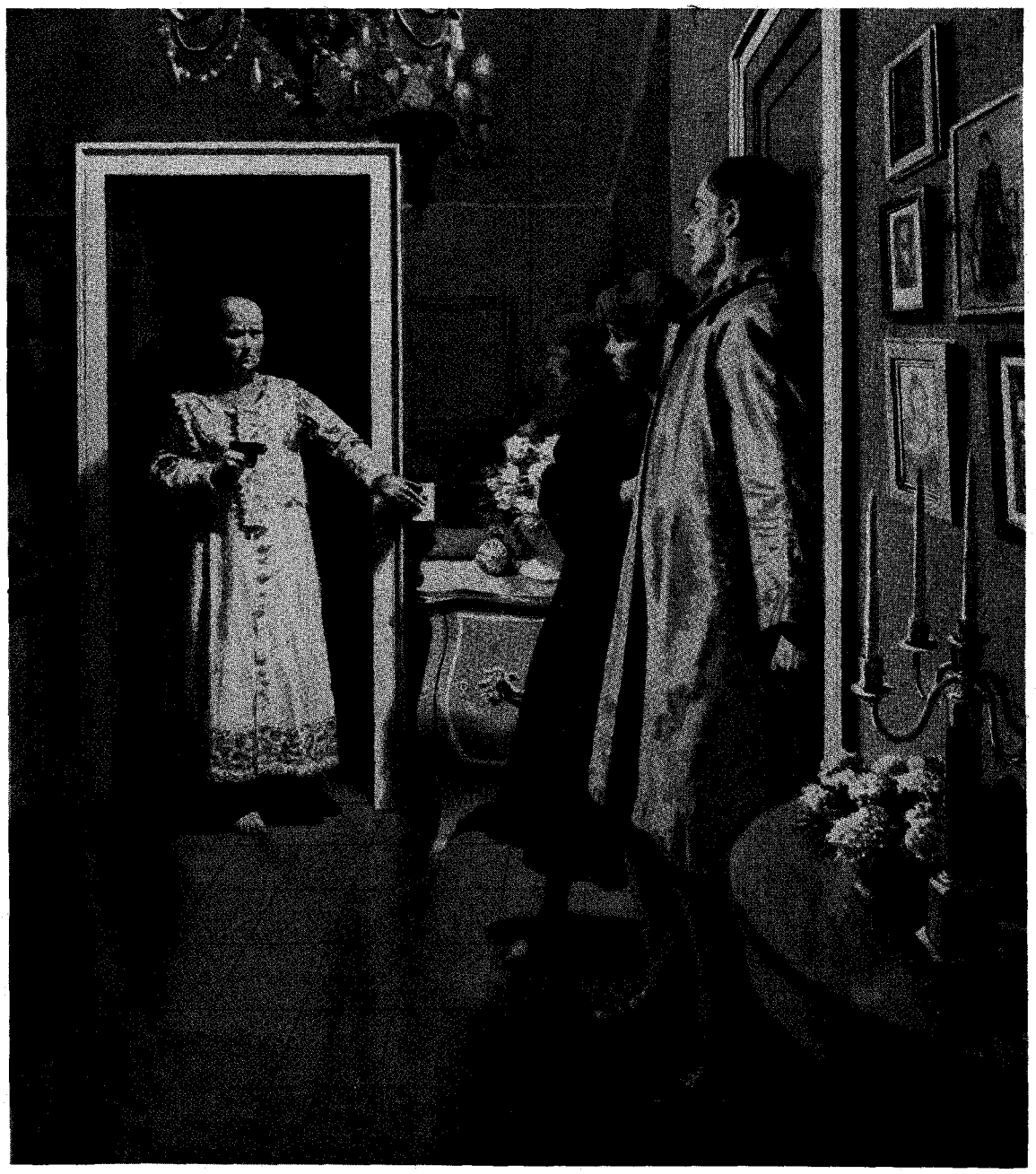
"Nobody expects to see, driving in San Francisco. If there isn't fog, there are always blind corners and cable cars and San Francisco cab drivers."

"Cable cars?"

"You'll see. A sort of streetcar that climbs straight up the hills on an underground cable and then straight down the other side. We may be on one ourselves, presently. From here on in, we'll be riding public transportation. They'll be looking for this car now. We were lucky to get here without being stopped or running out of oil again. I guess Akim is going to stay at the motel and play the innocent bystander. Let somebody else discover the body, and nobody has yet."

Tresa shivered. "Poor dead young man. I wonder if he had a family."

(Continued on Page 44)



"Thought I wouldn't hear you," said the old lady, pointing the pistol directly at them.

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Beware the Hunted (Continued from Page 24)

viciously and he loosened the tourniquet, massaging the swollen area with a downward stroke, trying to work more of the venom out. He was growing feverish, and beginning to get flash headaches.

When he had tightened the handkerchief again, he lifted his head and stared about him. He was a rangy man, all whipcord muscle, with a face burned brown by sun and wind, so weather-beaten that his age would have been difficult for a stranger to surmise. He was thirty-five. All his grown life a man without fear, right now he had an uneasiness in his belly, as close to it as he had ever come.

The gravel wash where he was sitting was no more than five or six feet wide. The rest of the area was choked with underbrush, full of the devilish goatbush with thorns like spikes that could rip a man's hide. Even if he dared risk the physical exertion of trying to get out, it was more than two miles of rough, uphill terrain back to where he'd left the jeep. He'd noticed a deer hunter's camp a few hundred yards down-mountain from it, but the chances of attracting the attention of anyone there were slim. Even if they heard his shots, they'd probably take no notice.

What was worse, somewhere at his back in the darkness he'd have a wounded, angry cat. Cats were unpredictable critters. This one was hungry, having been driven off from a meal he'd only just begun. With a mangled foot, the cat would be obliged to stalk prey that wasn't moving very fast. Or not moving at all. No, better to wait it out right here.

Les clutched his rifle to his chest and stared into the gloomy crevice until his eyes ached. He lifted the weapon and threw a random shot into the opening. "That's just to let you know," he yelled savagely, "that I'm still the hunter, you mangy, overgrown alley cat!"

A few feet away lay the body of the rattler, head blown neatly off. Les spat contemptuously at it. Hadn't been for that dirty viper, he'd be halfway home by now, another bounty to the good.

Thinking about home made Les feel lonesome, and a little guilty. He'd had a big argument with Amy this morning, and he'd used a more forceful tone than a man rightly needed to use on a woman who was all softness and warmth, and no bigger than a half pint of soap after a big wash. "Hell's bells, Amy," he'd roared, "bountying's as good a way as any to make a living. My pa did it all his life, and he raised up six kids on it, right here in these hills."

Amy's eyes got tears in them and that surprised him, because in the four years they'd been married, he'd never seen her cry. But then he'd recalled talk he'd heard, about how women in Amy's condition were likely to be easier upset; and he felt better about it. She said, "All I ever asked of you was a decent way of life, Les. No trimmings, just simple things I could count on."

He laughed at her a little, not poking fun, but more jollying her along. "Why, Amy, you got me and ol' Blue."

Old Blue. He half twisted around, staring up the wash, as if he hoped to see the hound coming to him through the failing light. That wouldn't happen. Old Blue was dead. In a rage goaded higher by the hammering pain at his temples, Les turned and shouted at the shadowy crevice, "Killer! Damn dirty killer!"

The effort made his head swim, and lights danced before his eyes. *Easy now,* he cautioned himself. *Any fool knows a man can walk ten miles on the energy he'll burn in a temper fit.*

He kept thinking about old Blue. In a clearing atop the ridge, they'd jumped the big cat, just sitting down to supper over a freshly killed fawn. The fight had been a short one and old Blue was licked from the start, and with all the furious thrashing around, Les hadn't dared throw off a shot. But before the hound checked in, he'd managed to mangle the cat's foot badly enough so that even after the delaying, sad business of burying old Blue, Les had still been able to pick up the lion's trail. The big fellow was moving slowly, going mostly on three feet, the left front deeply imprinted. Wherever the right front touched down, briefly, the pad was faint and bloody.

The light was almost gone now. The throbbing of his leg was enough to drive a man crazy. He wished he'd been gentler with Amy this morning, instead of getting sore when she wouldn't stop crying. He felt low in his mind just to think of it now, and of the things he'd said to her before he left.

"You knew what I was when you married me, and it was all right with you then, the way I recall it." What he hadn't said, but she more than likely knew was on the edge of his tongue, was that a good stout cabin and plenty of food in the cooler and decent clothing to cover her was more assured to her as Les Hansen's wife than it had ever been on the hilly dirt farm where her old man had scrabbled out a more-or-less living for a brood of kids. Amy'd had more ambition than the rest. She'd gotten out, taken a job as waitress at the trading post in Butte Flat, and managed, one way or another, to give herself high-school learning. Les had met her there and courted her; he'd married her and brought her back to the hills. Inside him, he'd been proud of her, the nice way of speaking her schooling had taught her, and the cute little things she could do to a cabin.

He figured she'd been happy, and likely she was, happy enough. Until she found out the baby was coming. Les had been happy about that. A son, now that would be fine, wouldn't it? He could just see it, when Amy told him, the little tad on the seat of the jeep beside his old man ——

Amy, it seemed like, was seeing something different. A life in town, where the kid could be raised "civilized," like she called it.

It might be a girl, she pointed out, and Les reckoned that could be, although it seemed hardly likely. There'd never been a girl child in pa's family.

"This is no life for a child." She'd kept saying that, over and over. Just the tone of her voice made him wonder if she'd ever been as content here in the cabin as she made out to be, or if she was just waiting for something. Maybe that was what had kind of hurt him, inside; that all along he'd felt life was about as good, now, as a man could rightly ask it to be, and figuring she felt the same. "You're strong, Les, and you're smart, and you could get a job in town. We could have a house there, and a yard for the child to play in, and let it grow up like other kids."

"What would I want with a job in town?" he had asked her, genuinely puzzled. "This is my way of doing, Amy; you know that."

"But why must it be? That it's all you've ever done, or your pa before you, that's no reason for never wanting anything better, Les. No reason at all!"

When a man could make his living doing the thing that pleasured him most, he'd be a fool to do anything else, that was how he saw it. Whenever he was forced to go to the city, for gear or whatever was unavoidable, he was always in a pure sweat to get home. People rushing in and out of buildings, like ants in their mounds, scurrying to get somewhere so they could start scurrying back—*I tell you, Amy, that's the kind of a life that would put a sensible man in the loony bin!*

In the wilderness a man had space to stretch in, and solitude for pondering. And the living had been good enough: the bounties on predatory creatures, and rattlers to sell to the venom farms, and in season a man could always pick up a job of guiding hunting and fishing parties for city men who needed to be told every crook and turn to make and were willing to pay well for the telling. It had seemed very clear, and not a thing for argument, so he'd been sore at Amy for riding him. Now it was queer, but suddenly it was Amy he was sorry for. Maybe she hadn't meant to ride him; it was more like she was only trying to cast her vote as to how her own child should live.

Suddenly he became aware of the darkness. The aching throb in his leg was growing worse and this time when he loosened the tourniquet, he forgot to tighten it again, but let the handkerchief and pencil fall. His fingers felt nerveless and he tightened his grasp on the rifle, making sure he still had a hold on it. He wanted badly to lie down and rest.

Stay awake, he told himself. *Think about something. Anything.*

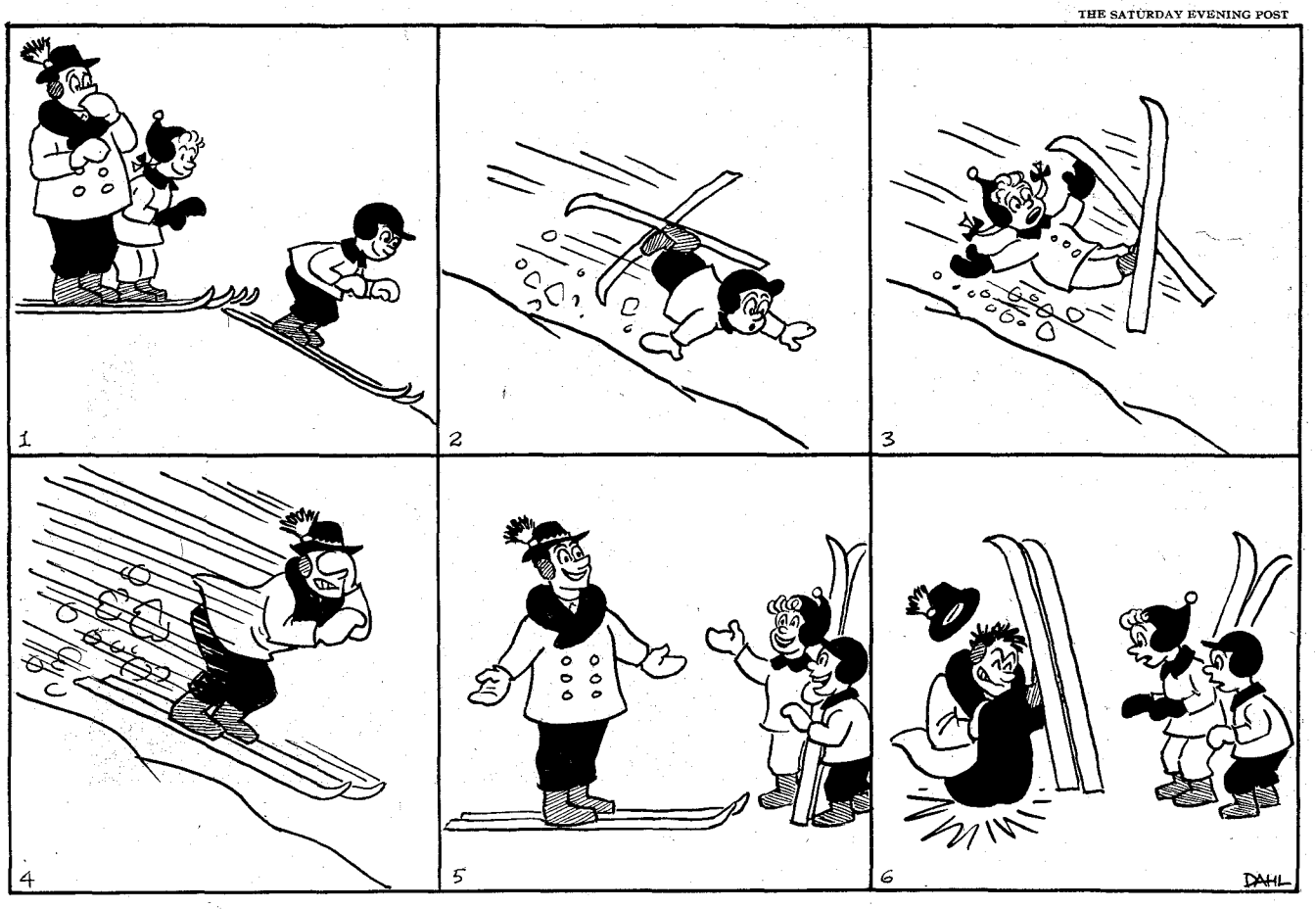
It was silly the way that snake got him; that was really one for the books. Almost to the crevice, stalking that fool cat, his eyes glued to the opening, he had walked through a knee-high clump of brush without ever noticing it was there. When he walked out again, it was with the big rattler coiled around his boot. He must have put his foot down on it midway of the thick, heavy body, and instinctively it had whipped around, encircling his leg. Too startled to use good sense, he'd used the butt of his rifle to dislodge the snake from his boot and then lifted his foot to stomp down on the ugly head. He'd missed, and the snake had struck wildly, taking him on the calf just above the boot, fangs cutting cleanly through the thin-worn denim.

He'd been bitten before. Not often enough, like he'd told Amy. Some folks said if you were bitten often enough, and got by with it, you built up an immunity. Amy didn't like him to fool with snakes. If he had to, she kept saying, then why didn't he buy himself one of those snakebite kits like the drugstores sold in town? Les just grinned and said if he fetched along one of those Boy Scout play toys, he'd be the laughingstock of the hills.

Pa'd be fit to be tied if he could see the pickle his son was in now. Les thought back to the time when he was twelve, and pa took him on his first cat hunt. "Leavin' out freak (*Continued on Page 42*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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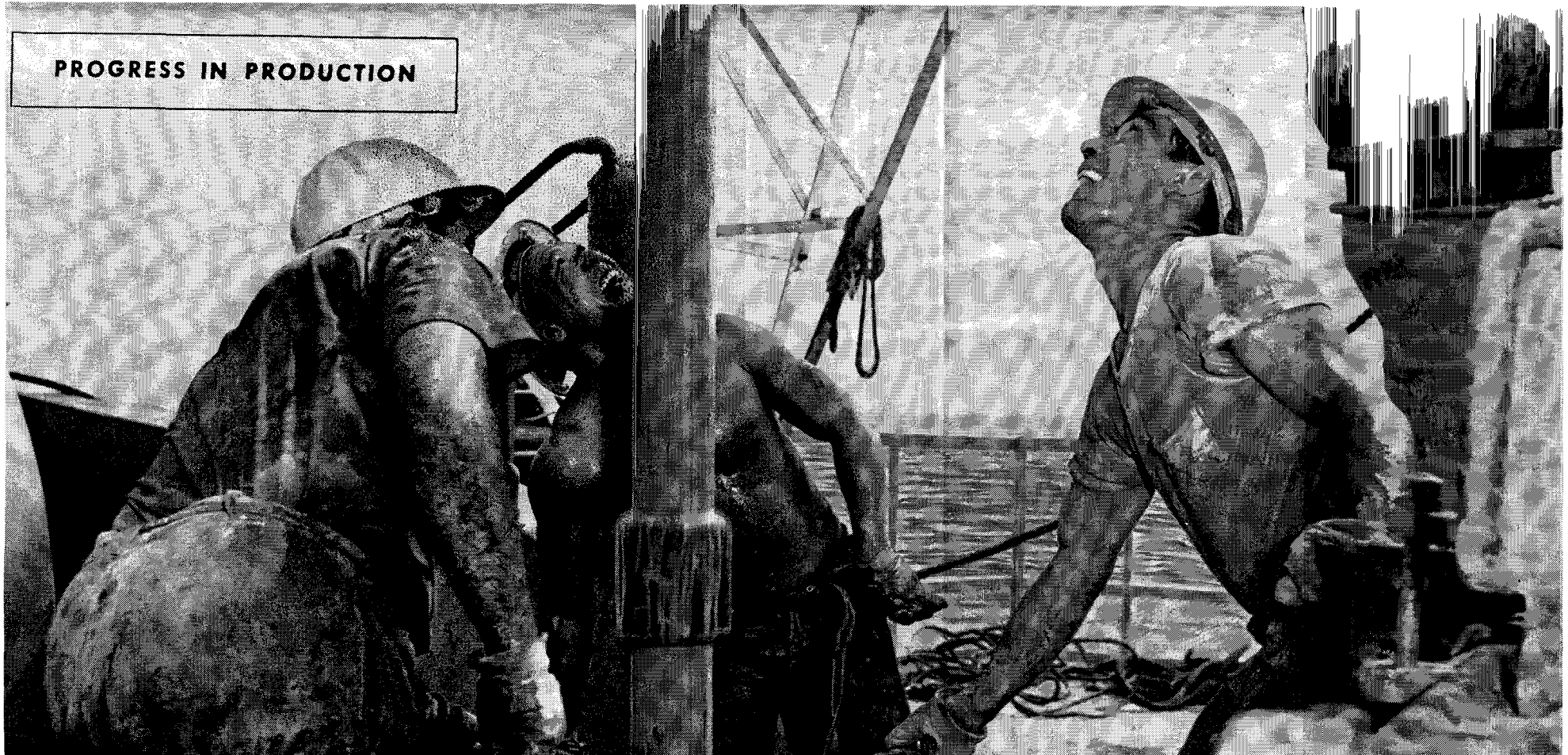

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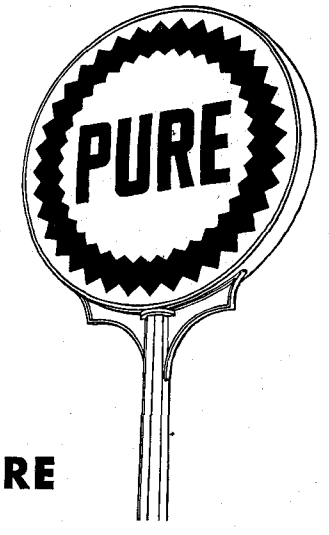

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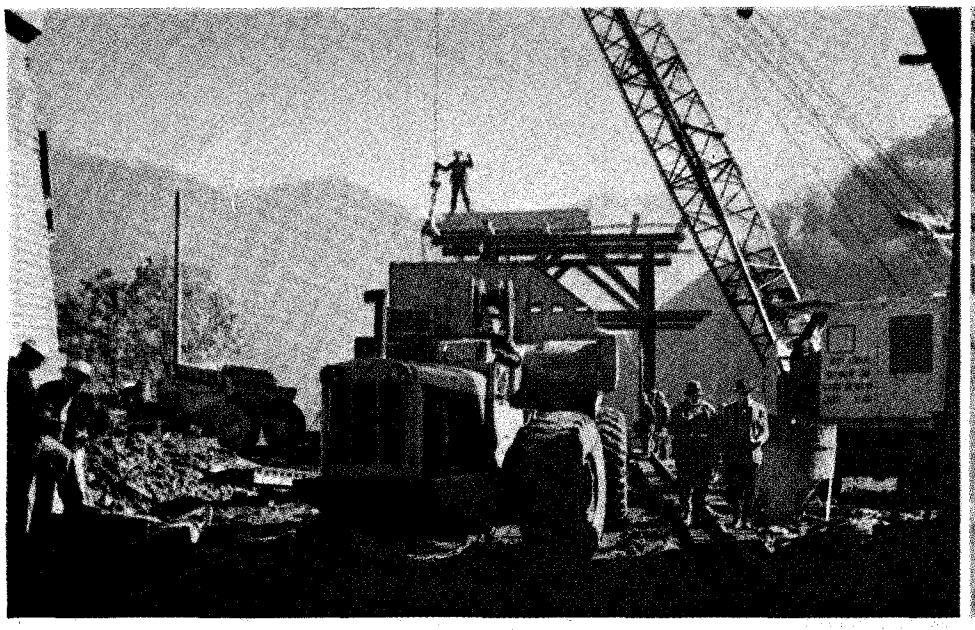

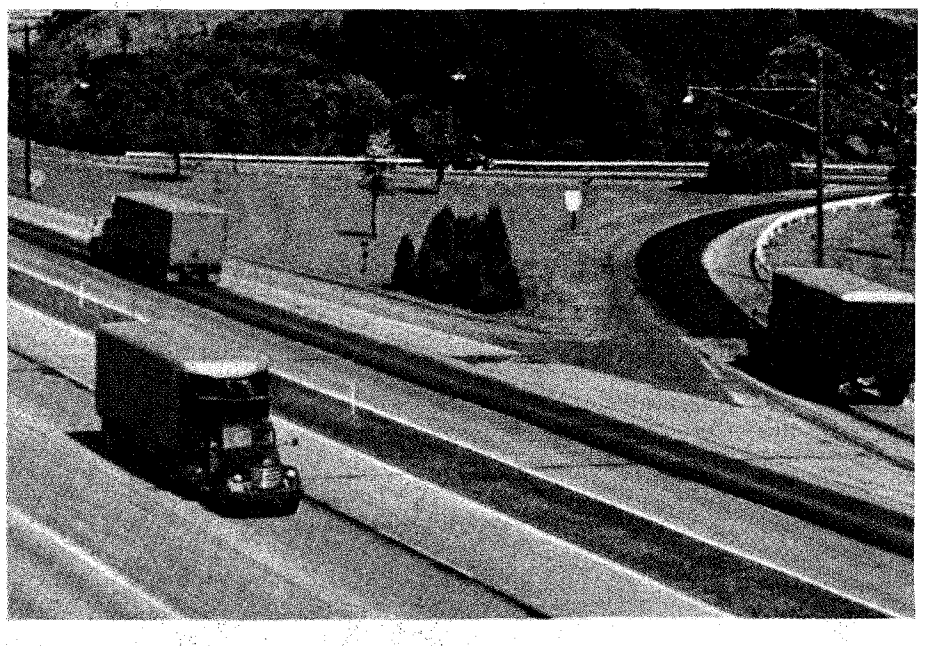

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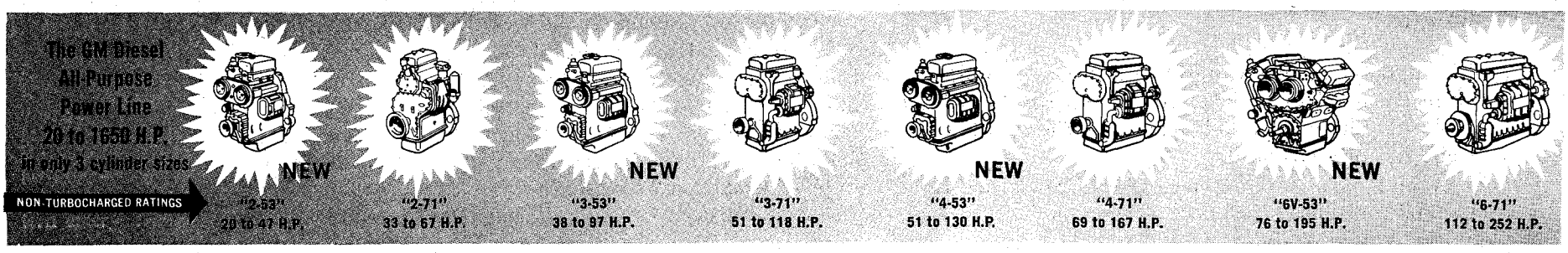

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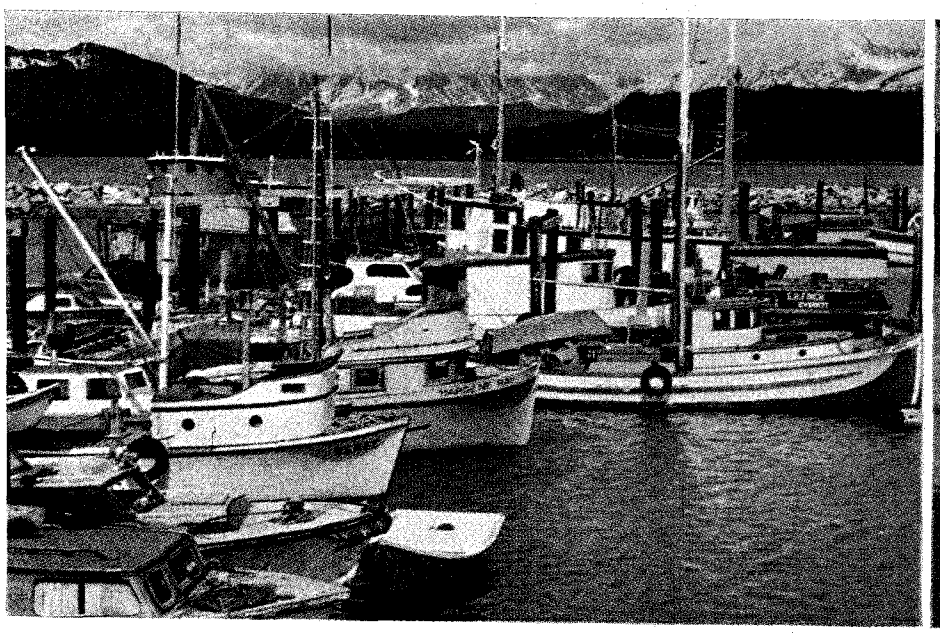

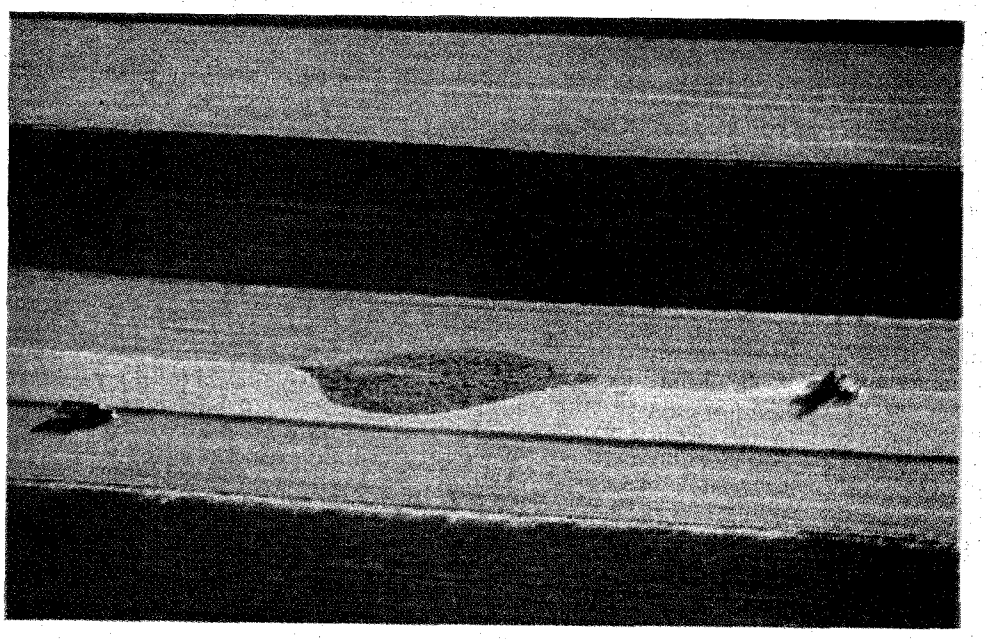

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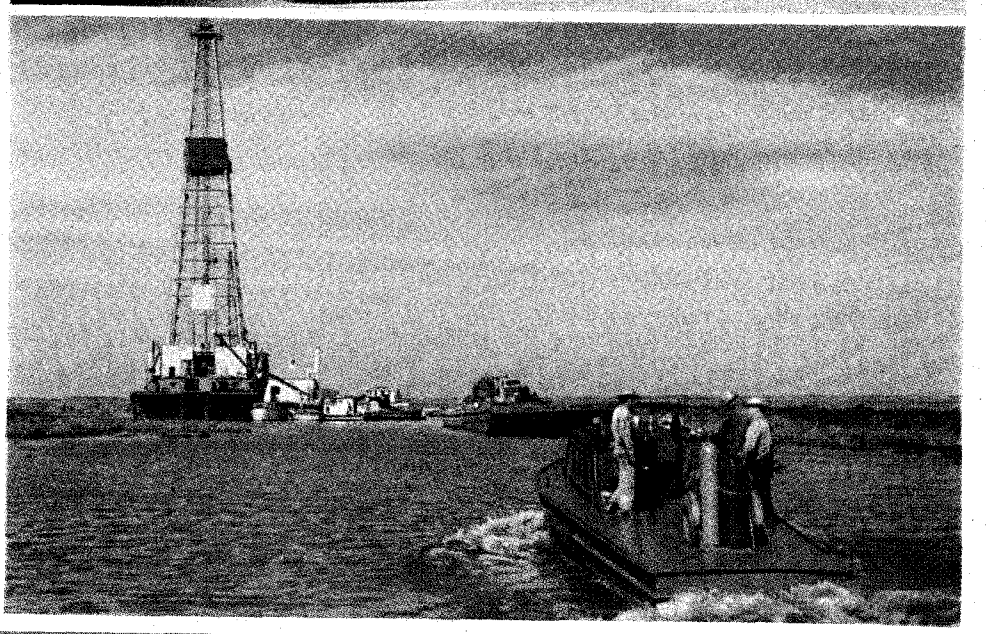

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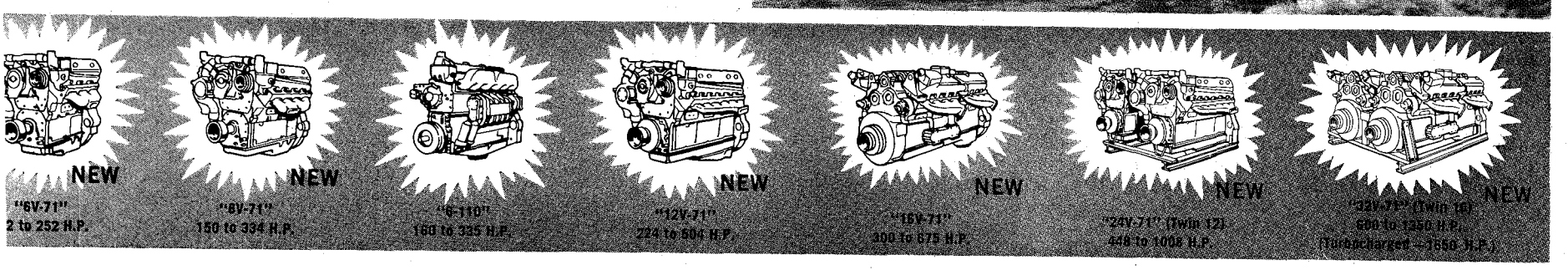

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(*Continued from Page 38*) happenings," pa told him, "only way a cat can get you is with your help. You show any yellow, you lose your edge, and then you look out. And you just remember, ain't anything smarter'n a cornered cat, least of all *you*."

He'd been fourteen when pa let him shoot his first cat. They'd followed the dogs until they had the critter cornered, then Les moved in for the kill. He wasn't scared any, just nervous and excited, but when he made his shot it hit the cat high on the neck. Down it came off the rock niche where it was backed up, spitting mad, right in the middle of the dogs, and it had mauled three of them good before pa was able to throw off a clear shot and kill it. Right then and there Les had got the tanning of his life, and the lecture about cats. Always after that ——

The cat screamed suddenly, with a shrillness that made Les' scalp feel like it was full of cold needles. It sounded like the high-pitched shrieking of a woman in mortal anguish, and it echoed and re-echoed through the black night. Les screamed back at it, in a burst of pure rage and terror that almost tore him apart. "So you're still there, are you? Well, so am I!" He lifted the rifle and fired twice, blindly. That'd make him think twice about coming any closer—the scream had sounded like it might have come from the opening, but it was hard to tell. Cats screamed like that mostly when they were mating, or hunting.

Les shouted savagely, "You sure as hell ain't mistook me for no female. You got any other ideas, forget 'em. You hear me?"

He listened intently, but there was stillness now save for the chill night wind whispering down off the hills and through the underbrush. The scream of the big cat had shocked through the cloudiness of his mind, cleared his head a little, but now his thoughts grew scattered and he fell into a half-doze, no longer resisting the waves of pain and fevered delirium which ebbed and flowed about him. He thought he was walking along the canyon road toward the cabin. Amy came out to meet him and she was carrying something in her arms, but before he could get close enough to see what it was a cloud drifted down over the canyon, turning everything dark. When it had passed, Amy was gone, and a big mountain lion was standing there in the doorway.

Les awakened to the sound of screaming, and he couldn't be sure if it was he or the cat that had screamed. Vaguely he was aware that he was no longer holding the rifle, and his numbed fingers groped for it in terror, until he found it and once more clutched it against his chest.

He turned his head and, rolling weakly on his side, he was deathly sick, but after that his head felt a little clearer. The pain in his leg was not so bad; he thought it was likely because of the numbness which had reached all through the lower part of his body. He wondered if he could stand, but when he tried to get to his feet his legs would not support him, and the effort made him retch again.

Les Hansen had never thought much about dying. He thought a little about it now. He could die, right here alone in the blackness; he'd have to be a prize fool not to know it, and nobody had ever called Les a fool. Now the venom was boiling all through him, burning him with fever, and the pain and nausea were deep and racking. He needed help and he needed it bad. It wasn't going to come in time, he knew that too. Unless —— He lifted his face, and when a spasm of weakness and stabbing splinters of light subsided, so that vague and faraway he could glimpse the stars, he searched them with his fevered glance. Amy believed there was Somebody up there, and, although Les had never given it much thought, it seemed reasonable enough. The way things seemed to follow a plan—seasons and growing things and creatures giving birth—didn't seem likely to be all by accident.

He said, audibly, "I reckon You don't figure I'm worth a darn, but Amy needs me. If You can think of some way to help me a little, I'd appreciate it. I won't promise to do like she wants about leaving these hills—not even to get me out of this bind. A man's got to be clear in his own mind what's best." He turned aside until a shattering wave of nausea passed. When he looked back at the sky he could no longer see the stars, but he muttered, "I'd be willing to give it some thought. That's the best deal I can offer You and be honest about it."

He drew up his uninjured leg and rested his forehead against his knee, feeling the whole earth swinging with him, like a cradle. Presently he lost consciousness again. He would never know that in the long, often convulsed hours of his delirium he talked and shouted and sometimes burst into snatches of ribald song. Once he struggled to his knees and lifted his rifle waveringly, by instinct levering the weapon and throwing a shot into the blackness.

Another thing that the small foreign car has done is to reduce back-seat driving to a whisper.

SIDNEY BRODY

When he awakened, he was drenched with sweat, and the wind was icy against his wet skin. He was very weak, but the fever was gone and his head was clear. He groped for his rifle, fallen to the gravel beside him, and, struggling to a sitting position, he pumped a shell into the chamber. His ears strained for a sound, any sound, above the voice of the wind, but there was nothing. Surely, he thought, the cat had slipped past him.

In the eastern sky the first fingers of approaching dawn were faint streaks on the horizon. In another hour, he calculated, it would be dimly light, enough for him to see to begin to make his way up the wash toward the ridge. An hour's time, too, would help him recoup a little strength for the climb. Right now he doubted he had the vinegar to hoist himself to a standing position. He shivered with cold, and, remembering the handkerchief, he groped with his fingers over the gravel until they encountered it. With it, he scrubbed at his face and neck, his arms, until the wetness was gone and the friction of the rubbing brought a faint sensation of warmth to the skin. He wished he dared attempt a fire to warm by, but even if he could manage to search out enough kindling in the wash to make a blaze, the growth was too close all about him, and tinder dry. Small point to surviving an ordeal like the one he'd just been through, only to get himself cremated.

He lay back, to rest, with the rifle leaning across him, his arms wrapped about him to ward off a little of the chill. He was certain that the cat had left the crevice, and the important thing now was to garner his strength for the journey back to the jeep. Amy would be worried sick, he knew. He always made it a point to tell her if there was the least likely chance he'd be away overnight.

He began to plan. They were going to talk it all out, thorough and careful, all the ins and outs of it. School learning for the kid, that was a thing that would be important to a woman like Amy. Well, he was all for that. There were ways of making sure there was money enough for schooling, and clothes, and maybe adding onto the cabin, to make it roomier and more homelike. Guiding was a thing he'd never cottoned much to, and he'd done it only when he had a pressing need for extra cash—but any season he turned down more than one man could handle. Amy'd a sight rather he guided than bountied, and for her sake he'd be willing to do more of the one and less of the other. Maybe he'd throw up a couple of small cabins in the canyon, like he'd been urged to do; a camp, like, for hunters who preferred coming in nights to staying up in the hills. A kind of compromise, that they'd talk about, and give thought to, like he'd promised.

There were a lot of things he could teach his kid, too, the way his pa had taught him, about courage, and doing honest, and taking care of himself—and maybe someday, when the kid was growing up and had a need of others his age, or for learning to live outside the hills, the way he might want to do, they'd move to town. To the edge of a town, anyway. School terms, at least. *We'll see, Amy. We'll work it out.*

Although he had not meant to, he dozed again, the exhaustion of the night's travail overcoming him. When he opened his eyes he could see the ground and his rifle, and there was light enough to start traveling. With a little feeling of gladness, he picked up the rifle, but when he would have gotten to his feet he was disappointed to find that hardly any of his strength had returned. He tried to struggle to his good knee and was obliged to sink back, trembling with weakness, and the cold sweat breaking out again.

Once more he would have tried, but inadvertently he lifted his glance, so that he was looking at the crevice, and the breath went out of him in a little whistling sound of alarm.

It was there, its outline dimly visible in the gray light, outside the mouth of the crevice. Not moving, crouched against the wall of underbrush, in the shadows. As Les stared, it inched forward a trifle as if to get a clearer view of him. Very slowly Les lifted the rifle so that it rested on his knee, but with a sense of panic he realized that his whole body was trembling so that he dared not risk a shot until he could see it more clearly.

For moments the two of them stayed as they were, motionless, and if there had been any doubt in his mind, now Les Hansen knew he and the mountain lion shared one common intent: a quick, sure kill, each waiting for the right moment. The man would get one chance, no more.

Les froze, and despair stilled his trembling. Why the cat had waited through the long night, when he might have pounced unseen in the blackness, he would never know, either—unless the sound of the injured man's voice and the occasional shots had kept it skulking in hiding until anger and hunger overcame its fear and the pain of its wound. Cats could reason, that was what pa had always said. What was in this one's mind now was not escape, that was certain in the way it inched terribly and silently toward the man crouched in the wash.

Les was trying to reason too. Not until the cat was within ten yards of him would he be out of the shadow, where there was even anything like enough light to risk a shot. He could sense, rather than see, now, that the beast was gathering itself into leaping stance, poised to pounce across those few remaining feet, tail twitching convulsively as it kept its yellow eyes fixed steadfastly on the man.

The moment came. The tawny body was poised for one brief instant where the pale light fell full upon him, and Les fired. The cat let out its hideous scream and came barreling in. Wildly Les worked the lever, but it was too late for another shot. He felt the smashing impact of the heavy, lunging body against his own, and then he lost consciousness.

He opened his eyes, and for a moment he thought it had all been a wild dream, because he was safe in bed and Amy was sitting beside him—but then he figured out it wasn't his bed, and beyond Amy's white face and scared eyes he could make out the figure of old Doc Beaumont, who tended all the sick folks of Butte Flat.

He opened his mouth, but Amy reached out and patted him with her hands and said gently, "It's all right, Les; don't try to talk."

Experimentally, he moved his body. There were no bandages on him, except for the calf of his leg. He lifted a hand to his face, and it was unmarked. He turned an appealing glance to Doc. "What happened?" he demanded hoarsely. "How did I get here?"

Doc grinned at him. "Way I understand it," he said, "couple of deer hunters up on North Fork ridge heard a cat scream, and a shot. When they got down where you were, they found you with a dead cat in your lap—they figured you for dead too. Picked you out from under your playmate and brought you in to me, and I sent Clete Newman down to your place for Amy."

Les tried to raise up in bed. "My bounty ——" he began, and Amy pushed him down again. Doc grinned.

"You just rest easy. They brought it in for you." He made a clucking noise with his tongue and teeth. "Chawed on by a rattler," he drawled, with a sidewise shake of his head, "playing here-pretty-puss with the biggest cat I ever saw—it's a wonder you wouldn't've dove headfirst off a cliff, just to see how far you could crowd your luck."

Les lay digesting it, bewilderedly. When that blamed critter had come through the air at him, he'd been sure it had him. Apparently his shot had taken it just as it left the ground and its own momentum had carried it forward.

Amy's hands went on patting him. "I was awful worried about you, Les," she said softly. "When you never came home I nearly went out of my mind. I kept thinking what if something had happened to you, and all the rest of my life I was going to have to remember what mean things I said to you ——"

Les reached out and took her little hand in his big brown one. Sick and weak, and still shaken by his close call, all the same he felt pretty good; all of a sudden he felt fine. Could be what it took some men a while to find out was that what pleasured them most in life was making someone else happy. He meant to do that for Amy and his kid, he purely meant to.

Between them, he and Amy would figure a way. With Amy like she'd always been, giving in to him all the way—funny he never figured that one out until now—she'd be more than happy to meet him halfway in compromise.

He said, "I was doing some thinking myself, all night," and Doc Beaumont let out with a snort of laughter.

"You've got the look of a man that spent the night in sober meditation."

Les grinned. "You just know it." He didn't say any more, right then. The rest of what he had to say was for Amy's ears alone, anyhow. THE END

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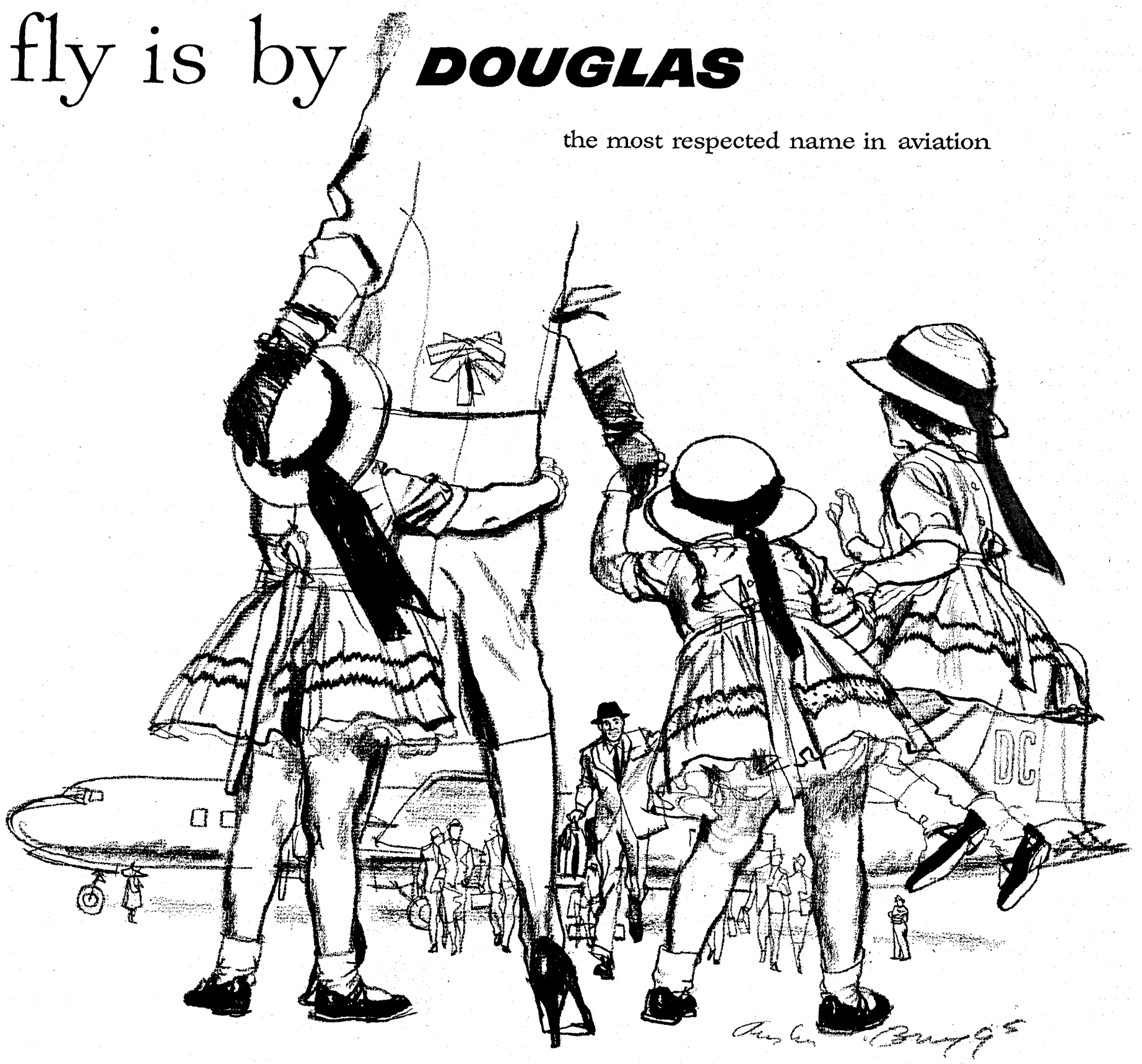

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Escape Into Danger (Continued from Page 37)

Don't think about Hartford Cook's Molly or her baby, due this week. Jamie. Think about Jamie.

"Where do we go after the garage?" Tresa asked.

"My apartment, first. Boyd and Jamie stayed there until Boyd was killed last week and Akim got Jamie. They might be watching it, but we'll have to take that chance. They weren't watching the bridge. If only my things are still there!"

"The microfilm might be there?"

"John Dayn said Akim's men tore the place apart, looking for it. So did John Dayn's own men, probably. They're professional searchers; they don't miss anything. The microfilm couldn't be there. But my clothes may still be, and some food probably, and something I can pawn for money, I hope. We will only have six dollars left."

Tresa was silent during the negotiations at the garage, though she did exclaim as they came out into Union Square. Even in the fog, some hotel signs were visible, and the glamorous modern stores.

Tresa sniffed. "I like its smell, your San Francisco. It is old, it is new."

"It's a town like no other town in the world. It has its own air and manner, just as it has the hills. Coit Tower, on Telegraph Hill, where they used to signal the sailing ships coming into the harbor. Fisherman's Wharf, and the Embarcadero with boats from every country in the world. The old Barbary Coast, Twin Peaks, the great bridges ——" Marc was silent abruptly. Why should he be telling this to Tresa? Why should he want her to love the city he himself loved?

She took your gun, remember. She lied about where she was while you were asleep. Her story about what Hartford Cook said couldn't be true. She must have told Akim you were at the motel.

"We can walk now," he said shortly. "Only a couple of blocks."

"Look!" said Tresa. "The unlighted sign. Omar Khayyam's. The restaurant where you are going to take me to dinner when we have found Jamie!" She stood still. "We must go back. In the car I have left my suitcase!"

"We had to leave it." Marc floundered, not wanting to tell her that her shabby foreign suitcase would attract attention. "If we get out of this, you can claim it. If we don't, you won't need it."

"But ——"

Marc took her arm and pulled her along. Presently he took her into a doorway. "That's my building, across the street. No one watching on the street in front here. At least I can't see anyone. Can I trust you to stay here for a minute?"

"Where are you going?"

"Around back, to see if anyone is watching there. Will you stay here?"

"Where would I go?"

Marc said grimly, "You have a habit of going odd places. Out in the rain to talk to men who get shot. You'd better come with me. Be very quiet."

They stood for several minutes in the shadows at the back, watching. Marc drew in his breath. "No sign of anyone. Of course I can't be absolutely sure."

He tried the door. "It's unlocked."

"Then why do we stand here?"

"I don't like this. Why should it be unlocked? It could be a trap. Someone may be up there in the apartment waiting for us."

"Then let us go away."

"Where will we go? We both have blood on our clothes. We need money. Without fresh clothes and money we can't stay free long or get where we must go."

Tresa said, "I am cold. I am tired. I am hungry. Do we go in or do we not?"

Marc held her wrist tightly. "Yes. Be careful not to make any noise."

They moved carefully up the iron stairs. Tresa's clumsy shoes squeaked.

"Sh-h!"

"I am trying," she whispered. "But the charity shoes, they always squeak."

"Third floor," said Marc. "This is it."

He rang the back bell.

Tresa gave a little gasp of astonishment. "If anyone is in there, they may think it's one of their own men if we ring the bell," he whispered. "They'd be bound to hear me working on the lock anyhow."

There were no footsteps. No sound from within. They waited. Then Marc bent and used his knife on the lock. It took him several minutes, minutes that seemed endless, before he got it open.

"Stand behind me," he said. "And when I move, move with me. Fast."

He pushed the door open, suddenly, kicking it all the way back. They stood, listening. All he heard was the distant foghorn.

He shut the door and moved boldly into the apartment. He closed the heavy draw draperies, and then turned on the lights.

John Dayn had not exaggerated when he said Akim's men had searched the apartment thoroughly, he thought grimly. Covers on furniture were slit, linings were torn, pencils were broken, pillow stuffing lay on the floor. Nothing could have escaped a search such as this.

Its very thoroughness, ruthlessness sent a great depression through Marc. *These are the men who have Jamie*, he thought. *These destroyers, who do this even to inanimate objects that get in their way. What do they do to men?* He knew what they did to men. To Reed Michaelson, to Hartford Cook, to Boyd Rafferty.

"What is it?" asked Tresa. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Her voice moved Marc to the action he must take. He went from bedroom to bedroom quickly, noting the chaos more impersonally now, pulling draperies, searching closets. He tried the telephone and found he could not reach the operator; apparently it had been disconnected.

He came back to Tresa, who lay limp on the ruins of the living-room couch. "There's no one here now. That's certain." He slid the inside bolt and chain on both doors. "They can't get in the windows. We're three floors straight up." He looked down at Tresa. "I'm sorry, but we can't rest now. Go and take a bath, and do what you can to make your clothes look less muddy. There's a spot of blood on the front of your raincoat. We can't attract attention on the streets by looking like this."

Tresa rose wearily. "I know. Natalie is tall and beautiful and neat. But has Natalie ever crossed a border on her stomach, or cut her own hair with a butcher knife without a mirror?"

Marc left her and went into the shambles of his own room. He found nothing missing. There was just the total, wanton destruction. The mattress was in shreds, the drapery linings. Even the books were torn from their covers and the pages scattered about. But Marc's personal jewelry was there, spread carelessly about the top drawer: his wrist watch, with the back pried open; the diamond ring his grandfather had left him; the gold chain that had been his father's; the silver ring Boyd had once bought him in Las Vegas after a run of gambling luck; the ruby-and-gold cuff links that Natalie had so casually given him for his birthday.

In a pawnshop these would bring enough cash to help a lot. If there had been a pawnshop open at this hour. Marc went into Boyd's room, but Boyd's jewelry was gone; perhaps his family had taken it. Jamie, he knew, had nothing of pawnable value.

Then he remembered Jamie's dime bank. He found it in the drawer where Jamie had always kept it, smashed open, the dimes spread over the torn clothes. Marc gathered them up, carefully and gratefully; they totaled nine dollars and twenty cents.

He went into his own bathroom and shaved and had a shower. He stood under the warm water for several minutes; then, with reluctance, turned it to cold. He found some untorn shorts and a shirt and a dark suit.

Tresa was in the kitchen, wearing one of Boyd's plaid bathrobes. Her face was shiny clean, without even lipstick, and her hair, which she had also washed, was gathered in a pink towel on her head.

"Soap!" she said to him. "Never will I understand how you Americans take this wonderful thing for granted, this soap. And the hot water came and came and came. Like a miracle of a fountain."

As she moved across the kitchen in Boyd's big mules, the robe slipped a little, showing her bare thigh underneath. She was not embarrassed.

"Perhaps we will have to leave before my underthings dry," she said, "though I have shut them in the bathroom with the heat zooming up from the heater. There was nothing to eat in your mechanical icebox, but packages there were on the shelves, even though broken open and spilled about. Breakfast will at least be hot. And coffee!"

"Spaghetti for breakfast?"

"I can only use the packages they left," said Tresa. "Would you rather have had macaroni? Or cake mix? Three kinds? Who does your shopping?"

Marc sat down at the table. "We ate out, mostly. Bachelors aren't very good shoppers anyway, I guess. Let's start on the crackers and cheese. And powdered milk. Then the coffee and spaghetti."

"Also powdered barbecue sauce," said Tresa. "I added all this to the spaghetti. And dried mushrooms and some smoked shrimp I found."

"It may kill us."

"It is hot," said Tresa firmly. "It is also nourishing."

"And good." Marc tasted it. "Who taught you to cook?"

"My mother," said Tresa quietly, "and my sister." She crossed herself, and her small face shadowed. But after a moment she put her firm little chin up and poured the coffee.

"Memories should be good things, not bad," she said. "When I think of my mother and sister, I try to think of the good times, the rainy days cooking in the big kitchen, the picnics along the river. Not the Russian tank overrunning the women standing in line to buy bread."

It sounds real, Marc thought. *She sounds so real. Those are real tears, surely. But she is an actress. She lied to the police so convincingly; she lied about leaving the cabin, and probably about the gun.*

Tresa wiped her eyes. She said with dignity, "I am sorry. I shall not speak of the past again. What do we do now?"

"Eat. Then get dressed and get out of here as fast as we can. I'm sorry about your clothes."

Tresa said, "There are, in the center room, in the closet"—she hesitated—"some women's things. Too long for me, but better than what I have. Is it permitted?"

Marc said, "That's Boyd's room. But Boyd wouldn't have brought a woman here, with Jamie ——"

How do you know what Boyd would do? He took the microfilm. He let you go to jail without raising a finger. Why should he worry about Jamie? The kid's blind, Boyd would have said, easily. What he can't see won't hurt him.

Marc heard Boyd's laughter again, that gay, easy laughter, and now the sound angered him. He said to Tresa grimly, "Take whatever is there and use it any way you can."

They ate quickly and hungrily, without further talk. Tresa rose and carried the dishes to the sink.

"Never mind that," said Marc. "This is no time to be neat. Get yourself dressed."

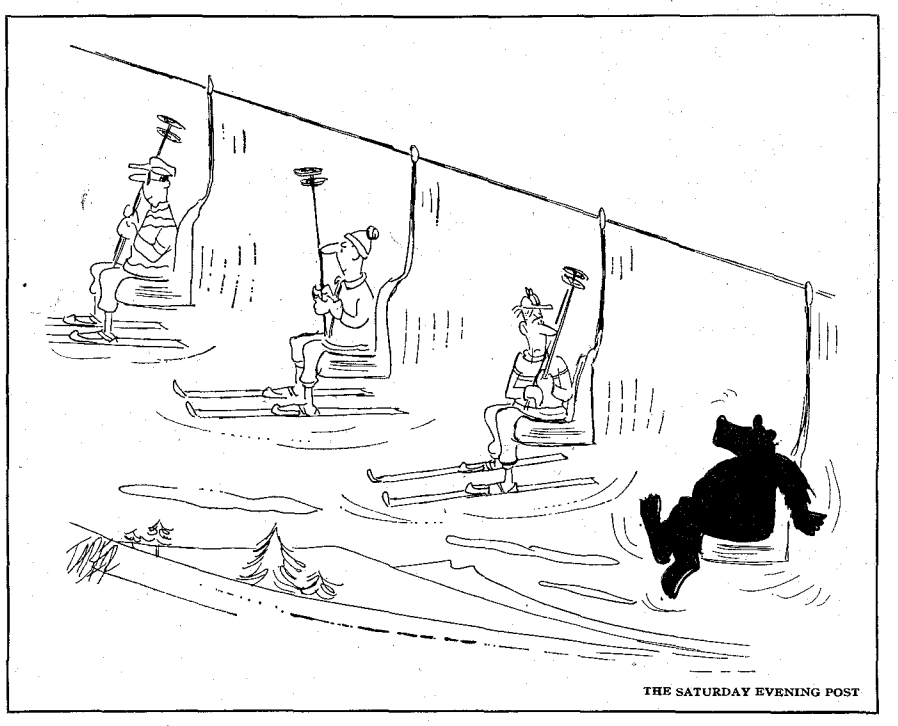
"If the Akims who are looking for us come here after we have gone, they will see the dishes and know we have been here."

What Tresa said made sense, Marc knew. And she moved quickly, efficiently, disposing of the dishes. And yet it took time. Time they did not have. Was she stalling?

Marc said, "That's enough now. Hurry and dress, or I'll take you the way you are."

Tresa giggled. "And if the bathrobe slid off?"

She went into the bedroom and emerged in a surprisingly short time. She had brushed her nearly dry soft brown hair back and tied it in a pony-tail, so that she looked five years younger. The blue wool



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skirt she had had to hike up at the waist, like Boyd's bathrobe, but except for length, it fitted her well, as did the blue jersey blouse. She stood, small and proud, looking up at him.

"Never have I had a dress like this," she said softly; "the wool, it is so delicate, the stitching. Is it all right?"

"Yes. It's fine. Let's go now. Put on your raincoat."

Tresa sighed. "I washed off the blood. The unknown lady did not leave a coat. Or shoes. Why could she not have left shoes?" She looked down sadly at her heavy oversized pair. "If I could try some polish, perhaps?"

"Never mind your shoes. Come on." Marc held her raincoat for her. For a moment her slim body was against him. It was pleasantly warm and soft, and there was a perfume about her now.

She touched his face in an appealing gesture. "It was so nice while you trusted me. Could you not trust me again?" She was very close. Her eyes were shut, her lips slightly parted, waiting.

Marc pulled away. "It worked once," he said. "It won't work again. Just do what you're told to do and you won't get hurt."

Tresa shivered. "Almost you sound like Akim."

He took her wrist and stood by the front door, listening. "I can't hear anything. Stay close behind me and don't make any noise, whatever happens. We'll just have to chance opening the door and sliding out."

"And if they are there, waiting?"

"I have my gun," said Marc grimly.

"You would shoot?"

"Certainly I would shoot. If Akim gets his hands on us again, Tresa, we're gone. We'll never get away from him twice. Come on."

His hand was on the doorknob when the sound came. In the dark, deserted apartment behind them, the telephone, which had been dead when they came in, was now ringing.

Tresa and Marc stood stiffly, without moving, listening to the telephone ring with a cold, clammering sound, echoing and re-echoing in the ravaged apartment, demanding, menacing.

Tresa whispered, "Who could it be?"

The phone continued insistently: *Answer me, answer me.*

An ordinary sound, normally. But now a chilling, paralyzing one which could cost their lives. Terror in the darkness through an ordinary telephone bell.

"Who could it be?" Tresa whispered again. "Who knows we are here?"

Who was outside watching, waiting for them, gun in hand? Both doors were locked, but now they were locking Marc and Tresa in, imprisoning them, not locking someone else out.

"Akim," said Marc savagely. "He couldn't get here in time, so he had the place watched, and now he's calling to frighten us, to tell us we're trapped here until he comes. That we can wait and sweat and wait and sweat."

"He has me frightened," Tresa whispered. "But if the telephone is on, could we not call for help?"

Why did they whisper? There was no one to hear them. Marc spoke in his normal tone and felt better for it. "Whom would we call? The police? I escaped from a Federal penitentiary. If they have found Hartford Cook's body, there is probably a murder warrant out for me. Maybe for you too."

"Even the police would be better than Akim."

"Not for Jamie. Once the police have us and Akim knows he can't get the microfilm, Akim has no further use for Jamie."

Behind them, the phone stopped ringing. And the silence held its own terrors, the waiting. *What now, what now?* They were silent, waiting. Then the phone started again, shrilly, insistently: *Answer me, answer me.*

Marc could hear Akim's charming, resonant voice, if he were to pick up the receiver. Akim, coolly and expertly working at his profession, priding himself on his skill. Baiting his victims, working on their nerves. Pitting his mind against another man's; slowly but inexorably breaking the other man's will.

"Come on," Marc said to Tresa grimly; "we'll see if he has us trapped."

"But they are waiting for us out there."

"If we stay here until they come for us, that's the end. We have to get out and find the microfilm. It's Jamie's only chance. Come on. The back way."

"But will they not be waiting there too?"

"Yes. But probably in back they will wait outside the building. They would hardly risk standing inside. They'll feel much safer waiting out in the fog."

"But there is only the one back door?"

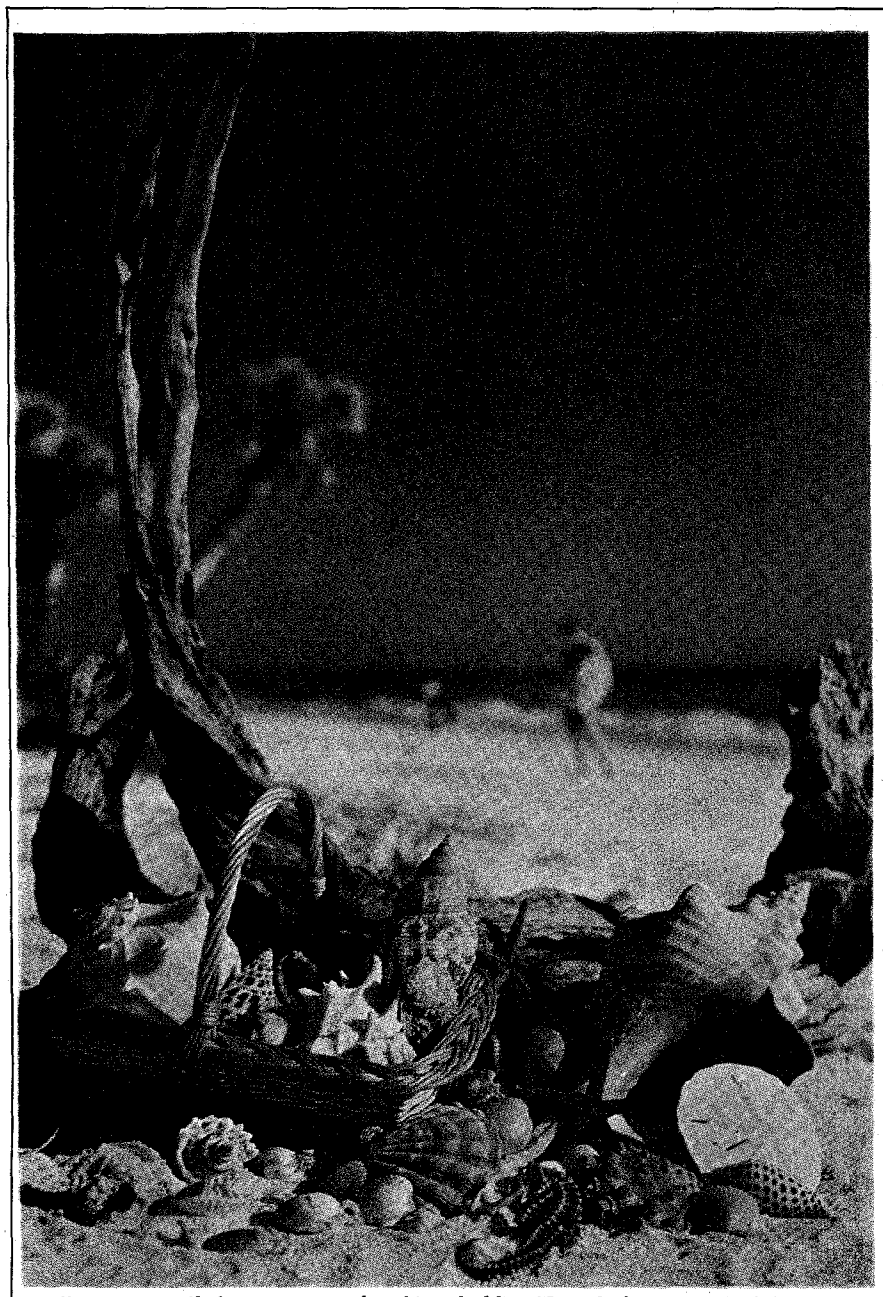
"That's our chance. They'll think that, and they'll wait there for orders, because they know we can't get away. If they wait long enough."

Marc led her through the dark kitchen.

"Quiet, now," he said. "Take off your shoes and tie them around your neck the way I'm doing. Then stand still and listen."

They listened.

"I hear no one," whispered Tresa. "But you can never hear the Akims. A knife in the dark or Karl's strong hands reaching for your throat again."



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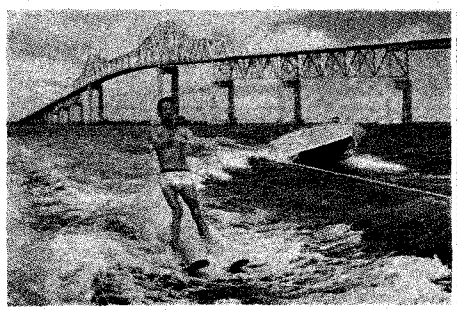

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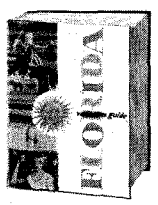

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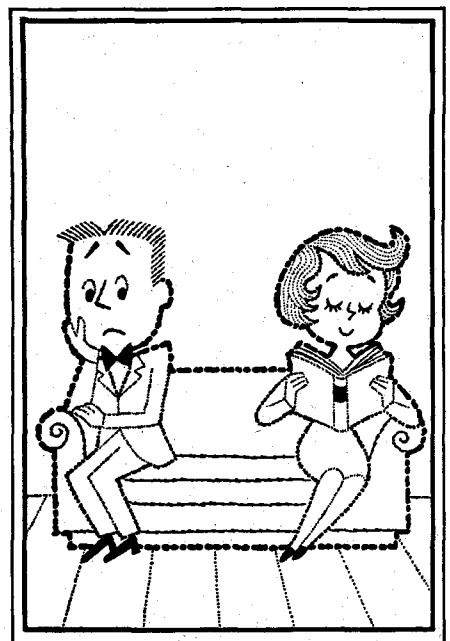

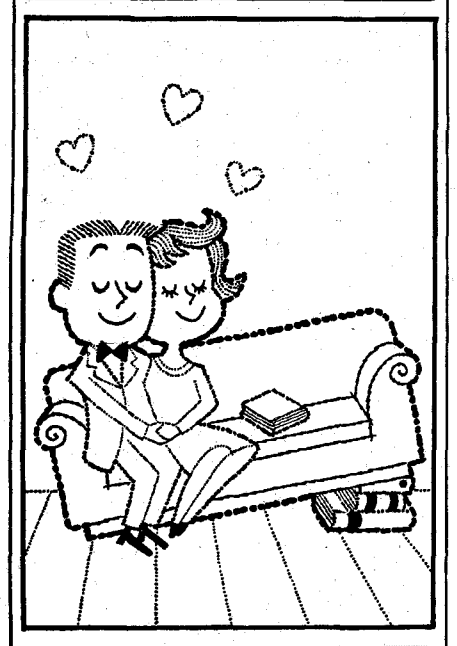

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Marc opened the door an inch, then two. Then wider, silently. There were no knives, no hands. No sound. Marc pulled Tresa with him, through the door and up the iron stairs.

"Up?" Tresa gasped.

"Run!"

They ran, not looking back. The iron stairs were cold to the soles of their stocking feet. One flight. Two flights. Three. Tresa was panting now, and Marc could feel his own heart pounding.

"One—more—flight," he whispered.

They were at the top. They had seen and heard no one. Marc sat on a step out of the dim circle of light on the landing. "Put on your shoes."

Tresa did, fumblingly.

"But the Akims are bound to find us even up here, eventually," she whispered. "They will look in the apartment and they will know we did not come down and out either the front or back door."

"We're not staying here."

Marc moved quickly into the circle of light and with a fast, decisive gesture of his long, slender hand pulled down a ladder from the ceiling.

Tresa exclaimed wonderingly. "How did you know it was there?"

"Sometimes in summer we sunbathed on the roof. Can you see to climb it?"

Tresa hesitated. "Where do we go from the roof?"

Marc said grimly, "I never looked at my roof with the idea of escaping from it before. But there's only one way to find out. Stay close behind me."

"Yes."

He went up the ladder swiftly, to present as brief as possible a target to anyone standing below. How long would it be before Akim became suspicious of the reports and sent men up to investigate? After they found the back door was not bolted from the inside, it would be only minutes before they would follow Marc and Tresa in the only direction they could possibly have got away. Up.

The cover to the roof opening was tightly wedged. Marc put his shoulder against it and heaved. It did not give. He tried both hands with all the strength of his long arms. There was a groaning sound. But still the cover did not budge. Marc moved up the ladder as far as he could and, balanced precariously, used his shoulder with all the weight of his big body behind it, together with his arms. Pain shot through the shoulder. The wood gave at last, with a tearing sound. Marc felt the cold, foggy air on his face. He breathed it gratefully in gulps. He climbed the last steps and swung himself onto the roof. He reached down for Tresa's small hands, which were very cold. Her slight figure was as light as a child's in his arms.

He pulled the ladder up and put the cover back on carefully. They lay side by side on the roof, panting.

Presently they sat up. Tresa sniffed the foggy air. "It is nearly morning now, I think. It is beginning to get light, your San Francisco. If we could only see it!"

"Yes. Someday I will show you the sunrise over the city from Twin Peaks."

They were silent abruptly, knowing how slim were the chances of this happening. Marc got up wearily. "Come on. We've got to get out of here."

Tresa got up too. She sighed. She said softly, "It would have been nice, that sunrise. I am ready."

"Stay behind me." Marc fumbled his way through the fog to the edge of the building.

"Be careful!" Tresa sounded frightened.

"There is an edging."

"Such a little edging. And then space. Seven floors of space, straight down, it seems, though we cannot see the street."

"Yes," said Marc grimly. "Nothing on this side but space. We can't get off that way, that's certain."

On the second side, there was a distance of about ten feet between their building and the next one.

"Too far to jump," said Marc. "Maybe we could find a board."

"S-seven stories up?" Tresa's voice shook.

"Whatever we do will be seven stories up."

The building on the third side was closer, only the distance of a narrow court. Marc measured it thoughtfully. "Better. But still too far to jump."

"That iron staircase outside the other building," said Tresa. "Did you have one of those outside your apartment window? Could we not have gone down it?"

"The fire escape? No. It's not outside my apartment; it's on the other side of the building. It wouldn't help us, anyway. It goes straight down to the street. They'd be bound to see and hear us on that. Let's try the fourth side."

But the fourth side was a full two stories above the building next to it, although, ironically, it was extremely close.

Marc said, "I always had the impression that all the buildings in San Francisco were so tightly packed that they touched. The next time I rent an apartment, I'll certainly require that the roof be within jumping distance of the next building."

Tresa said, "You Americans can joke about anything. Please, Marc. I'm cold and I'm scared. The height —— If that Akim or that Karl get their hands on us —— I would rather jump off right now."

Marc put a steadying arm around her shoulders. "We'll try the fire escape."

"But you said ——"

"We can go down the fire escape on this building. It bends at a couple of landings. So does the other fire escape, on the next building. Those landings are very close. We should be able to swing across and go in a window of the other building somewhere, and down and out the door. They might not be watching. No reason why they should watch the building next door. And the fog is pretty thick."

"But the window we go in—would it be on the hall?"

"That," said Marc grimly, "remains to be seen."

They climbed down the fire escape in silence, Marc reaching up to help Tresa, who came very slowly and falteringly.

"Here," he whispered. "This landing seems to be the closest point to the other fire escape."

"But it is still so far!"

Marc looked at her expressive white face, close to his. He said slowly, "You aren't afraid to hit killers like Karl over the head, or to travel around with an escaped prisoner, or to defy Akim; but when it comes to crossing a couple of feet of space, you're trembling all over."

"Yes. I'm sorry. Always it has been like this. I am afraid of the heights."

"I'll swing across first. Then you only have to lean out and give me your hands. You trust me, Tresa."

"Y-yes. You do not trust me, but I trust you."

"All right. I'll go across first."

"Marc!"

"Sh-h. We don't know what rooms the other windows open on. There may be people in them. Someone might hear us and call the police."

"But ——"

Marc disengaged her cold, clinging hands and climbed the iron railing. He let himself over the side, hanging. He swung, monkey-fashion. He hooked a leg on the other fire escape. For a moment he was in space, held only by the leg. Far below, he saw a cable car, upside down, through a break in the fog. His fingers grasped, missed and he was hanging upside down again, dizzily. He tried once more, with all his strength. This time he got a hand hold. He clung there, panting, fighting the dizziness from the rush of blood to his head. After a little, he pulled himself up and onto the other fire escape.

"Lean over. Give me your hands," he whispered to Tresa.

"Marc, I cannot! I am so afraid of the height!"

"Give me your hands."

There was silence. Finally Tresa put her small cold hands into his.

"Ready now. Hold tight."

Tresa tried suddenly to pull her hands away, but he grabbed her wrists. She braced her feet, but her slight weight was nothing against him. He half dragged her over the railing. For a moment she was over space, struggling. She gave a small shrill cry, which echoed and re-echoed in the narrow court between the buildings. Then Marc was pulling her up over the railing beside him.

She clung to him, sobbing. "Marc, I am so sorry! I did not mean to make the noise."

He held her tightly, patting her shoulder in the shabby green corduroy raincoat. "Don't cry. It's all over."

"But such a c-coward you must th-think me!"

"Everybody's afraid of something. I'm afraid of being shut in small enclosures and afraid of the pain and helplessness of my headaches. You're afraid of high places. We're both afraid of Akim. It just proves we're all human."

Tresa gulped. "In spite of what you say, a kind heart you have."

He held her for a moment longer. He took out his clean handkerchief and mopped her face with it. He said, "Quiet, now. Apparently nobody heard you. No lights went on. Fortunately you're a small girl, with a small voice. I'm going to look in a window. Damn. It's a bedroom."

"What does that mean?" Tresa whispered.

"It means that if all the apartments are laid out the same way, we'll have to go through somebody's bedroom."

"With them sleeping there?"

"Presumably they're sleeping at this hour. But we can't stay out here."

Tresa's hands were still very cold. He rubbed them between his and pulled her to her feet. "We'll start down again. Quietly, now. And hope the tenants are all sound sleepers."

At the next floor he peered in the window. The room was dark and it was difficult to see much. But through the open window came the unmistakable sound of masculine snoring.

Marc went down another floor. "We'll just have to chance it," he said in a low voice. "We've got to get off this fire escape, that's certain. When it gets lighter, people will wake up and see us outside their bedroom windows. Or the fog will lift and Akim's killers will see us from the street. We'll just have to try to cross this bedroom without wakening whoever's in it. With luck, we can find the front door and go out and down the stairs without anyone knowing we were here."

"I shall ask Saint Theresa."

Marc hesitated by the third-floor window. As good as any, he thought. He put his hands on the window carefully, testing the necessary pressure. It slid up soundlessly. Marc waited, with Tresa beside him. Within the room, nothing happened. No one spoke. No one moved. After a moment, Marc put his head in. Accustomed as his eyes had become in Korea

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to seeing in near-darkness, he could soon make out objects that many people might not have been able to discern. A dresser, a big bed, a big chair. He thrust his feet over the sill. He slid his long body through the window. He moved quietly across the room to the bed. It was empty, the bedclothes thrown back.

Maybe somebody who goes to work very early. Could we be that lucky? There's no light in the bathroom or anywhere else in the apartment.

Moving as silently as a shadow, he went back and helped Tresa through the window. They moved across the thick carpeting toward the door. Once Tresa stumbled. He caught her in time to prevent much sound. But her shoes squeaked.

So did the bedroom door when they opened it. It was a rusty sound that shrieked out into the silence. They stood frozen, waiting. But beyond them nothing moved. Apparently no one had heard. A few steps down the hall to the front door of the apartment, and they would be free. Marc's hand reached for the bolt.

A voice said, "Put up your hands, both of you. Don't move."

It was a woman's voice, but heavy, harsh, deep. The lights came on with a sudden blinding brightness. Marc blinked against them and against the sight before his eyes. They were in a modern glass-walled apartment, elaborately furnished with a rococo conglomeration of pieces from the early 1900's. Standing in front of them in a sheer, long-sleeved, lacy nightgown was an old lady, smaller even than Tresa, with a .22 pointing steadily at them, in her gnarled-fingered hand. The top of her head shone like a mirror; she was completely bald.

"Thought I wouldn't hear you. I told that fool sawbones there was nothing wrong with my ears," she chuckled, sounding very pleased with herself. "Heard you coming down the fire escape, screaming like banshees. Don't move, either of you. This gun may be small, but even a small bullet in a vital place will kill you. Before Gus, that's my husband, made his strike, I lived in half the mining camps in the West, and I got to be a dead shot. Had to, being a lady. The boys got pretty spirited, liquored up. Of course, that was a little piece ago."

Marc took a step forward. "Please listen to us, Mrs. ——"

"Mrs. Gus Zimmerman!" she snapped. "By choice, mind you; by choice. Was an actress, for a spell. Was the toast of London, had all the earls and them at my feet. And New York. I was a looker, let me tell you. But I played Denver, year I was eighteen, and there was something about that grizzled old bearcat, Gus Zimmerman ——"

Tresa said, "Ah, madame, how romantic!"

The old lady nodded, pleased. "You bet it was romantic. Suppose you two set out to burgle the jewels Gus gave me. Always was a fool about jewels, Gus. Said I had the prettiest neck in the world. Did too."

Marc risked another step closer to her. "We are not burglars. We don't want your jewels. Please let us explain."

"Explain to the police. Meantime, back where you were, against the wall. Get!" She picked up the phone with her left hand. She left the receiver off and dialed the operator.

Tresa said, "Oh, please, madame. We were leaving, and you can see we have taken nothing. You can search us. Please help us."

The old woman put her hand on the phone button, watching Tresa with interest. "Foreigner?"

"Hungarian. Madame, you must help us. They are after us. The Communists!"

"Chasing you down my fire escape?"

Tresa clasped her expressive hands. "You are kind. I see it in your eyes. You will not let them get us!"

"Neither will the police. Where did you study acting?"

"In Budapest, at night. How did you know?"

The little old lady in the sheer, lacy nightgown drew herself up proudly. "I am Yolanda Zimmerman!"

"Madame!" Tresa sounded tremendously impressed.

Tresa never heard of Yolanda Zimmerman, whoever she is, Marc thought. *I never did, myself. But the old lady must have had quite a life. The walls of this hall are lined with photographs of her in every situation under the sun. Mining camps, ball gowns, stage costumes.*

The old lady seated herself by the telephone. She hung up the receiver, but kept her gun pointed at them. "Nobody can say Yolanda Zimmerman ever refused anybody a fair shake. Besides, now Gus is gone, all the trustees do is let me sit in this concrete-and-glass monstrosity and fold my hands. But there's no denying, when you turn eighty, it does something to you. You're never the same again. Life is pretty dull, at least if you've led a chase like I have."

"I'm sure you have, madame," said Tresa.

"Isn't every day anything exciting happens now, even burglars. Go ahead. I'm awake now anyhow. I'll listen to your yarn. You're not much, young man, too tall for my taste, but your little green-eyed girl, something about her face that's different. Kind of appeals to me. . . . Well, get on with it, young man. What are you waiting for?"

Yolanda Zimmerman settled back a little in her green velvet chair. Her right hand remained steady on the gun. With the left hand she reached back for a red wig which hung over the portrait of a fierce-looking, black-bearded man. She patted the photograph affectionately and put the wig on without embarrassment, slightly askew.

"Pneumonia," she said. "Hair never came back in. Personally, don't think these newfangled drugs are all they're cracked up to be. . . . Always wondered about you, Marc Hollis."

"I'm not ——"

"Nonsense. Of course you are. Used to watch you with my binoculars. Living room is right opposite yours. When your heart gets to skipping beats like mine, you have to bring life into your room, if you're going to have any. After you left, I watched your brother. Blind, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Went to your trial. Haven't got much to do, these days. And after all, we're neighbors."

"You see, Marc," said Tresa. "You do have neighbors who will help us!"

Yolanda Zimmerman frowned. "Haven't helped you yet. . . . No closer, young man. Not an inch. How did you get here? Don't tell me. Only one way you could be here, from a Federal pen, with a sentence of three years. But don't tell me. What I don't know can't get me in trouble. Always did think that girl was lying. That rich one. What was her name?"

"Natalie," said Tresa.

Yolanda Zimmerman nodded, the red wig bobbing dangerously. "Well, you're here, and don't tell me how, and you have this young woman. Foreigner too. Where did you pick her up?"

"In a café in Olympia. He hit a big man who was bullying me and then ——" Tresa drew a deep breath. "He simply had me on his hands. A man got shot ——"

"Don't tell me," said Yolanda Zimmerman hastily. "My grandson is a lawyer. Only person in the world I was ever afraid of, my grandson. Biggest stuffed shirt there ever was. Maybe you can tell me all about this later, when I come to see you both in prison. What about these spies?"

"They kidnaped my brother Jamie," said Marc. "You must have read that in the paper. They want the microfilm I was sent to prison for. I escaped so that ——"

"Don't tell me," said Yolanda Zimmerman hastily. "My grandson."

"But we must get Jamie free, madame!" said Tresa. "It is not for ourselves that we ask you. We cannot hope to escape. But his brother Jamie is blind and helpless."

"Didn't look helpless to me," said Yolanda Zimmerman. "Used to watch him, alone there in the apartment, with my binoculars. Oh, bumped into things sometimes. But always got up and started again. Once when the windows were open, heard him singing. Flat."

"Madame."

Yolanda Zimmerman leaned back and closed her blue eyes. "Sleep very soundly," she said. "Nothing wakes me. Remember that. Never laid eyes on either of you before. Remember that too. Mention my name, deny it to my dying breath. My grandson —— Shut the door behind you."

"Oh, thank you, madame!" said Tresa.

"All this nonsense about getting old gracefully," muttered Yolanda Zimmerman. "In my heyday, would have gone with you. Now my heart is tired, they tell me, and I go to sleep."

"She really is asleep," whispered Tresa.

"Let's get out of here."

Tresa stood for a moment looking at the framed photographs on the walls. "What a great lady!" she said. "What a wonderful life to have led." She stopped and, very gently, dropped a kiss on the wrinkled forehead just below the red wig.

"Come on!" said Marc urgently. "It's nearly morning."

Tresa sighed, but followed him. They went out the front door of the apartment into the hall and down the stairs. Marc opened the back door of the building, peering into the fog. He shut it hastily. He could see the light of the back door of his own building, barely twenty feet away.

"Too close. They'd be bound to see us. We'll have to try the front lobby," he said. "Keep your head down and walk fast, but not fast enough to attract attention. Though at this early an hour, anybody going through would attract attention."

Marc opened the door of the lobby. He walked across with Tresa beside him. There was a door on the side street. Then they were out on the street, walking fast in the fog, not looking back. Presently Marc caught Tresa's arm and they ran for a Powell Street cable car, jumping aboard as it was moving. Tresa sat stiffly on one of the two outside benches which ran lengthwise down the back of the car. She held tightly to a pole with both hands. Marc paid their fares and sat beside her. The only two other passengers sat in the small cab at the front.

Tresa squealed as they went straight up a hill. "We will be killed!"

"Not if you hang on." Marc peered behind them, watching automobiles as they emerged momentarily from the fog. After a few blocks he satisfied himself that no one was following them. He sank back beside Tresa with a deep sigh. "We made it! We're in San Francisco and we got away from Akim!"

Tresa said "Yes," in a small voice. "But we are cold, and we have only fifteen dollars and twenty cents—minus the fares to ride this thing—and we still do not have the microfilm or Jamie."

"But at least now we have a chance of getting them!"

"What chance? Do you know where the microfilm is? Or Jamie?"

"No," he admitted. "But probably they are both in San Francisco."

Tresa spread her small hands scornfully. "All this. How many buildings, how many million people? Somewhere among them is a small piece of microfilm, perhaps the size of a finger? And a blind boy. You say you have no friends to turn to. We have not slept; now we cannot even go back to your apartment. What will we do?"

"There's no use complaining about it."

"I am not complaining," said Tresa with dignity. "It is just that you sit there and beam, so unbearably, at this hour of the morning, on this dangerous contraption ——" She squealed again as they went over the top of the hill and began to descend straight down the other side. "We will be killed!"

"Hang on. It isn't far."

"What isn't?"

"Fisherman's Wharf."

"Fisherman's —— Why are we going there?"

Careful, Marc. You trusted her once, at the motel, and you woke up to find Akim there and Hartford Cook killed with your gun. Don't tell her about Sylvio's.

"I've been thinking about this all the way down the coast," he said, more to himself than to her. "Boyd had the microfilm that night he was killed. He knew they were following him. He may have thought he could get away. He didn't dare go to the police on account of his father, the senator. But he had to get rid of the microfilm. So what did he do with it?"

"Burned it?"

"No. He probably still hoped to use it to get whatever Akim was holding over him without actually giving it to him. Boyd had risked a lot to get that microfilm. He needed it for bargaining power. So he hid it somewhere. Boyd was smart. He was desperate enough to take the chance of trying to trick Akim. But he hid the film where I could find it, if anything happened to him. Not in the apartment. They searched that. Not in the apartments of any of his friends he saw that last night, if he saw any. They would have searched those too. But a public place."

"Like what?"

"Knowing Boyd," said Marc, "probably a bar. He probably went to a lot of bars that last night, trying to work up courage, laughing to show he wasn't afraid. There was nothing out of the ordinary in Boyd's going to a lot of bars. They would have been watching him. But in public places they couldn't have kept too close."

"We cannot go to a lot of bars," said Tresa. "Not at this hour of the morning. Anyhow, how would we know which bars? And if you are known there, someone might call the police."

Such is Life

By May Richstone

Balking will get
You nowhere, my child;
We all have to learn
To be reconciled
To being too little
To do what we long to,
And always too big
To do what it's wrong to!

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"We had one particular bar," said Marc. "It was near the lab, and I sometimes stopped there for a beer after working at night. If Boyd was out on the town, and had been in earlier, he always left me a message. It was a kind of running gag between us."

"Y-yes," said Tresa doubtfully. "But would not these men who were following him have asked the barkeeping man if Boyd left a message that last night?"

"He didn't leave the message with the barkeep. It was a sort of hiding place. We found it by accident, one night when we were there together. A piece of wood on the bar was loose, and it slid along a little bit, leaving a sort of hollow. Enough for a note."

"Or a microfilm?" Tresa was excited now. "Where is this place? What is its name?"

"You'll see."

Tresa pulled back from him. "You do not trust me."

Fortunately at that moment they arrived at the end of the cable-car line. Marc got off and helped Tresa, who gave him a polite, remote hand. She shivered. "It is cold and wet, your San Francisco. Also it now smells of fish."

Marc pulled her back against a building in the fog, waiting. He said, "In the early morning the fishermen are bringing in their catch. Sh-h. Someone's coming."

But the footsteps were from the other direction. A man in blue work clothes went past, carrying his lunch pail. Still they waited until they had heard the cable car clang off.

"No cars," said Tresa. "No people. How can anyone be following us? . . . I am cold."

"All right. Come on. But we're so close now."

"What kind of a city is it where bars are open at this hour?"

"They sell food too. It isn't a swank place. Fishermen have to eat breakfast, you know."

They went a block, turned a corner, went another block, turned again.

"Here," said Marc. He held her hand as they went in the door.

Marc felt the same unreasoning sense of surprise and resentment that he had felt when he saw Steilacoom after two months. Sylvio's had not changed a particle in his absence. The same dingy atmosphere, night and day, the murky little sea lamps that hung on the wall, the great fish net slung across one wall of the room, the ornately framed picture of a small fishing boat on the other.

"Not a table. Sit at the bar," said Marc to Tresa.

"But at that table the man has ham and eggs!"

"Which we can't afford. Have beer."

"I hate beer."

"Have it anyway. And drink it. Turn on your bar stool and watch the room. Be sure no one is watching me."

"How could anybody be watching you? There are only three workingmen. Fishermen, probably, from the smell of them. They were here when we came in."

"Watch them, anyway."

"I shall watch them."

The short, chubby Italian behind the bar smiled broadly at the sight of Marc. "Mr. Hollis!"

"Sh-h! Hello, Sylvio. This is Miss Welar."

Sylvio said uneasily, "I heard about you on the radio. It isn't true?"

"None of it except that I escaped. Remember, you haven't seen me, Sylvio. Give us two beers and then we'll get out of here."

Sylvio said, "When I was starting this place, you help me. You come yourself, you send your friends, you lend me money once, even. If I can help you now ——"

Marc shook his head. "You have five children."

Sylvio beamed. "Six."

"Just bring us the beer. And forget us. But—thanks, Sylvio."

Sylvio turned reluctantly away. Tresa said, "You thought you had no friends who would help you!"

"Six children and his wife and mother to support. If he went to jail for aiding and abetting an escaped criminal ——"

"You are not a criminal."

"According to the law, I am. Watch the room."

Marc slid his fingers along the old wood of the bar. At the end, he found the loose piece. It did not move much; only a fraction of an inch. Easy enough for Boyd, sitting here with his back to Akim's men, to slide his fingers down, push the panel slightly, insert the microfilm, without even the person sitting next to him seeing him.

Marc was trembling with excitement. He had to wipe his fingers on his handkerchief. This was the moment for which all the rest had been endured. When he had the microfilm, he could get Jamie free.

His fingers touched something in the narrow crack. *Only Boyd could have left it*, he thought. *Only Boyd and I knew about this place. It was because they tried all the other places, the obvious ones, that John Dayn let me go and he and Akim had me followed. Because they knew Boyd must have put the film someplace where they couldn't find it but I could. And here it is. . . . Not hurry. Not be seen, even by Sylvio. Not scrape the wood with my fingernails. . . . It's in paper. Funny. Maybe to protect it.*

But the paper that came out in his fingers finally, agonizingly, contained no film. It had, instead, two words. One, on the outside fold, in Boyd's shakiest handwriting, was Marc's own name. The word inside was also a name. It was "Natalie."

TO BE CONTINUED

Food for Nonconformists (Continued from Page 19)

club, the Siboney Room. Off the Don Quixote Court and the Patio is a foyer into which the Columbia's mid-block main entrance opens; beyond the foyer is one of the private dining rooms. Others are upstairs, as are the restaurant offices.

The Columbia is thirty miles from the nearest resort or any beach worthy of the name and, look though you may, you will not find a grapefruit or orange—or, indeed, any other of Florida's vaunted fresh fruits—on its twenty-page menu. For this restaurant was established fifty-four years ago, when Miami was better known as the name of a tribe of Indians than as a resort city, and the residents of Florida took the citrus crops more as a matter of course than a constant source of admiration and awe.

Furthermore, breakfast is served mainly in El Café, oldest and most robust of the Columbia's dining rooms, to a clientele made up mostly of Cuban cigar makers, tradesmen and artisans, who disdain fruit and prefer to feed upon frothy white Cuban bread, sliced from yard-long loaves, toasted lightly and buttered. This they dunk into their *café con leche*, the light-tan-colored, typically Cuban mixture of one half burnt-tasting coffee and one half hot, scalded, salted milk.

El Café still has its original bar and fixtures, and looks about the way it did when the late Casimiro Hernandez, Sr., a Cuban of Castilian descent, opened it in 1905 out where Tampa's city limits ended in those days and the palmetto-studded cattle country began.

The Columbia is now operated by the founder's oldest son, Casimiro Hernandez, Jr., sixty-six, a rumpled and restless individual who speaks a peculiar mixture of English and Spanish that only his close associates understand well. Casimiro, who loves the old ways, continues to serve every day—at a loss—a ninety-five-cent luncheon. This may include a cup of Spanish bean soup and an excellent Spanish beef stew—made with tenderloin tips of beef, green peppers, onions, bay leaves, garlic, paprika, tomatoes, potatoes, peas and pimentos—with a crisp Spanish custard of eggs, sugar and milk for dessert, or perhaps the house's ice-cream specialty, in which coconut milk is used instead of cow's milk, according to an old family recipe.

This bargain luncheon is served principally in La Fonda, which was the first dining room added to the original bar. Its walls contain 375 painted tiles depicting the adventures of Don Quixote, the foolish would-be Spanish knight-errant, who is a sort of hero of Casimiro.

One place where the average man finds it most difficult to get along with his wife is in front of a dress-shop window.

PEP MEALIFFE

The Columbia feeds about 500,000 people during the three tourist-season months, January through March, and maybe 1,000,000 more during the remaining nine months. The most expensive dish served is sirloin steak with mushrooms and potatoes, at $4.75; but most people prefer the restaurant's Spanish-style dishes, especially those created by Head Chef Vincenzo Perez, popularly known as "Sarapico." Of these, the most popular dinner entree is chicken and yellow rice valenciana. A serving for two people consists of one two-and-a-half-pound fryer, disjoined and simmered in olive oil in a clay casserole. It is glazed with onion, garlic, green peppers and tomatoes, boiled a couple of minutes in a quart of chicken broth, then baked twenty minutes with rice flavored and colored with saffron, garnished with peas, parsley, boiled eggs and asparagus tips and topped with a bright pimento.

It is a pretty formidable amount for two people, but then, Casimiro Hernandez' guiding principle as a restaurateur is, in his words: "When a man finish eating with me, I want he should say, 'By heaven, I full. I got plenty.'"

The Columbia's most celebrated sea-food dish is paella valenciana, consisting of shrimps, crawfish, Florida Gulf scallops, oysters, stone-crab claws, cherry-stone clams, chicken, pork, fish, yellow rice and squid, all cooked together and served with peas and pimentos.

In the sea-food line, I personally prefer the red snapper Alicante, a skinned snapper steak placed on large slices of green peppers and almonds and baked in a clay casserole with olive oil, brown gravy and white wine. It is served with fried eggplant rings and shrimp supreme—that is, wrapped in bacon and deep-fried in a batter of flour, eggs and milk.

On a busy day, the restaurant serves 400 to 500 gallons of Spanish bean soup, which the management regards as a sort of trade-mark. It is made of *garbanzos* (chick-peas), potatoes, white bacon, onions, the broth from a ham bone and a beef bone, saffron, salt, lard, and Spanish sausages cut in thin wafers.

In addition to the countless unidentified gourmets who enjoy these dishes, the Columbia has played host to a formidable list of celebrities, from Adlai Stevenson and the late Arturo Toscanini to Tony Galento and Primo Carnera. And many of the lady diners are every bit as gem-laden as their sisters over on the Gold Coast. One female race-track owner, in fact, once informed the management that her husband didn't mind her coming there without her bodyguard as long as she wasn't wearing more than $175,000 worth of jewels. And a few years ago, two wealthy lady guests from Detroit became nervous because they thought "two hard-bitten-looking characters" were giving their diamonds the eye. Turned out that the two characters were United States Secret Service men who were actually keeping an eye on another guest, Miss Margaret Truman, whose father was President at the time.

A large number of the Columbia's patrons are regulars, of course; and of these the late Balbino Alvarez Lopez, a cigar maker for the Perfecto Garcia plant, was surely the most loyal. From the time he began eating regularly at the Columbia in 1918 until his death a couple of years ago, he had missed only thirteen dinners there—ten in 1945, when he was in the hospital, and three in 1952, when all the Spanish restaurants in Tampa were closed by a strike.

On V-J day he showed up for dinner at his regular time, but found the restaurant had closed early. Casimiro, who was still in the office looking over the books, saw Lopez peering wistfully through a window. The owner opened the door, admitted Lopez, and himself fixed a plate of bacon and eggs for his faithful patron.

Some observers believe that the Columbia has become more famous than other Spanish restaurants in Tampa—several of which are excellent—precisely because of this kind of service. And, while the personal, emotional manner in which the restaurant is run has resulted in some monumental *faux pas*, it has also succeeded in giving the place undoubted color and personality. The management has been smart enough to see that examples of its tempestuous temperament make the kind of news the public likes to read about; so, when something goes wrong, the Columbia, instead of trying to conceal it, will buy newspaper space to air all the details publicly.

This policy has resulted in some remarkable advertisements, written over the years in the chatty, folksy style of a gossip columnist by Paul Wilder, of the Tampa Tribune's editorial staff. A typical one some time ago began like this:

"Well, you should have been at the Columbia the other morning for all the excitement. Seventy pounds of coffee in the roaster (*Continued on Page 50*)

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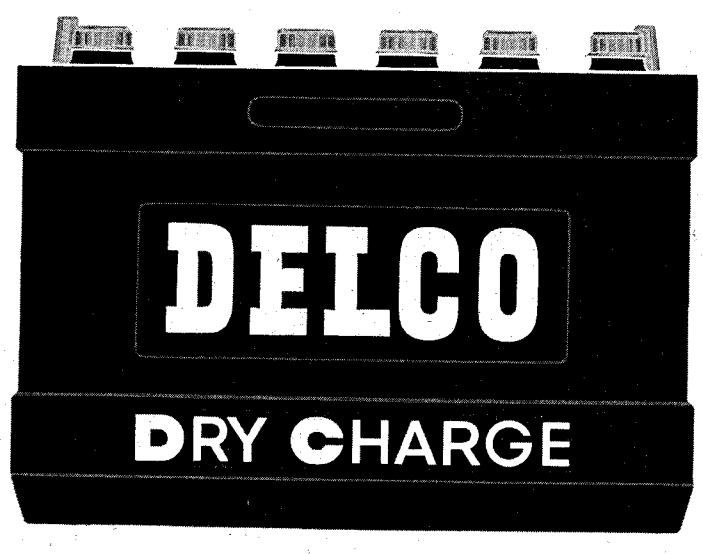
100% FRESH



If all batteries were as fresh as this little rascal you could buy 'em blindfolded. But they aren't! That's why smart buyers always ask for a Delco DC. You see the dealer add the fluid, so you know the battery has to be fresh—100% fresh. Makes sense, doesn't it? You're always sure with a Delco DC, the dry charge battery with everything—quality, dependability, long life . . . extra starts at no extra cost.

6- AND 12-VOLT MODELS FOR ALL CARS—A GENERAL MOTORS WARRANTY GOOD ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

QUALITY BUILT BY DELCO-REMY, AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE THROUGH GM U-M-S PARTS SALES UNITED MOTORS SYSTEM *GENERAL MOTORS STARTS WITH DELCO BATTERIES*

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(*Continued from Page 48*) caught fire, but most of the people in the place thought at first that the building was burning. . . ."

The account said that patrons rushed into the street. Some cooks climbed on the roof, seeking the fire. Waiters and bartenders ran about in circles. One emotional Latin dashed down the street, broke the glass in a fire-alarm box, but neglected to pull the lever, with the result that the fire-fighting apparatus was late in arriving.

"However," the account concluded, "in spite of all the confusion, everybody finally got back to work, and luncheon was served on schedule."

Another memorable occasion which the Columbia took care to report was the night when 500 socially prominent Tampa families had been invited to the season's first evening of dinner dancing. Unfortunately, a janitor made the mistake of putting nonskid, instead of dancing, wax on the floor, and the people looked as though they were dancing in quicksand.

Not all of the Columbia's publicity comes in the form of advertisements, to be sure. Back in 1940, a writer for the Florida Sunday Times-Union of Jacksonville offered an unsolicited testimonial: "Dinner at the Columbia the other night was featured by about as bad an example of surly service as we have ever seen. . . ." Casimiro Hernandez has kept the clipping all these years, and reprints it in advertisements now and then "to remind us," he says, "that we ain't perfect."

For most of the restaurant's notices have been on the profuse side, and some of the most lavish of these have been penned by the baseball writers who cover the major-league training season each spring. Eight of the sixteen clubs train within driving distance of the Columbia, and its rich menu is a long-recognized occupational training hazard, especially for the Cincinnati Redlegs and the Chicago White Sox, who train in Tampa; the Yankees and Cardinals, training in nearby St. Petersburg, and the Phillies in Clearwater.

Famous players who have treated the Columbia as a sort of private club of their own included Goose Goslin, the old Detroit and Washington outfielder, who is still remembered at the restaurant for his prowess at consuming Harlequin dessert—a Spanish-custard-and-ice-cream base, with fruit salad, guava, preserved pineapple, coconut and cherries, all resembling the bright patterns of Harlequin's clown suit. Pete Demer, now assistant to the headwaiters, recalls serving Babe Ruth twenty-seven *café diablos* the last time he dined there.

The biggest baseball dinner held at the Columbia to date was given three years ago when the American and National leagues jointly entertained the baseball writers, a group that loves to eat. The party cost $11,000 and was attended by 550 persons. The menu included stone-crab claws, Spanish bean soup, Spanish salad, pompano papillote, sirloin steak, coconut ice cream and coffee. The Patio fountain was packed with iced champagne, and one sports writer, Sol Fleischman, of the Tampa Times, distinguished himself by eating twenty-eight stone-crab claws.

Things were far different back when the first Casimiro Hernandez opened his bar. In those days there was a bar on each corner of the intersection—of Broadway and 22nd Street—which was known as "The Seminole," because it had been an Indian trading area. In the middle of the intersection stood a watering trough where Teddy Roosevelt had regularly watered his horse when he was training his Rough Riders in Tampa for their invasion of Cuba. Casimiro, Sr., was much impressed by Roosevelt, by the whole idea of America and, in particular, by the song, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. He appropriated the name for his restaurant.

His customers were almost all Cuban cigar makers, driven from Cuba to Key West by revolutions, and from Key West by labor troubles. In 1886 Señor Vicente Martinez Ybor, a leading manufacturer, moved his plant to Tampa, established Ybor City, and sold sites there to other cigar manufacturers, who soon followed his lead.

Most of the cigar makers had come to Tampa without their families, and so, two years after opening his bar, Hernandez built La Fonda—the dining room—where for five dollars a month a man could eat three meals every day. The most popular dish at those prices consisted of eight or nine kinds of meat, fowl and fish served on one plate with rice. The restaurant rocked along nicely as a local eating house until the "bust" that followed the first Florida boom of the 1920's. Many of Hernandez' regular customers couldn't pay their bills and, when the founder died in 1928, he left his business $78,000 in debt. Casimiro, Jr., took over as the new head of the family, but business continued to get worse until, one grim day in 1932, total income over a twenty-four-hour period amounted to only $12.42.

At this point, Casimiro, Jr., stalked to a nearby hardware store and bought a hammer and two pounds of nails. These he set on a table in the middle of his restaurant. Then he called all his employees together and made a short speech. "Another twelve-dollar day," he announced, "and I nail up the damned joint."

Fortunately business never was quite that bad again, and Casimiro never did carry out his threat. In fact, he presently decided to expand by adding two new rooms of an elegance exceeding anything in Ybor City's dining tradition. A man of wry humor, he saw in this expansion, in the face of the general depression, a parallel with the windmill tilting of Don Quixote, and he accordingly named one of the new rooms in honor of Cervantes' fictional knight. The other new room was the Patio.

The Columbia's expansion developed a cheerful atmosphere contrasting with Florida's generally bleak economic picture, and Floridians were so pleased with this that they came there often and brought their friends. Thus, the restaurant that had begun as a hash house for cigar workers became known up and down the Florida West Coast. As economic conditions slowly improved in the late 1930's, the Columbia prospered.

When the war came, at least 100,000 Army Air Corps troops were stationed in the Tampa area at all times, and the restaurant became an off-duty rallying point for officers. Later, as these men moved out into the various theaters of war, they carried the name with them; and numerous small places of refreshment in jungle and desert were proudly called "Columbia Restaurant."

After the war, tourists started pouring down by the millions, and the Columbia now probably grosses more than $3,000,000 a year. One reason is that Casimiro is an uncompromising man in the kitchen. Before he will buy olive oil, for instance, he insists on muddling it in his palm and sniffing it for any suggestion of acidity. He refuses to buy some Florida-grown meats, fruits and vegetables, in the unpopular belief that better ones are produced elsewhere. He once threw out 675 apple, mince and pumpkin pies he had ordered for the Thanksgiving spread when, after taking a bite of each kind, he did not quite fancy their taste. And, when he thinks some cook is getting lazy, he may throw away one of the man's fanciest creations to shame and challenge him into still more spectacular effort.

Sometimes, after prominent guests have congratulated him on a fine dinner, Casimiro will slip out a back door, pull his hat low over his eyes and, unrecognizable in the shadows, lean against a wall which his guests will pass on the way to their cars. That way he hopes to learn by eavesdropping what they really thought of his food.

For Casimiro is shy with his customers, seldom sits at their tables, and leaves most of the glad-handing to Cesar Gonzmart, his son-in-law, and to his headwaiters, Henry Casado and Joseph Fernandez, Jr. Now serving as chief headwaiter, Fernandez is a handsome, middle-aged, dark-complexioned man with the elephantlike memory for names and faces typical of the better headwaiters. But he is more relaxed, hearty and booming than most headwaiters, with the full-throated voice of the raconteur and a bountiful flow of malarkey.

One of his favorite stories concerns the days when the restaurant was just coming out of its depression miseries, but while its economic position still was precarious. An especially seedy-looking Cracker came in one night, ordered a Cuban sandwich—six-inch-long slices of Cuban bread, filled with ham, roast pork, salami, cheese, mustard and pickles—then pointed to a fancy bottle of wine sitting atop a display in a wall cabinet, and said he wanted that. Now, this wine was priced at fifteen dollars a bottle and was the most expensive in the house. In those austere days the Columbia had only two other bottles like it, and the management regarded these three bottles as an important part of its general assets.

The waiter, doubting that his customer had fifteen dollars, suggested a cheaper brand; but the man insisted, and the waiter finally served him what he demanded. Word soon spread through the restaurant that *the* wine was being swilled by some uncouth character. Cooks left their ranges and stood at the kitchen doors, glaring at his back. Waiters gathered in knots, muttering and casting dark looks in his direction.

"It was like watching the passing of an old friend—that bottle of wine," Joe Fernandez reminisces. "I do not know what would have happened to this poor man if he had tried to beat his bill. But when the waiter presented his check, he paid with a fifty-dollar bill.

"Then the customer said to the waiter: 'My wife will smell my breath that I have been drinking wine. I must buy another bottle to take home to her.'

"'One of those like you just had?' the waiter asked hopefully.

"'No,' the man answered. 'Make it one of those for seventy-five cents, and I will pour that into my fifteen-dollar bottle.'"

After their father's death, Casimiro and one brother, Lorenzo, had bought their other two brothers' interest in the Columbia. One of them, Gustavo, operates an ice-cream plant that supplies the Columbia and some other restaurants. The youngest brother, Evelio, has the same setup with coffee. Lorenzo Hernandez died twelve years ago; and now none of the brothers have children directly interested in running the family restaurant. Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Casimiro's only child, Adela, and her husband, Cesar Gonzmart, are the heirs apparent.

Cesar, a lean, aesthetic, highly vocal Latin type, plays the violin expertly and was a member of the Columbia orchestra when he was sixteen. Later he received his doctor-of-music degree in Cuba and, with his own orchestra, toured night spots of South and Central America, Cuba and this country until 1951, when he returned to Tampa to help run the Columbia. He conducts, sings with and plays his violin in the restaurant's Continental Orchestra, in addition to functioning as the Columbia's general manager. A few years ago Casimiro suffered a heart attack and, although he made a good recovery, he has since turned more and more duties over to his energetic son-in-law.

Besides handling most of the restaurant's details outside the kitchen, and performing with his orchestra, Cesar is in charge of the Columbia's bakery and canning operations. He has inaugurated national distribution of Spanish bean soup, being canned under the Columbia's name by the well-known Tampa food firm of Lykes Brothers, Inc. He also hopes to distribute nationally, under the restaurant's name, Columbia-made Cuban crackers, Cuban pastries and candies, Spanish nougat and packaged black and *garbanzo* beans and yellow rice. The mail-order department already does a flourishing business in most of these items.

No matter how delectable these products may taste, however, there is one ingredient, one element of the true Columbia flavor, which simply cannot be packaged. This is the tempestuous atmosphere of the restaurant itself. Consider the waiters. All of Spanish extraction, they speak English only when absolutely necessary, and their Latin temperament sometimes results in spectacular behavior not seen in most eating places. Some time ago, for instance, one waiter turned a plate of soup over the head of a customer who he believed had insulted the soup. Another waiter accidentally dropped a whole Spanish custard into the pocket of a diner's sport coat, and was so humiliated that he hid in a closet in the kitchen for the rest of the day.

The Columbia's best-known waiter, Gregorio Martinez, sixty-seven, has been known as "The King" almost since the day he came to work there under the following unusual circumstances. Arriving in Tampa during the 1920's he had first landed a job with a prohibition-era bar. One night when Federal agents raided the place, Gregorio leaped out a rear window and ran to the nearby Columbia, which sold only near beer and pop in its bar during prohibition. He began walking about as though he worked there, and the management decided to put him on the payroll. To confuse the liquor agents, in case they were still looking for him, Gregorio grew a mustache, and this made him look so much like the then-living King Alphonso XIII, of Spain, that his nickname was inevitable.

Probably the most famous of all the Columbia's employees, however, was Francisco Pijuan (pronounced Pee-wan) Alsina, its old chef, who, as a young man in Spain, had cooked for King Alphonso. Alsina came to the Columbia around 1920, and later his wife and children were slipped into the country. Immigration officials discovered this and decided to deport Mrs. Pijuan and the children. The chef said he would have to go too.

But certain Florida politicians had grown so fond of his dishes that they secured passage in Congress of Private Law 225 "For the Relief of Mrs. Pacios Pijuan." This allowed her to remain in the United States, and her husband continued cooking for the Columbia until his death nine years ago.

His last request was that he be buried with a Columbia Restaurant menu in his hand, reposing on his breast. And Casimiro Hernandez himself placed the menu in the coffin on that day of sadness, to be sure it was held just right. THE END

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War Horse on Ice (Continued from Page 30)

born in Floral, Saskatchewan, on the outskirts of Saskatoon, in the heart of Western Canada's wheat prairies. Gordie Howe was the fifth of nine children. His father, Ab, tried farming and then moved the family into Saskatoon, where he ran a garage and is now a maintenance superintendent for the city.

"Back home when we'd skate," Gordie Howe was saying now, "we'd have our oatmeal in the morning. That would last you practically all day, if you didn't want to take time out to eat. After breakfast we'd put on our skates at home and skate down the ruts in the road to the rink. If we came home for lunch, my mother would have newspapers down on the floor in the kitchen so we could keep our skates on. Sometimes there'd be a whole flock of guys, and she'd give us a stew or a thick soup. We'd do that again for supper if we were gonna skate again at night."

"Do you remember," I asked, "the first time you were ever on skates?"

"My brother Vern had a pair," he said. "He's about eight years older than I am, and he was about twelve at the time. My sister Edna took one skate and I took the other, and I was so small that I put it on right over my shoe. We went out on the rink in the yard and pushed around on one foot. That was the first time."

"You had a rink in your own yard?"

"A lot of people did. The first few snowfalls you'd build up your banks, and then when the snow melted it ran off the banks and froze. Every school and playground had a rink too. There were rinks all over town. Then when the warm wind—the chinook—would come, the water would run into the low areas, too, and we'd skate for about seven miles."

"How cold would it get?"

"I guess the coldest would be fifty below. A lot of times it would be twenty-five below. It would be so cold that, if you stuck your head out of the door at night, you could hear a guy walking two blocks away. You know? When I played goalie, I remember I used to skate a mile from my house to the rink, holding the pads up in front of me to cut the wind. At the Avenue F rink they had a heated shack, and a guy would ring a cowbell, and the forward lines and the defense for both teams would go off and sit in the shack by the potbellied stove while the alternates played. After a while he'd ring the bell again. The other guys would come in and somebody'd say, 'Who's winnin'?'"

I asked how old he was when he got the first pair of skates of his own.

"I was about five, and we were on relief at the time. A woman came to the door one night with a whole potato sack full of things, and my mother paid her a dollar and a quarter for it. I remember diving into that bag, and there were four or five old pairs of skates in there, and I grabbed a pair. They were so big I had to wear a couple of pairs of extra socks."

While Howe was talking, there had come a knock on the door leading to the garage. His wife, Colleen, had been rinsing plates at the sink and putting them in the dishwasher. She dried her hands and went to the door.

"Is Gordie Howe home now?" a small voice asked.

"Yes," his wife said, "but he's eating."

"Oh," the voice said.

"Did you boys want to ask him some questions?"

"Yes."

"You can come in," she said.

They walked in, three boys about ten years old. They stood awkwardly, looking at Gordie Howe and then looking around the kitchen.

"Hi, fellas," Howe said.

"Hello," they said, staring at him now.

"What are your names?"

"Mine's Bill Little," one of them said, "and this is Chuck Watson and his is Miles."

Mrs. Howe asked, "Do you boys know any baby sitters?"

"Oh, sure," one of them said. "My sister sits, and so does his. They'd like to sit for you."

The Howes have two sons—Marty, who will be five in February, and Mark, who will be four in May. They had come up from playing downstairs, and now they were eying the older boys.

"I don't want no sitter," Mark said.

"Sure you do," his father said.

"No, I don't."

Mrs. Howe had written down the names and phone numbers of the sisters of the boys. Now the boys were just standing at the end of the table and watching Howe finish his dessert.

"Do you fellas have a rink around here?" Howe asked.

"Nope," one said, "but my dad and Mr. Cranbrook were thinkin' to put one up."

"I don't want no sitter," Mark said.

"We have to go now," another of the older boys said. "Thanks a lot."

"It was nice to meet you fellas," said Howe.

They walked to the door, took a last look at him and then went out. Mrs. Howe closed the door behind them.

"They were here yesterday," she explained, "and they said they wanted to ask Gordie some questions. Then when they come in they're afraid to ask anything."

"It'll wear off," Howe said. "When we first moved into the other district you never saw so many kids coming around in your life, but they get used to you."

"Remember," a voice on the radio was saying, "you can hear the game between the Detroit Red Wings and the New York Rangers over WXYZ tonight at eight-thirty."

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON DANNY THOMAS
By Pete Martin

THE POPE'S COMMANDOS
The Story of the Jesuits, By Ernest O. Hauser

IN COLOR:

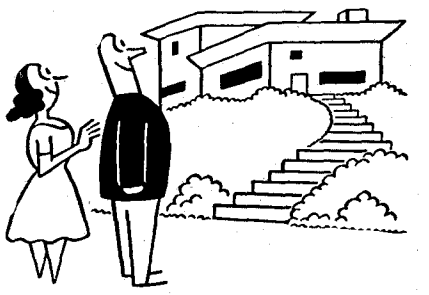
I CRUISED THE LAZIEST RIVER
Inexpensive Luxury Voyage in South America

WRESTLING: The Oldest Sport

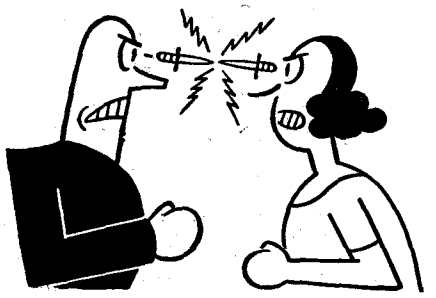
SECRETS OF THE MASTER ANGLER
How a Fishing Champion Does It

Fiction by:

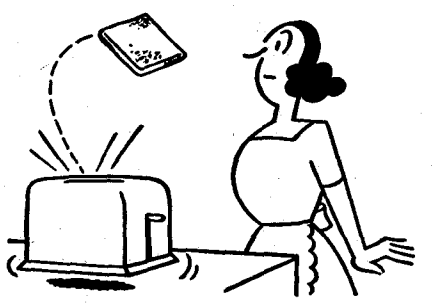
PHILIP WYLIE
ROBERT ORMOND CASE
WILLIAM HOLDER
GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD
NANCY RUTLEDGE
FREDERICK BORG



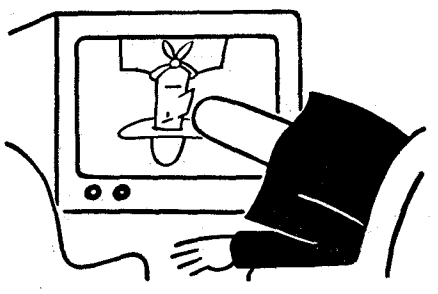
The Harwood's new house was a WOW!



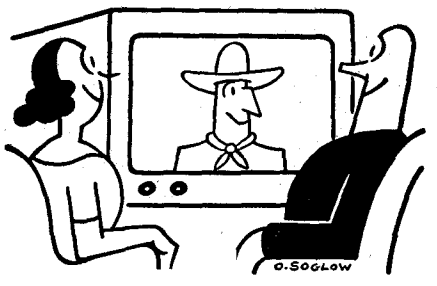
But it presently caused their first row



When the toaster would pop



The TV would flop



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I asked whether Howe had hockey heroes himself when he was a kid.

"Ab Welsh, who was a forward with the Saskatoon Quakers, was the first one," Howe said. "I used to hang around the arena and watch them practice, and he'd give me a stick that had lost its life—that was a little logy. Once, on the last day of the season, a redheaded defenseman for the Flin Flon Bombers gave me his old elbow pads."

"Who were your idols in the National Hockey League?"

"When I played Peewee hockey, they called our team the Red Wings. They'd give you a stick and your socks and a sweater, and the name and number of a Detroit player. I drew Syd Howe—I'm not related to him—so I wrote him for an autographed picture. Later, when I came up to the Red Wings myself, he was still here."

"Marty!" Mrs. Howe suddenly called out. "Marty! Get out of there!"

That day she had bought three plastic wastebaskets for the new home, and they were standing on the kitchen floor. Her older boy had his head and upper body submerged in the largest one as he tried to reach something at the bottom.

"He gets that from me," Howe said. "When I was a kid, if you sent a Bee Hive Corn Syrup label to Toronto you'd get a picture of a hockey player. All of us kids would be up and down the alleys looking in the ash cans for the labels. I was the champion. I had about a hundred pictures.

"I had this notebook. I remember it had 'Scrapbook' printed across the cover on a slant. It starts out thin, and by the time you get all the hockey pictures and autographs and everything in, it's bustin' the seams."

He looked at his watch. It was 3:55. He went upstairs and got into his pajamas and lay down and slept for two hours.

In the meantime his wife talked about how she had come to know him. "The first time I remember hearing Gordie's name," she said, "was when he was almost killed in that game here and they had to drill into his head to relieve the pressure on the brain."

That was in the Stanley Cup play-offs in 1950. Ted Kennedy, of the Toronto Maple Leafs, checked Howe, and Gordie went down in a heap against the boards in front of the Red Wings' bench. They carried him off the ice unconscious to an ambulance at the back door of Detroit's Olympia Stadium, and from there to Harper Hospital, where Dr. Frederic Schreiber saved his life.

"I didn't know anything about hockey then," his wife was saying now, "and I'd never heard of Gordie Howe. I was in my senior year in high school here. The morning after he was hurt, when I came down to breakfast, my dad was storming around. He was a Red Wings fan and he was mad."

She met Gordie Howe the following year at Joe Evans' Lucky Strike Alleys on Grand River Avenue, across from Northwestern High School and three blocks from the Olympia. She was bowling in a league. Howe was there with Vic Stasiuk, who was a left wing with Detroit then, but is now with the Boston Bruins.

Joe Evans, who introduced them, asked her a few minutes later, "How did you like meeting a celebrity?"

"Is that a celebrity?" she said.

"Are you kidding?" he asked. "That's Gordie Howe, of the Red Wings."

They were married two years later, on April 15, 1953, in the Calvary Presbyterian Church on Grand River. Ted Lindsay, Reggie Sinclair and Marty Pavelich, of the Red Wings, were ushers, and Ted's wife, Pat, was matron of honor. Since then Colleen Howe hasn't missed more than four or five home games.

"Are you ever nervous about Gordie being injured?" I asked.

Like most professional hockey players, he has a lengthy medical history. In 1946, his first season in the league, he lost his two upper front teeth. He has had operations on both knees, and they once had to put him under anesthesia to clean a long gash in his left thigh. Six seasons ago he played fifteen games with a broken right wrist in a cast—and still led the league in both goals and assists, setting an all-time scoring record of ninety-five points. Last year his left shoulder was dislocated, and a week later he was hospitalized for ten days with torn rib cartilages. His nose has been broken several times, and the skin over the bridge has been sewed so often that it now is difficult to get a needle through it.

His wife, however, says she never goes to a game thinking that he may be hurt.

"Sometimes," she said now, "when he's already playing with an injury, and I can see somebody on the other team getting mad and banging around, I hope they get him off the ice before he does hit Gordie.

"But what you think about more is whether he's getting his goals and assists, and whether the team is winning. If he goes five or six games without a goal, it begins to bother him. He doesn't say anything, but he gets very quiet. I save up the crossword puzzles for him, because at a time like that he likes to work them to take his mind off it."

Gordie Howe came downstairs at 6:20. He had shaved, and he was wearing a brown suit, white shirt and brown tie and carrying a brown topcoat over his left arm.

The cleaning woman, who comes out from Detroit on Thursdays, was standing in the kitchen with her coat and hat on.

"They tell me the buses don't run here after four-thirty," Mrs. Howe said to her husband. "Can you drop Bea off on your way?"

"Sure," he said.

"I don't want to be any trouble," the woman said.

"I wanna go too," Mark said.

When Howe got in behind the wheel of the blue-and-white station wagon in the driveway, Mark was still with him, standing so that his father could not close the door.

"I don't want you to go," the boy was saying.

"Your daddy has to go," the cleaning woman said from the back seat.

As Howe drove through the headlight-broken darkness, cars went by bringing other men home from other jobs. He first got into his own specialized line of work when he was fifteen. He sat in the parlor of the two-story shingled house on Avenue L North in Saskatoon and listened while Russ McCrorry, the New York Rangers' scout, talked to his mother and father.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Energy
Likes Company

The traits of the too-eager
beaver
I'd bear with and even
condone
And feel less tormented if
he just consented
To be energetic *alone*.

P. J. Blackwell

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

One night late that summer they put him aboard a sleeper for Winnipeg, and when he got off he asked for the Marlborough Hotel. He roomed there with another kid, a goalie, and all they did was walk to the old Amphitheater for practice and back again. After three days they let the goalie go. Two days later, when Lester Patrick and Frank Boucher called Gordie up to their room to sign him, he just shook his head. He was too lonesome. He wanted to go home.

The next year he sat in the parlor and listened again while Fred Pinckney, a Detroit scout, talked. Howe practiced at the Red Wings' camp in the Windsor Arena that August and September, and Jack Adams signed him to a contract with a so-called amateur team at Galt in Ontario. This was in 1944.

At sixteen he was too young to play, but he practiced with the team and played exhibitions. They enrolled him in the local high school, but when he got near the big brick building the first day and saw all the kids outside, he walked down the railroad track instead. He got a job as a spot welder with Galt Metal Industries.

A couple of years later he was up with the Red Wings. Now he is in his thirteenth season as a big-leaguer, which is an unusually long career in ice hockey.

The night I was with him it was 6:55 when he walked into the dressing room after taking the cleaning woman home. Gus Mortson, a defenseman who played for Toronto and Chicago before he was traded to Detroit last September; Terry Sawchuk, the goalie, and Len Lunde and Charlie Burns, rookie forwards, were already there. Howe walked through to the trainer's room in the back and took off his topcoat and his jacket and hung them up.

"How do you feel?" Sid Abel, the coach, said to him.

Twenty-one seasons ago, when Abel played center for the Flin Flon Bombers, Howe was the kid who used to carry their skates into the Saskatoon Arena. Nine years later he joined Abel on one of the Red Wing forward lines.

Howe told Abel, "I feel all right, but a little tired."

"When he says that," remarked Lefty Wilson, the trainer, "he's liable to get three goals."

"I'd like that all right," Howe said.

He got a deck of cards and straddled one of the rubbing tables. Mortson pulled up a chair. It was his elbow that took out Howe's teeth that night in Toronto in 1946. Several weeks later it was Howe's stick that broke Mortson's nose, and last year it was Mortson's body check that put Howe in the hospital. Now they played gin rummy for about twenty minutes.

"That's enough for me," Howe said.

Before he started to undress he took the bridge out of his mouth, wrapped it in his handkerchief and put it in a pocket of his jacket. Some of the pieces of his uniform were spread on the bench, the rest hanging from a hook on the wall. He got into the long underwear and then the white woolen socks. He pulled on the long red-and-white stockings and rolled them down to the ankles. He stood up and fastened on the garter belt, then sat down and fitted the right shin pad. He pulled the stocking up over it and fastened the top of it to the garter. He did the same on the left leg. Then he stepped into the red pants.

It was quiet in the room. The other players, all dressing now, were saying little and keeping their voices down. Howe walked over to the stick rack in the passageway leading to the showers. He looked at the half-dozen sticks with his name and his number (9) printed on them.

Howe selected one and tried it, putting some weight on it—last season he broke more than 100 sticks. He ripped the black tape off the blade of this one. He made a ball of the old tape and tossed it underhand at Norm Ullman, who centers the line which has Howe on the right wing and Alex Delvecchio on the left. Howe went to the tape well in the table near the center of the room and took out a new roll. He sat down at his place and retaped the blade, starting about two inches from the heel and working forward.

When he had finished, he taped bands above his ankles and just below his knees, to hold his shin pads steady. Next he laced on first the right skate, with a pad of cotton under the tongue, and then the left.

I remarked, "One of the things that mystify Americans about hockey players is the way you can stick-handle and pass without looking at the puck or where you're going to pass it."

"If you kept your eyes on the puck," he said, "you'd end up in the rafters. You take glances at it, but you know it's there by the feel. What helps you on stick handling is that when you're a kid you play with a tennis ball. There was a family named Adams in Saskatoon, and they had a rink with sideboards between their house and the barn. We'd go all day there with a tennis ball, fifteen guys on a side, and when the ball got frozen we'd go over and knock on the window. The lady would open the window, and we'd throw in the frozen ball and she'd throw out another one."

"How much did you work on shooting when you were a kid?"

"When there was no ice," he said, "I used to shoot in the yard off a piece of cardboard. I knocked so many shingles off the house with the puck that my mother made me stop it."

Now he put on the shoulder and elbow pads and pulled on the red-and-white home jersey, with a white "C" on the right front shoulder, denoting that he is the captain. At eight o'clock the team filed out to warm up, with Sawchuk leading, wide-legged in his goalie pads, and Howe last.

"There's Gordie! There's Gordie Howe! Hey, Gordie!"

Fans were lined up three deep along the green, rubber-tiled path the players tread from the dressing room to the ramp leading to the ice. One was a girl, round-faced and wearing eyeglasses, who appeared to be in her late teens. She had on a blue boycoat, and to the left lapel was fastened a three-inch red-cloth "9," Howe's number.

"C'mon, Gordie," she called. "Get some goals tonight."

He started this season with 386 goals and a record 440 assists, and he has again been up among the leading point scorers. In the history of the National Hockey League only Maurice Richard, the great thirty-seven-year-old right wing of the Montreal Canadiens, has made more goals, with 508 in sixteen seasons. Last year the six coaches of the National Hockey League, polled by the Toronto Star, selected Richard as having the most accurate shot and as the best man on a breakaway. They named Howe the smartest player, best passer and play maker and best puck carrier.

Skating onto the ice this night, however, he had not made a goal in six games, although he had set up five with assists. For most of this game it appeared that he would be shut out again. Although the Red Wings went ahead, 1 to 0, in the first period, and led, 3 to 1, at the end of the second, his chances were few and marked by frustration.

In the third minute of the first period he rode Ed Shack, the Ranger rookie wing, off the puck in front of the New

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York net, but in doing so he overskated it. In the twelfth minute he knocked a high puck down just inside the Ranger blue line and stick-handled it around John Hanna, the Ranger defenseman. He shifted Gump Worsley, the Ranger goalie with a fake to the right, but hit the other post with his shot.

"You have to accept those things," Howe said later. "A couple of years ago I had twenty-two posts by Christmas, and I think I still led the league in goals that year."

In the second minute of the second period his shot off Worsley's pads hit the post again. Six minutes later he stole the puck from Shack just inside the blue line, laid a pass on Ullman's stick, took the return fifteen feet out and was tripped by Bill Gadsby.

On the Red Wing power play he took a pass off the boards from Delvecchio and slapped a high shot from the side that Worsley picked out of the air as it was about to go into the upper left corner. At 19:25 of the period Worsley saved on him again when the puck hit his right arm.

Through all of this, Howe was, as always, the workhorse of the Red Wings. He plays between thirty-five and forty minutes of every game. He is on the ice not only with his own line but every time the Red Wings—because of penalties—have a one-man advantage or are one man short. Howe brings to hockey the same long-striding, seemingly effortless grace that Joe DiMaggio brought to baseball. Each time he came off the ice, however, the sweat was running off his nose and down his cheeks and settling in the creases in his neck.

At six minutes and forty-seven seconds of the third period, the thing happened for which Detroit hockey fans wait. Marcel Pronovost, the Red Wing defenseman, passed off the left boards to Tom McCarthy, on the left wing and just outside the Ranger blue line. McCarthy skated three strides across the line and slid a lead pass to Howe. Howe took it, split the two Ranger defensemen as they attempted to close on him, and then cut to his left to come in straight on Worsley. When Howe was about ten feet out, Worsley came out to meet him. Howe faked the shot to Worsley's left, and Worsley went down on the ice to that side. Completing the motion, Howe pulled the puck back to his own left and back-handed it hard into the open side of the net.

That was the final score in a 4-to-1 game. Fifteen minutes later, when he took off his uniform in the hot, humid, body-crowded, voice-filled dressing room, his long underwear was gray and heavy with his sweat. After he showered, he stepped on the scale—and he had lost six and a half pounds.

"You get it back overnight," he said. "It's just liquid."

When he had dressed, he autographed his way through the crowd outside the dressing-room door and met his wife. They drove out to a restaurant on Eight Mile Road. He drank two glasses of water, waiting for his roast-beef sandwich and tea.

"Once you had Worsley out of position and down," I said, "you still drilled that puck as if you were trying to fire it through the cords."

"The cardinal sin is to slide it easy," said Howe. "In my first year I had Frank Brimsek beat in Boston, and I just slid it. He came over with his lumber and got a piece of it. Sid Abel was playing then, and he said, 'Any time you see that net, drill it.' I went back and beat Brimsek again and really let it go. I never forgot it."

"I suppose you remember your first goal in the big league."

"It was our opening game here against Toronto. The puck was lying loose ten feet from the net, and I just slapped it in."

"Did you save the puck?"

"I kept it and took it home and gave it to the folks, but I have no idea where it is now. The trouble with those things is that they lose their importance."

"What about all the honors you've won?" I asked. "Do you derive a lot of satisfaction from thinking about them?"

"No," he said. "You don't think about what you have, but what you're going to do afterwards."

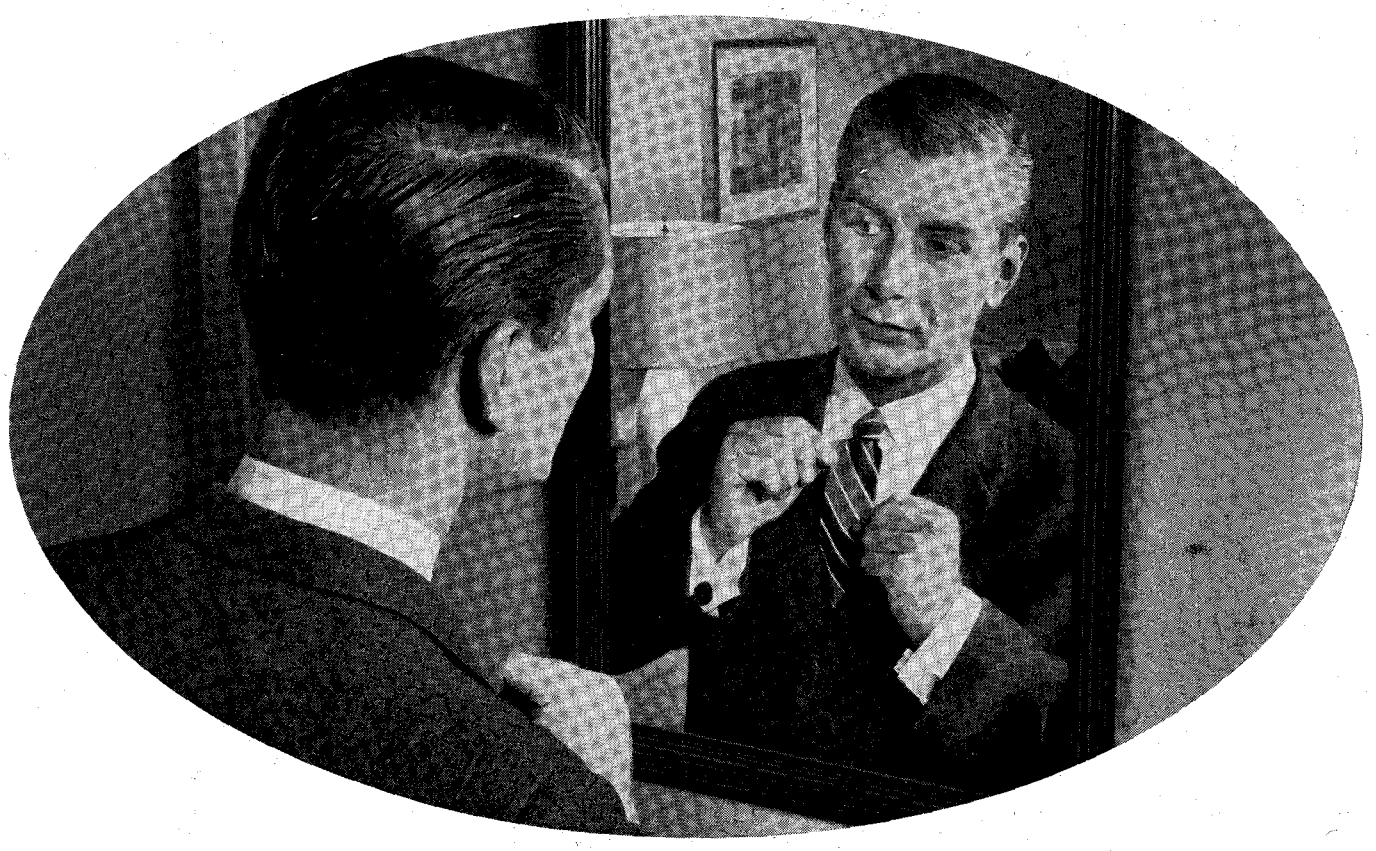
At the Celler Committee hearings on professional sports, in Washington two years ago, it was brought out that salaries in the National Hockey League average around $9000. Howe probably draws as much as $20,000 in base pay. His hockey skills have earned him his home in the Detroit suburbs and the home he bought for his parents in Saskatoon. He and Al Kaline, the outfielder of the Detroit Tigers, are partners in the Howe-Kaline-Carlin Corporation, an engineering firm in Detroit. He works at that during the off season. His total income, including play-off shares, bonuses for being voted Most Valuable Player and making the All-Star team and his outside earnings, may exceed $30,000.

"A lot of the young ones," he was saying now, "they think that when they make the club the job is done. That's just the beginning. All the honors you get, it's not to achieve honors but to achieve a better living."

"Excuse me, Mr. Howe," the waiter said, "but there's someone in at the bar who would like you to autograph this menu."

THE END

YOU'RE JUDGED BY your appearance



YOU'RE JUDGED BY your printing

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Are You Outgrowing Your House?

(Continued from Page 26)

in business for himself. He set out on his own in July of 1954 with capital assets of sixty-seven dollars, which was the Richheimer family bank account.

His motto is "Bring me your problem," and the organization he has set up to plan, to finance and to deliver a good job is unique, for its size, in the chaotic and often bewildering field of home improvements. There are good, bad and indifferent products, salesmen and contractors in the business. The sale of products—kitchen components, plumbing fixtures, roofing and the like—tends to dominate the business of most large-scale operators in the home-improvement field. Or they may work at only one trade, such as carpentry or plumbing. The homeowner may be involved with half a dozen different specialists—architect, financial institution, mason, plumber, carpenter and electrician—to bring a major alteration to completion. His path is complicated and strewn with pitfalls. Guidance all the way is Richheimer's business. Every happy solution brings him added customers.

"There's no one in the nation quite like him," I was told by Don Moore, executive director of the Home Improvement Council, an organization of manufacturers and other leaders in the building trade, which promotes and reports on home modernization in hundreds of communities. "If his approach and 'one-stop' type of operation were available everywhere, homeowners would be living a lot better and I'd be out of my job."

The FHA-insured mortgage, written for a term of thirty years, for instance, has generated a million dollars' worth of business for Richheimer and solved housing dilemmas for more than 300 families since the first home-improvement loan of this type was granted in April, 1958. It took six months of negotiations with the local banks and the New York office of FHA as well as a major reorganization of Richheimer's estimating procedures to put the plan into effect.

The first loan was written for a young electrical engineer, Alex Grunewald, and his wife, who live in Levittown. It ended a family crisis for the Grunewalds for half the money they had expected to pay.

When the Grunewalds bought their home from Levitt and Sons in 1950 for $8000 they were both still in college. The Levitts were midway in a building spree which covered seven square miles of Long Island potato fields with 17,500 small houses set side by side along endless miles of little roads.

It was widely predicted that Levittown, within a few years, would become the nation's largest suburban slum. There were, in all, only ten variations in the basic Levitt house, a rectangle twenty-five by thirty feet which contained two bedrooms, a bath, a kitchen, a living room, stairs and an unfinished attic on a sixty-foot lot. When the original Cape Cod type grew into the rancher, the house expanded from thirty to thirty-two feet. Other variations were purely external—a change in windows, a break in the roof line, a carport tacked on the side. No one had ever peppered as vast an area of flat landscape with so many look-alikes, and a deadly monotony of existence seemed the inevitable result.

The Grunewalds refused to worry about the future when they could buy a home cheaper than paying rent. Besides, there were community swimming pools, schools, shopping centers and plans for tiny trees and shrubs hopefully promising future shade around the houses.

Three years after the Grunewalds moved, the first baby came—a boy. Then another boy within two years. In 1956, Mrs. Grunewald's mother and father came to live with their children in Levittown. The Grunewalds had built a dormer across the back of their attic, which provided a large bedroom, living room and bath upstairs. Then, last year, a baby daughter was born.

"We started to look for a four- or five-bedroom house as soon as we knew the baby was coming," Mrs. Grunewald explained. "We couldn't find anything new much under thirty thousand, and the older places were not where we chose to live. Actually, we wanted to stay in Levittown, but didn't see how we could, knowing how much cash we'd have to spend to enlarge the house again."

Mrs. Grunewald's desire to remain in Levittown, predictions to the contrary, is shared by a majority of the families who reside there. The apple and other trees, which father Abraham Levitt insisted on planting, are as high as the houses and fill the winding lanes with green. The schools were built long ago, and as another housewife remarked, "We've been through the mill on taxes here and know where we stand. In a new development there's no telling what you might have to pay. They sell you a house for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month today, and tomorrow the taxes run it up to a hundred and fifty or more."

Levittown houses bring a premium today—$10,000 to $13,000 for the basic home which originally cost $7000 to $9000, and up to $20,000 for those with improvements. Families who had moved away have bought their way back into this super-suburbia where all ages, faiths and income levels seem to get along well together.

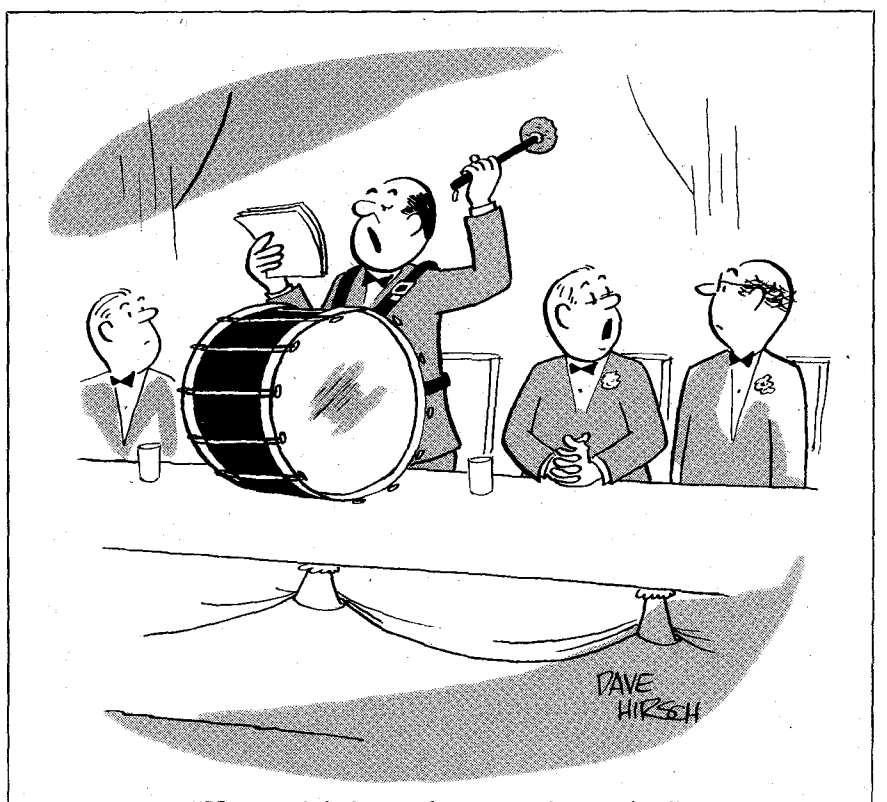
Elderly, retired couples, for whom the basic house is room enough, have moved in. More often, though, the newcomers or returnees purchase an improved, enlarged home. There are literally miles of streets where a property without improvements is the exception, rather than the rule. The Levitts, incidentally, planned their house for additions. The birth rate and owner pride in having a house just a little different, or better, than the one next door, have done the rest, with a mighty assist from Richheimer.

He has completed almost 2000 home-improvement jobs in Levittown, even though only 30 per cent of his work now is in that community. Other contractors have participated too; but the only firms that rival Richheimer in size are specialists who build dormers or garages or some other component, and nothing else.

The Grunewalds' first tip that there might be a way out of their dilemma came through a community magazine, the bible of every Levittown housewife and do-it-yourselfer, aptly titled Thousand Lanes. "An article suggested refinancing the mortgage as a way to get money for expansion," Mrs. Grunewald said. "So we called Richheimer's. His salesman gave us an estimate of the cost, and suggested we try for an FHA thirty-year loan."

Richheimer had been financing some jobs with conventional mortgages. "It was after the recession began, in September, 1957, that I figured the thirty-year term, available through FHA, which means smaller monthly payments, would help my customers and stimulate business," he told me. "I felt a lot of people—not just in Levittown, either—were looking for new homes to get more space, although they really didn't want to move. The FHA deal meant that we could enlarge homes for many who just couldn't swing the purchase of a new house."

The Grunewalds' monthly payments, to cover mortgage, interest and taxes, were eighty-two dollars. They owed about $7000 on their house. They contracted with Richheimer for a fourteen-foot addition to go across the rear of the house, which doubled the size of their living room and provided a third ground-floor bedroom, the installation of a new furnace and for a concrete patio along the side of the house, including heat pipes in the slab so it could be used as the floor for a dining room in the future. The cost of the work was $5750. FHA appraised the house, with these additions at $16,000 and approved a thirty-year loan of $13,500. This sum paid off the original mortgage, covered the cost of the improvements and also took care of $450 settlement charges. The Grunewalds had no out-of-pocket expense and wound up with monthly payments at $118.



"He certainly knows how to make a point."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It would have taken up to $10,000 down payment and at least $200 a month to buy a place big enough for us and my parents too," Mrs. Grunewald remarked. "Not to mention the cost and mess of moving. This way we're playing it safe and also can afford the extras that always crop up when you move or improve, like screens or shutters and paint to decorate. The addition to the house, incidentally, was handled so it hardly disturbed us at all."

Mrs. Grunewald described how the floor and roof for the addition were built first, then the rear wall—mostly windows—of her house was lifted bodily and set in its new position in a matter of an hour or two. She also spoke of the *esprit de corps* of Richheimer's men. "They act like they belong to a sort of club," she said. "Nobody's grouchy; you don't have to worry about the kids hearing tough language; they don't pester you for coffee or soft drinks all the time."

She rounded out this fabulous idyl of happy, considerate workmen with an accolade to Bill Kearns, who is one of Richheimer's construction superintendents. "The architect's plan showed a shed roof for the addition," she said, "but Bill decided a hip roof would look more attractive with the big dormer above it across the rear of the house. I agreed, and that's the way it was done, but at no extra cost to us."

I asked Kearns about the Grunewald roof, and he admitted the hip construction cost more. "But their house is on a corner," he explained, "and the back is seen even more than the front. She wanted it to look nice, and we did too."

Richheimer's men are privileged to depart from plans and spend a few extra dollars if necessary to give their customers precisely what they want, or to avoid trouble later on. Raising the roof and building a dormer, front or back or sometimes both, to add a second story to single-story homes is a common job. Richheimer has special crews who do nothing else, appearing on the scene at eight in the morning and not leaving until the shell of the dormer is complete and the roof safely back in place. I visited one of these jobs in Valley Stream where the carpenters were finishing off the inside. The house had been sold originally with flooring in the attic.

"We'll have to take up the old flooring and renail it," Bob Driscoll, another Richheimer superintendent, told the owner. "It's too loose the way it is for us to install underlayment for plastic tile."

Driscoll explained later that he had told the owner, not to impress him with the extra work they were doing, but to be sure he understood why the job would take longer to complete. "We should have figured it when the estimate was made," he said. "It's our headache now. If we don't re-lay that floor the tile will start to work loose in a few months, and we'll really be in trouble."

"This is a perfect example of how the home-improvement business gets a bad name," Richheimer told me. "If that job was one of only two or three that we were doing, instead of one among a hundred, the temptation would be to put on the tile and pray it wouldn't work loose. The owner isn't going to understand if you come back and ask for more money to fix something you didn't spot in the first place. Yet re-laying the floor may take much, if not all our profit out of the deal. Two or three mistakes like that, if I'm a little fellow, and I go broke. Or if I don't fix it, and the floor goes bad, I get a poor name and no more business.

"So what do you do?" Herbert Richheimer paused to light a cigar and fairly jiggled with intense emotion. This was

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his favorite topic. "You find out first what the customer needs and can afford. They're not always the same thing. Then you estimate right, and list for yourself and for him everything that goes into the job—everything, except maybe nails and screws. You do an honest job, and in such a way that the customer is consulted and considered right through to the finish. If you do these things, with not too many mistakes, you have a business—and it grows."

His blood pressure mounts to thumping levels at the thought of the millions of homeowners who, in his opinion, are potential customers for better service than they often receive. Estimates of the yearly dollar volume of home improvements run as high as $14,000,000,000. FHA's current underwriting of short-term home-modernization loans, for instance, covers 1,250,000 transactions, averaging about $1000 apiece.

"Think of it," Richheimer says. "Fourteen billions a year, and it isn't a real industry. It's just a hodgepodge. Think of the business young men could develop, like I have, in thousands of communities. All they need is the ambition and to know how to go about it right."

The assumption that a Richheimer waits in every community is overly optimistic. His is a unique combination of the persuasive salesman and the stickler for business detail in one solid, Germanic chunk. Richheimer refers to himself as "a Heinie," and both amuses and confuses business associates when he is working with figures, which he calculates audibly in German. He came to America in 1937 when he was orphaned at fourteen, and lived with an aunt and uncle in Elmhurst, Long Island. He was an outstanding athlete in high school, met the girl who became his wife at the time and served four years in the Army during World War II.

Richheimer married after the war and worked as a salesman, eventually becoming manager of the New York office of an air-freight company. The demands of the Teamsters Union forced the company to close its New York office, and he went to work for a rival concern, still selling. That was the time, in 1952, when the Richheimers' city landlord raised the rent, and the family, which now included three boys, moved to Levittown.

"I needed three hundred and ninety dollars for the down payment," Richheimer says, "and all I had was two hundred and ninety dollars. I was too proud to ask my wife's family for the one hundred dollars. A girl in the office then offered me the money, but I said I couldn't take it from her. We had given up the idea of the house until, a few days later, I found the hundred and a note from the girl in my overcoat pocket. I bought the house, and believe me, I've never forgotten what that hundred dollars meant. It made my whole life."

He had been in Levittown only about a year when an Italian who was laying a concrete front walk for a neighbor solicited him for a similar job. Salesman Richheimer turned the tables and offered to get business for the mason on a commission basis. "I worked on that fellow for weeks, but he wouldn't take me on," he told me. "So I found another concrete man and spent my weekends writing up orders for walks, stoops and carport paving. Nearly everywhere I went people would ask about other improvements—building a fence, fixing up the attic, all sorts of carpenter work. So I hunted up a good contractor and made a deal."

His weekend commissions began to approach the money he made the balance of the time commuting to New York. The contractor had to add nine men to his crew to handle the flood of orders. "That's when I figured I was crazy not to build a business for myself," Richheimer says.

He sold the little Cape Cod model he had improved by finishing off the attic, and bought another Levitt house which had been enlarged both by an addition upstairs and by building a garage and extra kitchen space on the side. It cost Richheimer $6000 more than the house he sold, and he promptly invested another $1500, borrowed from a bank on a three-year-repayment plan, to put the house in tiptop shape. Whereupon Herbert Richheimer, who admits he can't drive a nail or even draw a straight line, invited all of Levittown to see the sort of improvements he had to offer, displayed in his "model" home.

The open house was a great success and convinced Richheimer that the way to sell home improvements was to show people exactly what they were buying, rather than expect them to unravel plans. This is the basis for his Museum of Modern Home Improvements.

"A Mrs. Helen Hicks, who worked as a nurse, wanted an addition to her house, and came in with a scale model she had made. I asked her if she could make it so the piece that was the addition could be taken off or added on." Mrs. Hicks told Richheimer she could, and he commissioned her to make similar models of every type of house in Levittown. He has since accumulated more than 100 little wood-block models which include every conceivable type of small house and the dormers, side additions, porches and garages which fit onto them. He also has cutaway models which show the rooms inside. "It makes it easy for a salesman to show the husband and wife exactly how an addition to the house will look," Richheimer says, "and the blocks keep the kids happy when it comes time to figure costs and do other paper work."

A miniature Levittown, which shows about twenty homes, each one altered or added to, covers a big table just inside the office door. "Actually, we don't need this any more," Richheimer comments. "All you have to do in Levittown today, to see how an addition will look, is to visit your neighbors."

The most common improvements in the community, incidentally, are dormers and a rather simple alteration known locally as "squaring the kitchen." Levitt's basic plan provided a front door at the corner of the house, which opened into a little hallway. This hall, leading to the living room in the rear, was cut out of the kitchen. "Squaring the kitchen" involves a change in the entranceway, putting the doorway at the side of the house. This allows the kitchen to expand into the former hallway space. The Grunewalds had Richheimer's men "square" their kitchen, for which they paid $395 cash.

Evenings—Saturday evenings in particular—are the busy time at Richheimer's showroom, which now extends into another store and through the basements as well. Families spend much of their time in the basement where actual playrooms, baths, kitchens, dens, dining rooms, and even a small dormer room have been built. There are, in addition, samples of construction—the right and the wrong methods, for instance, to flash a roof or to lay plastic tile. "People like these educational exhibits best of all," Richheimer finds. "The women, as well as the men."

His men are helpful to do-it-yourself husbands and wives. Painting and decorating are not included in any of Richheimer's jobs. "We'll put up just the bare bones of an addition—no inside ceiling or walls, for instance—if that's all the customer wants," Richheimer explained. "A fourth of our work is done that way. But we'd rather leave the job ready for decorating, if the owner can afford it. Too many times the place goes uncompleted for months, maybe years; or it's obviously an amateur finish. This doesn't help the family or us, either."

Happy customers, as Richheimer and the ten salesmen he employs never forget, are the reason why their business, late in 1957 and on through 1958, increased several hundred per cent while others were dropping behind. John B. Anderson, manager of installment credit for the Levittown branch of The Franklin National Bank, which will lend about $1,000,000 this year to Richheimer's customers on notes that run up to five years, pulled his Herbert Richheimer, Inc., file to show me there were no complaints in it. "We haven't had any since we started business with him in the fall of 1954," Anderson said, "and our routine spot checking of customers always brings a good word. The homeowner knows exactly what he's going to get, thanks to that showroom, and Richheimer delivers it. He's not the cheapest, but that certainly doesn't seem to hurt his business."

Richheimer has a formula for prices. He makes no secret of his charges, which are materials plus labor plus 30 per cent for overhead and profit—the last averaging under 5 per cent. "If the customer asks, we tell him," he says, "and sometimes we tell him anyhow. Like the paper work for those FHA mortgage loans. I have two girls and an accountant doing nothing else. We charge an extra one hundred dollars for this and tell the customer so."

I found an amazing lack of interest in competitive bids among Richheimer's clientele. Maybe he did cost more, but they wanted him to do the work. He is frequently asked to take on jobs in New York City, even in Connecticut and in New Jersey, which he has to refuse. He is not unknown in Washington—in fact, Assistant Commissioner Roy F. Cooke, in charge of FHA's Title I department, which insures short-term home-improvement loans, journeyed to Levittown for a firsthand view of Richheimer at work.

The most sensitive, seesaw jobs in the business are held by Richheimer's job superintendents, Bill Kearns and Bob Driscoll. Both men are on the road every day, keeping tabs on 150 workmen, some of them directly employed, others employed by subcontractors who work full time for Richheimer.

"It's not the workmen we're concerned about, it's the customers," Kearns remarked. "The first day we appear you can sense the feeling that we're suspect. The wife is sure we're going to mess up the house and kids, and her husband is on the lookout for a gyp job. Two days later, if we're in good form, they're ready to hand us the key and take off in the car."

"Not always," Driscoll said. "Sometimes you get off on the wrong foot. Like the other morning when we started a basement playroom. The owner had a fire in the kitchen, which we had nothing to do with, the night before. That upset him, but darned if one of our men, as soon as he arrived at the place, didn't go out to a grove of trees which were the man's special pride and spike one of them to hang up our ANOTHER JOB BY RICHHEIMER sign. I really got chewed out."

"You never know," Kearns commented. "That doctor fellow who had us build a new stoop, for instance. He kept riding me, until I was actually sick. I got to the job one morning, and he wanted to know what was the matter. I told him my stomach hurt, I was so worried. And that night, when I get home, the druggist brings me a prescription, compliments of the doctor!"

Richheimer's men sometimes join him, donating their labor, in modernizing a kitchen or installing a bath for needy families. I heard about these jobs from the Rev. Donner Atwood, pastor of the Levittown Community Church, a (Dutch) Reformed congregation where Richheimer serves as a deacon. Richheimer's comment is simply, "I don't forget that hundred dollars, and what it meant to me; so I pass it along sometimes."

Mr. Atwood is drawn into the Richheimer business every now and then. "Usually when Herbert has trouble with one of his men," he told me. "He has a

"I like you, son—it's just that we feel our refrigerator is too young to go steady."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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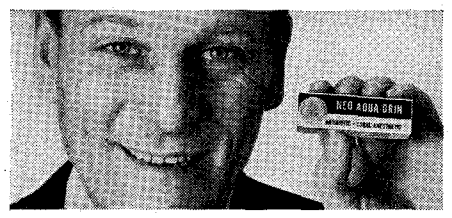
WET FEET

SORE THROAT



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quick temper, but when things go wrong he won't act until he has put the problem in my lap. 'I know what to do with this man, acting on business principles,' he'll say. 'Now you tell me what I should do as a good Christian.'"

Underestimating is the cardinal sin for his salesmen. "We don't like overcharges, either," Richheimer says, "and I have refunded money which wasn't asked for, at times. What the public doesn't understand, however, is the way an estimate that is too low not only gets the contractor in trouble but usually the customer too. If the contractor goes under, the homeowner usually winds up with unfinished work and claims against him from suppliers and subcontractors who didn't get paid. Everybody loses. There's one fellow I know, for instance, in an awful mess right now. His house had burned, and three or four of us bid on rebuilding it. We bid twenty-two thousand dollars. Others went as high as twenty-seven thousand. The low bidder, who quoted an impossible fourteen thousand, got the job. I could have told you what would happen. The contractor is broke, the house is half rebuilt, and the owner, if he ever finds the money, will be out thirty thousand dollars before he's done."

His salesmen are likewise cautioned against overloading customers with debt, or selling improvements at a cost that is not justified either by the house itself or by the neighborhood. "Here's a job I won't touch," he explained, pulling out one of his salesman's folders. "Our man ought to know better." He handed me a photograph of the house. "It's a seven-thousand-dollar shack—and they want to spend eight thousand dollars on it. The value just isn't there, and won't be when the work is done.

"In cases like this we often can find a solution for the family," he added. "A fellow who makes only eighty-five dollars a week came in the other day. He had five kids in a tiny house and wanted us to do a thirty-five-hundred-dollar dormer job, to add two bedrooms upstairs. Refinancing on a thirty-year mortgage would have put him out on a limb. The safe rule is not to let monthly carrying charges exceed one week's income. So we suggested he use double-decker bunks for his boys in one bedroom and add just a single room in his attic. That cost only eight hundred dollars, which he could pay back on a short-term note."

Richheimer's men have to dig deep, at times, to deliver the proper job. "A housewife with a large family will come in and tell us she wants to enlarge the house and add a family room," one of them told me, "and this will mean three or four thousand dollars. She may have a perfectly adequate living room, but the kids underfoot make it seem small. If there's a basement, she can get a playroom at a fourth the cost of building an addition."

The husband who "has to have" a garage, and the wife who insists on a new kitchen, when what they really need is an extra bedroom and bath for her widowed mother, due to move in within six months, are an old story to the salesmen, who usually maneuver their customers into the most sensible expenditure. One salesman, a former engineer and draftsman, recently brought off a minor miracle through tact and persistence, completely revamping the additions an architect had planned for his home and cutting the cost of the job in half.

Richheimer's architectural service is not much concerned with design, producing plans mainly for the guidance of his workmen and for submission to local governments to obtain building permits. "The changes in regulations from one community to another don't always make sense, either," he commented, "yet local codes are the only regulations that govern some home improvements. Many jobs don't have to meet any requirements at all; and that is wrong.

"The public needs something like the minimum property requirements set up by FHA, which specify products and practices required if they are to insure a mortgage for a new house. This also applies on our FHA refinancing, and I guarantee it will quickly separate the good from the bad among home-improvement contractors. This would help fight those gyps in our business, the quick-buck operators I call the blue-suède-shoe boys. State legislation, maybe licensing of people in our business, could help too."

Richheimer calls it "legg-islation" and has already started the ball rolling through channels he explored while serving as adviser to the Department of Commerce of New York State. He has also become interested in urban renewal, not in the big city, but in the older, run-down areas of the suburbs. "I am commencing to schtudy it," he says. He "schtudied" the home-improvement business, night and day, for a full year before he took the plunge. There will be major changes in at least a few towns if Richheimer's concentration on renewal gets anything like the same results.

Take-Charge Guy (Continued from Page 31)

out on it to the extent his figures showed they could. The company wasn't making out, period, in the way in which it should. And, damn-it-all, he got paid to say so, and he couldn't stop himself from saying so.

"Have another," Sam repeated.

Jack shook his head. "Tonight, if I want to, I can get loaded. Today, I have axes to grind."

Sam said flatly, "The boys are talking, Jack. I mean it. You're going to grind those axes real fine, and then somebody's going to cut your throat with them."

Later that afternoon, Jack had cause to remember Sam's words. He was summoned on high. To the highest, in the huge office; to the florid man who ruled behind the desk that looked as though an automobile could park on it. General Sayre, chairman of the board, had belligerent, short red hair and jowls that showed strong lumps of muscle. It was said that the general had chewed out so many men that his jaws were overdeveloped.

Without preamble, Sayre said, "In this day and age, Riley, what are the two first requisites in a successful organization such as ours? If the organization is to stay successful?"

There was a faintness in the pit of Riley's stomach, but he knew the answer, was sure of it. "Cost accounting and sales approach, sir, are the two main concerns today."

"Explain yourself," growled the general, looking beyond him.

Riley told him. It was all there, formed but bottled up. Now he merely took out the stopper and let it gush over. Cost accounting had seemed relatively unimportant in a period of rapid expansion and unprecedented sales. Production, engineers, machines, assembly lines, had been the important factors. Now sprawling sales organizations, developed in a period when almost anything could be sold and was, must be consolidated, and production alone could not be the criterion of success. "We have to produce better goods at lower cost and sell them more effectively," he concluded.

The general nodded passively. "I'm glad you're articulate, Riley," he said. "You've been watched, watched. Would it frighten you to be controller of the company, in charge of all costs?" he asked, as if asking Jack if he would take Hill 13, Sector 5 against a screaming hoard.

"Frighten me?" Something was happening or was about to, and he *was* frightened.

"Did you expect someday to become controller, Riley?"

"Yes, sir, rather, sir, I hoped."

"When?"

"When?" He mustn't act so stupid. Honestly, he said, "In ten or fifteen years, sir."

The general gave a baleful smile. "We can't wait that long, Riley. Things have happened today. Our controller has resigned," the general said with satisfaction, "and his assistant elected to leave with him. Can you start at once, Riley?"

He was carried on a flood of elation, and Helen, his wife, was swept into it with him. He came into the house with his head whirling, drunk with success, and as soon as he kissed Helen, she became intoxicated, too, knowing something terrific and happy had taken place.

"What is it, darling? What, what?"

The girls—Gertrude, twelve, and Nan, ten—came rushing from Gertrude's room, which was their headquarters, and joined Helen's excited demand for information.

"I'm a boss," said Jack. "A big boss. Controller of the company."

"Darling!" cried Helen.

The girls did not know what a controller was, but they were infected by the excitement. Especially Gertrude, tall for her age, and so animated that occasionally her parents had to force her to slow down and rest.

When Jack was sated with kisses and glad cries, and after a slight relapse overtook his emotional women, it was decided that a special fancy steak dinner was in order for the family, and that must be followed by an impromptu party for all neighbors, colleagues and relatives that could be summoned on a Friday night.

The evening was of a kind that Jack had rarely experienced. By nature and by training, he was not made for blow-outs—but this party could not have had another name. Tim and Tess Lacy from far up the block took photographs and recordings of the event, and Hal and Cora Bates joined to whip out a suitable piece of commemorating doggerel. Sam Philder, however, set an annoying tone by making a salaam whenever he came face to face with Jack.

Nevertheless, over all there hung something breathless and golden, the rushing wonder that fills an evening when achievement is first known and nothing has had a real opportunity to defile it.

Not even the fact that Tess Lacy became bitter in her cups and said that nothing good had ever happened to the Lacys and nothing ever would, disturbed the steady momentum of the evening. Momentum that lasted until the small hours, and until Jack, gay and more talkative than ever before, paled and began to perspire.

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Quickly, Helen went to him, as if she had been watching and expecting something. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, yes. Just reaction, that's all."

She held his heated hand, and he was shocked by the chill quivering feeling of her fingers.

Jack woke early, with a dreadful aftertaste, and with a sense of unnamed anxiety. This job was so big, so unexpected, and so soon. He walked through the ravished rooms and was surprised that no glow remained in them, constant above the debris.

When Helen, also unable to sleep longer, joined him, her small, quick figure was slow, and her dark, animated eyes were dim. Her jet hair had lost the lights that shone from it. She looked bleakly around. "This looks like I feel."

"Don't mention it," he said.

"It won't go away," said Helen. "Let's get to work and then have some wonderful delicious coffee."

It was only eight-thirty when they finished. No sound came from the girls, and that was a relief. They sat in the kitchen, disconsolate. Helen said, with a feeble laugh, "Quite a contrast from the way we felt yesterday."

Jack was brooding. At length, he said, "Did you hear what Sam said last night, all the 'sirs'? Did it sound needling?"

Helen sipped her coffee. "Does it matter?" she asked.

"It matters a lot," he said, after a time. "I'm his boss. And he has to respect my job as much as I have to."

"He's your friend; it will be hard for him."

Heavily, he said, "It will be hard for me too."

It was not as difficult for him on Monday as he had imagined it would be. All thoughts of Sam, or of what his other associates would say or do, vanished as soon as he got off the train and was in the office. He was summoned at once to the president and thence taken to the conference room, where the whole morning was spent in discussing plans. He had lunch with some production men and then spent most of the afternoon with sales executives. And in the next couple of weeks he learned that as soon as he had walked into his new office, he was isolated to a large extent from the people who had been his equals. It was not only his position that made it so, it was his lack of time and the great pile-up of work that fell under his hands as soon as he started to put new systems into effect.

He was so busy that it wasn't until Saturday afternoon of the third week in his new job that he recognized the harsh changes that had taken place in Helen. He did not recognize them until they were alone, after the girls went to the movies. Jack had a drink and resolutely pushed his business thinking aside. Helen was twisting her hands, and her agitation made him contemplate her carefully. He thought she had something to say, but was unprepared for what it was.

"Tess," she said; "Tess Lacy."

"Tess and Tim? It seems a million years since we've seen them. Shall we invite them over?"

She shook her head. "Tess has been over twice. I didn't want to tell you until you had time. You have so much on your mind."

"What's wrong?"

"She wants money."

"Money?"

"She wants to borrow money. Quite a bit of money."

"Well, if—if it's something desperate." He was confused; no one had ever borrowed money from him. "Why didn't you tell me before? Tess and Tim."

"It's the way—the way she did it. So, so obsequious." She turned her head, so he would not see the memory of it in her eyes. "And then—when I said I didn't know, she changed. It was unbelievable. She became—mean. She told me that everyone thinks we think we're big deals."

"You don't believe that, do you?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"Nonsense."

"How would you know? You've been too busy to see anything. But I live with it. I live with these people."

"Helen, Helen."

"Oh, don't talk. You're blind, blind. Keep your job. Live with it, love it. Keep your job," she repeated irrationally, and ran from him when he attempted to go to her.

He did not know what to do. Penetrating understanding of people had never been his line; he had simply accepted his relationships with them. Life had gone along on a smooth, gradually progressive course, and he had never questioned it. The only thing that he had ever questioned was figures. But he was a man who liked to know facts, and who could set himself after proofs. He did that today, even though people and not figures were involved. Not because he discredited Helen's reaction to their friends and neighbors, but because he wanted to know the real extent of the breach that might have come between them.

It had been his practice in the past to drift around the neighborhood once in a while, as it was the practice of other men and women. He had always been welcome, and coffee or beer or a whisky provided; but today he found a distance and a chill between him and the neighbors who had so simply accepted him before.

With the directness that was his by nature and because he was not skillful in human relations, he finally blurted to Hal Bates, "Is anything wrong? You don't act the same."

Hal Bates played with his cigarette. "I don't know what you mean, Jack."

"Nothing seems the same."

Bates said, "Maybe it's in you, Jack. Maybe you make it seem that way."

Jack examined himself, audited the ledgers of self, and thought he came up with the correct accounting. "I don't feel different in any way. I know I'm not." And he felt sure that the change must be in Hal instead.

Bates flared. "Don't be silly. It's unavoidable."

Bewildered, Jack excused himself. He walked slowly to the place where the road curved. Here there were several old houses, older than his, and not well kept up. And in one of them lived Tim and Tess Lacy. Jack paused in the descending dusk. What would they think if he walked in? Or what would they think if they had seen him approach and then he turned away? He went forward; Tess opened the door. "Oh, Jack. Tim! Tim! Jack's here!"

Tim came thumping down the old uncarpeted stairs, shook hands with Jack, made a grimace that seemed to exclude Tess, and led Jack to the kitchen, where he opened a quart of beer. "Long time no see, Jack."

"The salt mines."

Tim nodded understandingly. "It must be rugged, rugged."

Silence between them. Jack broke under it first. Blurting once more, "I—I understand you're in some kind of trouble."

"Trouble?" Tim Lacy lifted his dark brows, shrugged. "Usual stuff. Bills. Tessie and I were talking one night, and thought maybe you might help out." He put up a hand when he saw Jack was about to say something. "Don't answer now. I know how it is with you boys on the figures. We admit we're improvident. It's the way we are, two jerks." He laughed raggedly. "Try to think of it from the emotional angle. Forget that old tough 'no' you have built in. Have another beer?"

"No," said Jack. "Thanks. It's getting late." Tim Lacy had gone too far. Jack had been about to offer his help.

Later, he tussled with the dark. Helen said, "Can't you sleep?"

"No. Helen, does Gertrude seem sort of pale? Thinner?"

"Yes; I've been worried about her. For days. I'm surprised you saw it."

"Surprised?"

"You're so busy."

The room was filled with the presence of her unspoken recrimination. When she spoke, however, she seemed to sound reasonable. But again he was not prepared for what she said.

"We've had a wonderful time," said Helen. "It's—it's not usual, I think, for people to come together the way we did, and fall in love, and have everything so perfect."

"Is there anything against that?" he asked.

"There's usually something that goes wrong. At the wedding reception somebody gets drunk, or the cake isn't good, or when you rush off a cop stops the car for speeding, or something. Or—or the honeymoon is awkward." She seemed to be in a trance of speaking, of remembering. "Or, after that, one of the children has something a little wrong, a sleeping eye or a—a foot, or something. Or there are financial worries, or drink, gambling, something."

"Yes?"

"Nothing has ever happened to us," she said.

Her voice held a premonition. He tried to destroy it. "There's no reason for anything to."

She buried her head in the curve of his arm. "I'm frightened!"

"There's no reason to be," he insisted, but could tell that his words did not help her.

It was raining. The rain came driving against the windows of Jack's office. He paused in his work to look at it and listen to it. Then his intercom sounded and Sam Philder was announced. "Have a minute?" asked Sam.

"Not many," said Jack. "But—sit down, sit down."

Sam did not. He strode back and forth across the gray carpet. "This's difficult for me, Jack," he said.

Jack was self-conscious, as he still was before all those who had been able to slap him on the back or call him a so-and-so.

Sam came and leaned on his hands on the front of the desk. "I'm a little surprised," he said.

"Surprised?" Jack was at a disadvantage with Sam, and he knew he should not be.

"Hetty and I were talking about it," said Sam, firmly. "We've about decided that you're not much of a friend."

Jack sat down. His desk was solid and authoritative before him, and a formless anger was joining his nervousness. "Explain."

"Rather terse, aren't you, old man?" said Sam.

Jack's lips felt dry. "I'm very busy." But at the same time that he spoke, he made a mental apology to Sam.

Sam put his hands behind his back. "Considering our friendship, Hetty and I are surprised that you haven't said a single word about the promotion."

"The promotion?"

Sam waved an exasperated hand. "Everyone knows you're going to take on an assistant. Why haven't you said anything about it?"

"Say what?" asked Jack. "Yes, I need an assistant. It goes without saying. And I have a recruitment man working on it right now."

"A recruitment man?" Sam was incredulous. "You're bringing in someone from outside?"

Jack poured himself a glass of water from the carafe. He thought of the men in his department—Sam and all the others. He had danced with their wives, he had bought presents for their children, he had gotten tanked with several of them; he had played with them, griped with them and labored with them. Their faces and personalities came into his mind in a desperate montage, their needs and peculiarities, their varied talents. And yet, with all his affection and loyalty, he could not honestly accept one of them as his assistant.

"I am," he said; "I'm bringing in someone from outside."

Heartburn climbed in Jack's chest. His temples throbbed. He looked down. He knew he must let Sam know exactly where he stood, and why. It was the most terrible moment of his life. It was the moment in which he renounced success for its own sake, and in which he tried to

"My hobby is skiing, and someday I'd like to try it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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rediscover himself, humbly and in a sense of duty. He tried to fling his mind far from this room, past the shape of Sam Philder, out into all the divisions of the company, into the homes of the engineers, craftsmen and laborers, salesmen and managers, secretaries and mail boys, young and old, beginning and nearing pension—all the great warp and woof of the company. He tried to project himself into his responsibility for them, for the thousands, in comparison to his subjective, fearful, embarrassed worry for Sam Philder and a few others; realizing that his job and the morality he brought to it worked on the destinies of many, many people he did not know and never would. And he knew that he owed to them himself and his skill, much more than he owed to Sam Philder, who had been a friend and might never be again.

Jack stood up, out of respect to a man he must tell off. His voice was so gentle that a few of the words were lost under sounds that penetrated the room.

"I'm sorry, Sam, but there's something I have to say to you. There's no question of a promotion now. Rather, it's—it's the other way. I have to insist that you apply yourself better, and that you show more interest in the company."

He saw all the signs of friendship and familiarity disappear from Sam's face.

"You have spoken, I guess," said Sam, at length. He stopped at the door. "Don't worry. If it's the last thing I do, I won't give Jack Riley the chance to fire me."

He was gone, and he was a better man, it seemed, than when he came in. But for what Sam might have gained, Jack had lost something. He felt it inside himself, like a wound, and the next morning, when he faced himself in the shaving mirror, he saw an outward sign of it, in a clear scarlike mark beside his left eye where no line had been before.

On a Thursday night he got home early, at five, after a conference with the chief of the eastern-seaboard division. It had been an ugly conference. The division manager was one of the kind that takes any suggestions for cost control as a personal affront.

He took a cab from the train, and at his house saw a familiar car, but one he could not immediately place. When he got to the door, it opened and old Doctor Mellon was letting himself out. Doctor Mellon, although myopic, was perceptive. He put his hand on Jack's arm.

"Don't be alarmed. It's Gertrude again. The nervous-energy girl. She needs a little aspirin, a lot of liquids and a day in bed. Nothing more."

Jack breathed with relief. Mellon then said resolutely, "But take care of Helen. She got frantic over this; panicky. I gave her a sedative. Mrs. Bates is up with her now." He peered narrowly into Jack's eyes. "Helen was always such a level young woman. Calm her down, boy; calm her down."

"That's easy to say, doctor."

Mellon swung his bag against his leg and made the clicking sound in his throat that was the only indecisive sign of his age. "It's no sin to be happy," said Mellon. "Get that through her head, hear me?"

Cora Bates was closing Helen's door. "She's resting," she said. From Gertrude's room came the laughter of the girls. Sounds of a TV program. Cora said, "I'll stay and feed the kids if you want."

"No; no, thank you. I'll manage."

Cora stood against the door. "I love you and Helen very much. Lots of people do, believe that."

"I do, I do."

"There're people without envy, Jack. Well, Hal's gotten over it, believe me." He flushed. "Good night," she said.

"Good night, Cora. Thank you."

Helen was quiet on the bed. She held out her hand to him. They could hear the laughter of the children. Helen smiled. Her lids fell, and she lifted them.

"Doctor gave me something. I'm sorry. I think I'll have to sleep."

"Sleep," he said; "sleep nicely."

"Will you feed our girls, our pretty ones?"

"My special," he said. Soon she slept.

He made bacon and eggs in large amounts. It was a party for the girls. They delighted in his clumsiness, and teased him.

At eleven o'clock that night, the sedative moved away from Helen and left her

... ...

Winter Nocturne

By James Facos

Still in the cold blue silence
by
The old moon's edge of
light,
Snows of a shimmering
winter lie
On northern mountains,
towering high
Where clouds haunt the
hush of sky
Like cool whispers of white.

And a frosty wind whirls
from the crest
Of the shadowy timber line;
While slumbering, far in the
woods to the west,
Soft and gray in a furry
rest,
A squirrel curls down in the
leaves of its nest,
Warm in a hollow pine.

So hush, my love, and rest . . .
rest . . .
Dream, O gentle mine.
The squirrel curls down in
the leaves of its nest,
Warm in the hollow pine.

... ...

naked in her mind. Jack was in bed next to her, smoking. She asked for light, and he turned one on. She asked for his arm and its warmth and strength, and he took her to him. She asked in a small voice that he listen to a confession, and to not dislike her—and he made the promise.

"I love the children," she said; "I love them so much."

"Yes," said Jack; "yes, I know, and they do too."

"It's something I don't want to say, but I'm going to make myself. I have to. I couldn't stand living alone with it inside me."

He waited.

"I've been afraid," she said. "I tried to tell you. I guess I did tell you once. I've been afraid because everything has gone so well for us. Nothing terrible has ever happened to us. And then—then the promotion. It scared me. I knew something had to happen, and I've waited for it." She broke off. "I tried to avoid the bad things. I tried to buy our way clear. The money I saved, from the household accounts. For the special coat. I—I gave it to the Lacys."

"I see."

The dark was hard and glittering against the small light.

"Today—Gertrude. I thought she was awfully sick. Her—her joints hurt. It was only from skating—but I thought ——"

"I don't think she could get polio."

"I know." She was shaking. Her teeth chattered. "I can't say the rest. I have to, but I can't."

It was hard and glittering in him, the knowing of what she wanted to say. "You were glad," he said. "That Gertrude ——"

The bed rattled against the wall. He held her harder. And now she could do the rest for herself: "I—I thought that if Gertrude was sick, really sick—that that was the . . . price."

The words hung around them. Dark and glittering and terrible.

"Oh, Jack, Jack."

He looked at the dark ceiling, feeling a great surge of human understanding. It came weighted down upon him, as if from an outside force. And it enabled him to say, "You have to forgive yourself. And you can do it—do you know why? You see, I believe that you proved how much you love Gertrude; because you found her valuable enough to—to offer."

She shook her head furiously. "I won't allow that. After this, I'll offer all I can, of myself."

The leaves fell. The snow came. And after that there were soft spring winds. And then gardens grew. Helen invested herself in civic activities, as well as domestic; she became a known figure at the hospital, orphanages and in the charity drives. Jack knew that this was her penance and reward. "I have to do all this," she said. "I know."

Sometimes Jack watched himself in the mirror, watching the lines that joined the scarlike one that was etched beside his eye. There were more lines. He looked at them. The hard lines came; but, even so, his face became more gentle. He found himself able to listen to ideas his men brought to him without at once finding faults with them. And he found that sometimes, when the train of ideas ran long enough, there was creativity and substance to them. He found this one day when Sam Philder came to him with a presentation for costs on a new assembly line.

He scanned it, and was happy to look up and say, "It looks good. I'm going to take it upstairs."

"Thanks."

"Sam?"

"What?"

"Let's have lunch."

"I've done O.K.?"

"How about lunch?"

Then Sam laughed. "On you, boss," he said.

As summer swept warmly over all, he found Tim Lacy sitting in the same car in the train, as if no gap was between them. The evening came when Lacy took the seat beside him.

"I owe you dough, Jack."

"I haven't mentioned it, Tim."

"Be my guest," said Tim.

The train rattled on its way.

"Jack? I want to ask a favor. Not money; don't think it's money."

Jack folded his paper and slipped it beside him on the seat. His strong, tired face turned to Lacy.

"I haven't been able to pay you back," said Lacy. "I want to. Believe that."

"I do."

"How about you helping me?"

"How?"

Lacy crossed his legs, uncrossed them, clasped his hands. "A budget. You're smart at that. Would you do it?"

"Would you stick to it?"

"I think we better."

"This weekend?"

"You're on."

Deep summer. The long halls and rooms of the house were cool. The trees made deep shadows in the yard. The children got a yard pool and shouted and played in it all day. Helen invited children from the orphanage to share the spoils with them. Also, she and Jack made barbecues in the yard, and the neighbors had decided not to consider them as anything special. In the matter of talking politics, Jack always came out second best, and admitted it. Hal said, "You have your blind spots, lad, but you admit them."

"I hate to."

Indian summer. Smell of burning things. Cider. The world was luminous with pause. One evening Jack came home and found among his children another girl, fawnlike, afraid, with her hands twisted in her tiny lap.

"Who is she?" he asked Helen.

"Will you let me have her?"

"What?"

She led him to their bedroom. She was tender and beautiful, and she asked him with her hands and lips, before she did it with words.

"I found her. She's afraid. I went with Cora to the Home, to give them ice cream from the fund drive. This little one didn't want to take it. I found out about her. She's afraid to take anything good. Jack, could we keep her?"

"Are you still afraid?"

"I don't know. But if I am, is there anything better than taking this little girl?"

"No," he said.

She kissed him. "I'll teach her," she said. "I'll teach her that anyone can accept ice cream—and anything else."

Fall whispered around them.

One day the wind was wild and then broke down and walked away and the evening came on soft feet. And there was an argument. The new, small, dark girl fought for her television program. "It's my turn," she insisted, "and I will have my turn. I have been told this," she added, bravely but uncertainly.

Jack and Helen, as friends of the court, established the fact that it was Mira's turn, and she received her program. She blinked her eyes rapidly.

"Don't cry," said Gertrude.

"Why should I?" said Mira, weeping. Gertrude put her arms around her.

Jack and Helen were tired and went to bed early. They were awakened by a small form that rushed in and dived into the bed between them.

Their new little girl snuggled, and said, "The girls weren't mad at me when they knew it was really my turn, were they?"

"Of course not," said Helen.

The small body twisted and turned and then was still.

"I'm going to be happy," she said. "Do you know that?"

"We want you to be," said Helen. She held the girl for a while and then took her back to her bed.

When she returned, she cradled herself against Jack. "Do you know what?" she asked.

"What?"

"I'm happy. I'm just as happy as I can be."

He kissed her. And the night rode above them with a swift velvet emotion. But in the dark, in repose, another line went through his face, another sword invisible, that was the eventual payment he must make. They could be happy, but he must understand why, and must protect it. His was the added responsibility, at home and at work.

In the morning, he thought, "I would not have it any other way." THE END

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Seven Days to Live (Continued from Page 32)

would die in the prison gas chamber a week from today, at eleven in the morning.

So he wanted to grant this request, but he hesitated, staring absently across his big quiet office at the framed photograph of the governor on the wall, and the big cabinet whose shelves were littered with handmade knives, ropes and other contraband taken from prisoners' cells. For the last sentence of Perez's request said that his proposed painting was to be "a kind of mural, only not, however, precisely a mural." But it was to be a large painting, in any case, and would be painted on the wall of his cell. Still, it could always be scraped from the wall, once Perez had left his cell for the last time, the warden decided, and he scribbled his O.K. at the bottom of the pink sheet. Then he reached for his phone to send a prison employee to the nearby small town to buy the things Perez had asked for. If Perez was to complete his mural, he had no time to lose.

So the painting was begun that morning on a blank wall of Perez's seven-by-eight cell. It was nothing but a rectangle at first, measuring something over a yard by about six and a half feet. Its longest dimension, however—and this puzzled the guards on the row—ran vertically, beginning just above the floor and rising toward the ceiling. In color it was drab, very little different in shade from the wall it was painted on. Actually, it was only sizing, a preparation of the surface to receive the paint, and at this point the guards were only mildly interested. When they asked what he was painting, Perez—a slim, rather handsome man, who looked younger than the twenty-five he said he was—replied in Spanish, shrugging helplessly and smiling in apology for his lack of English. The guards suspected, correctly, that he understood more English than he pretended, but were not curious enough to press their question.

Anyway, it was answered by eleven the next morning. The cells of Condemned Row, twenty-eight of them, stood in a line running down the side of a large room. There was a line of barred windows in the wall opposite and a skylight above. As the ceilings of the cells were steel mesh, the light inside them was good, and Perez was up at dawn sketching in his painting with a charcoal stick in the first white daylight. His supplies arranged on the cot behind him, he worked rapidly and surely, standing in his blue prison denims and work shirt, completely concentrated on his work. He began by sketching a horizontal line across the long rectangle of sizing, about four inches from the top. A little below this line he drew another which paralleled the first.

He drew a series of these double lines, spaced four or five inches apart, from the top of the panel clear down to the floor. At seven o'clock breakfast was brought to Perez in his cell, as it was to all the others, and he ate without interrupting his work, poking a forkful of scrambled eggs into his mouth as he sketched. Breakfast over, the men came out of their cells if they chose, to watch the big television set at one end of the room, or play table tennis at one of the two tables set up between the cells and one wall, or to sit at small tables playing checkers, chess, dominoes or cards. Today a number of the men stood watching Perez, calling occasional questions or jokes to him; he was popular here. But he simply glanced out at them, smiling a little, never pausing in his work.

The last of the horizontal lines sketched in, Perez drew a long vertical line near the panel's left edge and running from the top of the area to the bottom. About four inches to the right of this line, he drew another line parallel to the first. With the heel of his hand, he then smudged out all horizontal lines wherever they crossed this new vertical panel. Then he drew a duplicate of the vertical panel at the other side of his work area.

Now Perez stopped to sharpen his charcoal to a fine point, using the little sandpaper board he had asked for among his supplies. Then, beginning in the topmost of the horizontal panels he had drawn, he began to sketch a series of gently undulating lines, the men outside his cell watching. In some places, pressing hard on his charcoal stick, he carefully thickened these lines. In other places, he interrupted them, drawing the wavering line out to the finest line he could make, and then lifting the charcoal to resume the line an inch or so farther on. Once he stopped, near the center of a panel, to draw an irregular half-dollar-size circle. Then he resumed his sketching of the undulating lines, and as they approached this circle, he curved them around it, above and below.

Presently the little group before his cell saw that while these lines had seemed to be haphazardly placed at first, they were not. They were forming a kind of pattern.

Just before he finished the fourth of his horizontal panels they dropped into focus for one of the watching men before his cell door. Suddenly the man saw what these panels were, and he turned to murmur to the others. They were boards; on the wall of his cell Perez was sketching a series of roughly cut boards, complete with graining and occasional knotholes.

When finally they were all finished, Perez went back over them; thickening portions of the knothole outlines until suddenly they had depth; shading the edges of the boards to give them thickness. At ten-fifteen—one of the watching guards called over another at this point—Perez began sketching two huge ornate hinges at the left-hand edge of his panel, and when they were finished he drew a latch on the opposite side. At eleven o'clock he put down his charcoal, and stood—extending and contracting his fingers, working the stiffness from them—studying what he had done; and outside his cell door the watching men were silent and no longer smiling. On the wall of his cell, this condemned man—it was suddenly unmistakable—had drawn a door.

Word reached the warden before noon. A runner, a minimum-custody inmate, stopped in the office of the warden's assistant to pick up his outgoing mail, and told him, grinning, what Perez was doing. The warden's assistant, stepping to the door of his office, repeated this news to one of the warden's secretaries. Next time the warden rang for her, she went in and told him what Perez was doing.

By noon every man in the prison yard, the five great cell blocks, the furniture and denim factories, the prison farm a mile to the west, and even the single unguarded inmate manning the salt-water pump half a mile outside the main prison gate, knew what Perez was doing. And because prison humor is largely elemental, the news was accepted as a huge joke.

About twelve-twenty, the warden walked to the employees' dining room just outside the prison's main gate, and there he listened, smiling a little, to each of the elaborations of this joke offered him by guards, other employees, and inmate waiters. But although he smiled, the warden wasn't amused at the knowledge that a man who was to die in a week had suddenly and frantically begun to paint a door on the wall of his cell.

He left the dining room and was passed, by the guards there, through the double admittance gates of the prison's walled area. Then he walked toward the north cell block, passing through the great asphalt-paved yard thronged with prisoners, nodding and speaking to those inmates he knew, of whom there were many. In the north cell block, he rode to the top floor in the little elevator, greeted the guards there, and signed the register, as everyone entering this part of the prison had to do upon entering or leaving it. A lieutenant unlocked the mesh-covered barred gate opening onto Condemned Row, and the warden stepped in, and walked down the row to Perez's cell. "*Buenos días*," he said, as he stopped, and Perez glanced up, smiling.

"*Buenos días*," he answered, but did not stop working. Brush and palette in his hands now, he was painting the topmost of his charcoal-sketched boards. The colors squeezed onto his palette were a large blob of gray, and smaller dabs of green, brown, yellow and white. And under his steadily moving brush the sketched-in board on the wall of his cell was turning into the likeness of wood, touched and handled and worn down through the years by many human hands. It looked absolutely real.

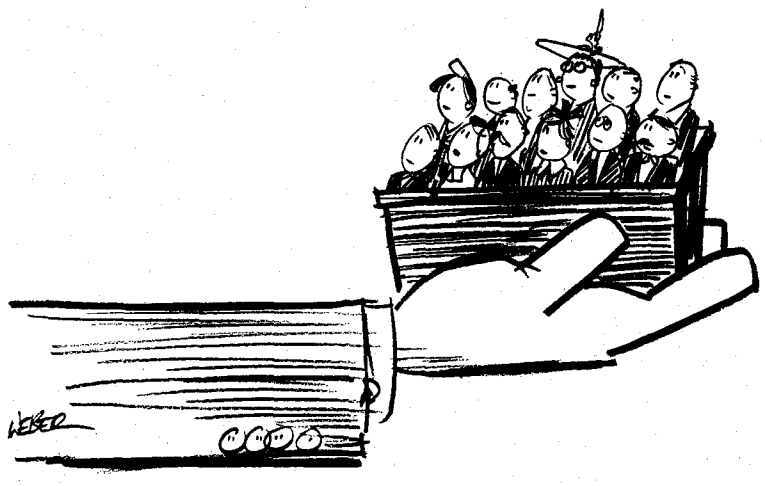
It took Perez four hours to finish this one board; the warden had stood silently watching him for five minutes, then turned and left. At just before three, when he finished, Perez stopped to clench and unclench his stiffened fingers into suppleness again. Then he rolled a cigarette of prison tobacco which he lighted and left in his mouth and began work on the second board from the top. By seven o'clock that evening, Perez working rapidly in the fading daylight, the second board was finished.

It took him four more days, working from five-thirty each morning until after seven each night, passing up all his exercise periods, to complete the door. On Tuesday, a little past four in the afternoon—working on his knees now, his face nearly touching the concrete floor—he finished the last board. He stood up then, immediately cleaned his brushes in turpentine, then scraped his palette clean and scrubbed its surface with a turpentine-soaked rag. He squeezed new colors onto it—black, with small dabs each of dark green, purple and white—and resumed work at once, painting the big hinges at the side of his door.

At first they were dead black; silhouettes. But then, at the upper edges of the topmost hinge, he began working in tiny streaks and flecks of dark green, purple, and here and there, almost invisible lines of white; and suddenly the hinge had depth. When he finished, it was no longer a silhouette of paint, but a strap of heavy black metal supporting the weight of the wooden door. Tonight he worked until seven-twenty, for the days were getting longer.

By nine-thirty the next morning, Wednesday—he hadn't touched his breakfast—both hinges were completed, and now they were completely real. They had depth and weight, and their surfaces were studded with rounded bolt heads, the crowns flattened from hammer blows. The hinges were pitted by the rounded peen of the mallet that had forged them, and they and the bolt heads were streaked with old rust. Shortly before noon he completed the latch.

The door was finished at noon, then, the day before Perez was to die; and again, after lunch, the warden went up to look at it. There it stood, a door of old, warped, unevenly cut wood; the eye knew it was wood. In absolute realness it stood there on the wall of the cell, and the warden's eyes said that a finger tip



The Perfect Squelch

Tom, a confident young attorney, was having a wonderful time telling a group of law students what a high-flying legal eagle he was.

Having explained to them at great length just how he handled a judge and jury, Tom launched into a detailed description of his first jury trial.

"Somehow," he admitted, "I caught the sympathy of the jury. I had them right in the palm of my hand. Even the judge was impressed." Tom paused to greet an older lawyer, who had stopped beside the group, then added impressively, "You know, my father was in the courtroom that day, and by the time I finished there were tears in his eyes."

"Oh," the older lawyer said dryly, "was he a lawyer too?"

Richard L. Sullivan

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sliding along the smooth-worn graining of one of the planks would actually drop into the first knothole or crack it encountered, and bump into the concrete which pressed against the door on its other side.

People feel a mystery about old places in which intense and prolonged emotions have been experienced. And so superstition lives in old prisons, because through generations men have hanged themselves there, gone insane, and in general lived in agonies most human beings never know. They are places where strange unexplainable things sometimes happen. The warden at this particular prison, at this particular time, was an intelligent and sensitive man; too much so not to be affected, too, by the nameless superstitious dread that sometimes moved through the prison—with and without cause—like actual currents of air. And now, standing at the bars of Perez's cell, he did not like this door painted on its wall. For the primary function of a warden's job is to prevent escape. These aren't his prisoners but the state's. It is his job to keep them, and the condemned man must not escape execution by death, or the confined man escape past the walls. Everything else is secondary to that, and the lurking fear of escape is always with the warden.

So now, against all reason, the warden was afraid of this door. It seemed to him, staring at it now—Perez was cleaning his brushes, occasionally glancing up at the warden to smile—that possibly this door was a masterpiece. Perhaps not, but at least it was a masterpiece of realism, and the impulse to order it scraped from the wall rose up strongly in the warden's mind. But he didn't seriously consider giving this order. Reason and common sense aren't lightly abandoned; this was a door made of paint squeezed out of tubes. So once again, presently, the warden turned and walked away.

An hour later he was notified by phone from the north cell block that Perez had rigged up a blanket in his cell. A corner of it, the lieutenant explained, was jammed into a ventilator grill just below the ceiling and above the painting; another corner was tied to a hook on the opposite wall. The effect of this—the hanging blanket angling out from the wall—was to conceal the painting, and Perez was now at work behind the blanket; what were the warden's orders?

After only a moment or two of silence the warden answered. Leave Perez and his blanket alone, he said. But in those few moments of silence, his mind had moved rapidly through a long train of thought. To order a guard to go in and pull Perez's blanket down, his first quick thought, was an immediate and easy answer to the lieutenant; but an important matter of policy was involved. The warden was—always outwardly, and usually inwardly—a composed man, and his invariable appearance of lack of apprehension was important. For in case of trouble, a riot, for example, the prison staff took its cue from the warden. And if his seeming calm, then, was to be accepted as real, he could not be known to be a man who was ruffled by trifles. He wished he knew what Perez was doing behind that blanket, but he smiled, and making his voice casual, he ordered the lieutenant to leave Perez alone.

At six o'clock he rode up in the elevator to the row again. It was usual for him to visit a man the night before his execution, and now after allowing Perez's blanket to go unchallenged all afternoon, he could visit him without risking comment or speculation. "I've come to see you, Luis," he said in Spanish, standing before the cell; a guard was selecting the proper key from among a large brass ringful of keys in his hand.

"I am busy; I do not wish to be disturbed," Perez answered from behind his blanket.

"*Bueno!*" the warden said, nodding at the guard as though he had been cordially welcomed, and the guard unlocked the cell door, pulled it open, and the warden stepped inside. Hearing the barred door locked behind him, the warden felt an impulse to yank down Perez's blanket here and now. But that would betray worry and doubt, and he knew he was also irrationally afraid of what the guard might see on the wall.

The warden lifted an edge of the blanket just enough to stoop and step under it, then let it fall into place again. Perez stood painting—with furious speed, the tip of his brush darting from palette to wall, and back again. He didn't pause to glance up at the warden; he was filling in the wide cracks and knotholes of his door, and he had already reached the middle of his painting.

The warden stood staring at what he had done. Neatly lettered in dark green at the center of the topmost board of his door, Perez had painted his name, L. Perez, the paint seemingly old and half weathered away; and the warden understood now that he was looking at a painted likeness of the door to Perez's home somewhere in Mexico. Below Perez's name, through the wide cracks between the topmost boards of the door, the warden caught a glimpse of low ceiling, and of the tops of three wide, glassless, adobe-framed windows. Through the windows and down into the room, slanted sunlight, and—somehow Perez had achieved this with paint—it was the hot yellow sun of a tropical country, pouring down from a patch of sky so blue, sunny and real that the warden's eyes smarted as he stared at it.

Below this, at eye level—through a big knothole, and the carelessly wide cracks of a door made for a hot climate—the warden caught a glimpse of a crude wooden tabletop. And bending over the table, in the act of placing upon it two plates and a bottle of wine, was a woman. He could not see her face; through the wide uneven crack he could see only her bare brown arms, and a portion of her upper body in a blue-and-yellow blouse. Through the cracks below this, the warden saw a glimpse of bright skirt, and at one end of the table a water glass filled with flowers.

"Luis, do you want to talk now?" the warden said gently. "There won't be much time in the morning."

But Perez shook his head, not turning from his work. "Thank you, but no," he said. "I do not have time. I must finish."

"Why the blanket, Luis?"

"Oh"—Perez lifted a shoulder in a little shrug—"this is a painting of sentiment, warden; and I do not wish the others to see it. Until it no longer matters to me."

"All right"—the warden nodded—"no one else will see it. Until after tomorrow." He glanced at his watch. "But you'd better finish soon. You'll be leaving your cell tonight, you know."

Perez turned, his jaw dropping in stunned shock, and the warden knew he'd actually forgotten. A condemned man, here, is taken from his cell the night before his execution to another cell only a dozen steps from the little concrete room which contains the gas chamber. There are reasons for this. It would be a profoundly upsetting thing to the other men on the row to watch one of them led away, perhaps struggling, or collapsed and semiconscious, having to be physically carried. And for the man himself to have to walk from the row, ride down in the elevator, then walk hundreds of yards through the prison, would be a terrible ordeal; it was hard enough for a man to steel himself to walk only a dozen steps to the chamber. So men were moved from the row the night before their executions.

But now Perez—his eyes stunned, remembering this—was shaking his head in dumb appeal. "No, warden," he said then. "No!" He gestured at the painting behind him. "I've got to finish! I must work tomorrow, too, to finish! You can't move me; I must finish!"

The warden did not know why it was of absolute importance for Perez to finish this painting of the door to his home, with its glimpses of the room on its other side; but he knew that somehow it was. It was not legally necessary to move Perez tonight; the rule had come out of long prison experience. "Luis, how will you act tomorrow?" he said, and Perez's eyes closed for a moment in relief.

Then he opened them. "I will walk out," he said, "without help or force. And I will walk out smiling, warden. Believe me."

The warden nodded. "O.K.," he said. "Finish your door."

At eight-thirty Thursday morning, the block captain reported to the warden by phone that Perez had been restless in the night; the guards had heard him moving in his cell from time to time, and they doubted that he had slept much. But this wasn't unusual. He had not touched his breakfast tray, either, but this, too, surprised no one.

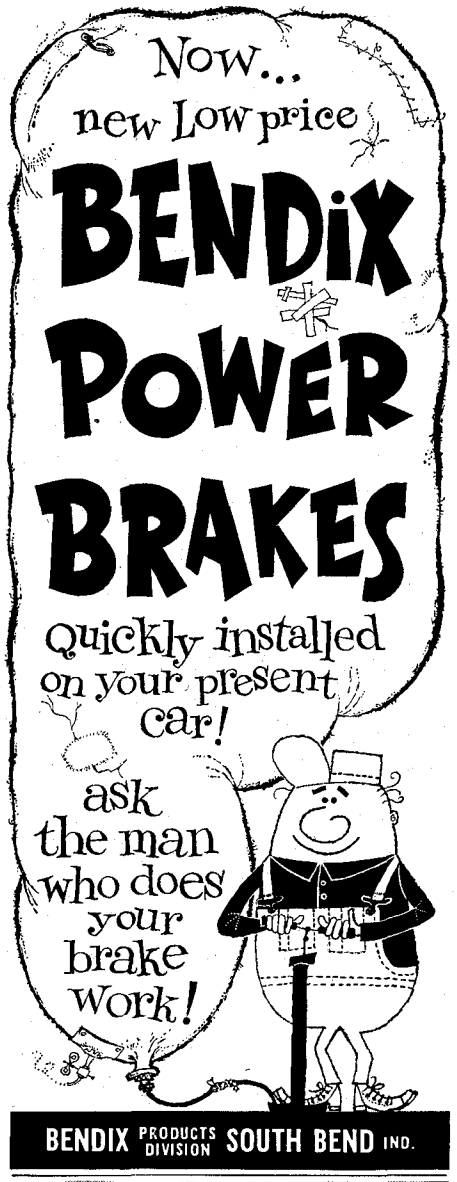
Just after ten, the warden and a prison chaplain arrived at Perez's cell. But from behind his blanket, Perez refused to see them. He did this respectfully, but he had to finish his painting, he explained, and did not have an instant to spare for anything else. Standing at the door of Perez's cell, the warden felt awkward and foolish; this was a ridiculous situation, the condemned man hiding behind a blanket he had rigged up in his cell. To order it pulled down now, the warden knew, would be excusable and understandable to the guards who stood watching him, and he knew the chaplain wanted to see Perez. But he felt unwilling to do this to a man in the last minutes of his life, and besides, he had given his word; so he turned away from the cell.

They came for Perez forty-seven minutes later, at ten minutes of eleven. A guard unlocked the cell, and after a moment, when Perez did not appear from behind his blanket, the warden said quietly in Spanish, "All right, Luis; it's time."

"A moment, warden," Perez replied. "One moment longer."

The warden waited through a few seconds, looking at Perez's personal possessions. There weren't many, beyond the paints and supplies he had sent in to Perez. There was a pipe, a sack of prison tobacco, a guitar, which he had seldom played and his wife's photograph. It was the posed, stiffly smiling face of a young Mexican woman; pretty, her black hair parted in the middle and coiled in braids on the top of her head. She had never visited Perez; she had no money. But she had written often, and her letters, in their envelopes with the canceled Mexican stamps, were stacked beside her photograph.

"Come on, Luis," the warden said quietly. "You've got to come now." It was true; the law means what it says, and the condemned man is not allowed to anticipate or delay its sentence. "Come on, Luis," the warden repeated after a moment. "You don't want to make us have to bring you out."



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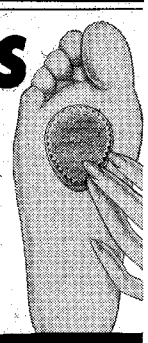

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

For perhaps three seconds longer there was no response, and the warden waited that additional time, desperately hoping he would not have to signal the guards. A corner of the blanket moved and lifted, and Perez stepped out, a paint brush in his hand, and stood staring at them. Then he kept his promise. Tossing the brush to his bunk, he smiled and walked out of his cell to take his place between the two waiting guards. "Thank you," he said to the warden. "It is finished."

And then the warden kept his promise. "Lock the cell," he said to the guard who had opened it. "No one is to go into it, till afterward." Perez again smiled his thanks, and they all stepped forward.

The two guards have since said they heard this; the chaplain has said he did not. As Perez stepped forward, both guards have insisted, a sound came from the locked cell behind them. It was faint, they have said, but distinct, and it was a creaking sound, the sound of a door moving on its hinges; they insist upon that.

But the chaplain says no, and he would not lie, and the warden will still only shake his head and shrug. Perez heard it, though, the guards say. For his eyes suddenly widened in an intense realization of something, they didn't know what; and he hesitated in his stride for a second. Then, of necessity, he walked on, and the sound, if any, was lost in the murmur of farewells, mumbled good lucks, and urgings of courage from the cells they were passing.

Things move very quickly in an execution; it is no kindness to delay. The little concrete room, dominated by the windowed pastel-green gas chamber, was ready when the little party reached it. On a tier of benches facing the thick windows of the chamber sat the dozen witnesses required by law. They were prison employees in this case—there were no relatives—who were obliged to be here, and a single newspaper reporter representing all the metropolitan papers; this was not an important or newsworthy execution. The two chairs of perforated metal stood with their straps wide, a waiting guard behind one of them. But before the warden gave the signal to bind Perez into the waiting chair, he stepped, as always, to the telephone just outside the chamber door.

This phone had been installed immediately after the time, some years before, when a stay of execution had been phoned to the prison three minutes before an execution. The message had reached the prison in time, but not this room, and the man had been executed. Now this phone, as it had been for some minutes now, was an open line to the office of the governor at the state capitol eighty miles away. And as always, the warden spoke into it now, to make absolutely sure that the line was working, and that someone of the governor's office sat at its other end. "This is the warden here," he said quietly. "We're ready. Do you have anything?" There was no answer, and the warden spoke again. "Hello," he said, louder now, "this is the ——"

"Just a second, warden," a man's voice, an assistant to the governor, replied, and there was a note of anxiety in his voice. "Hold it a second!" he said then, his voice fading as though he were turning from the phone, and the warden frowned, the room dead silent, everyone staring at him. "Warden," said the voice at the other end again, "there's an hour's stay. Don't start! Repeat, don't start! Have you started yet?"

"No, of course not! What ——"

"Just a second; the governor's coming on."

There was a pause, a click, then the governor's voice said, "Warden, have you started?"

"No, sir. I wouldn't start till we'd checked ——"

"I know, I know; I just wanted to be sure. I'm granting an hour's stay; till twelve." As the governor continued, the warden listened, glancing up at the motionless, staring Perez, and he was sorry for him. An hour's stay of execution during the last minutes was not an infrequent occurrence. A condemned man's attorney, including Perez's state-appointed lawyer, almost automatically appealed for stays right up to the last, advancing whatever reasons he could find or think of. And if such an appeal had any possibility of solid merit, a stay of an hour, or of even a day, might be granted until it could be ruled upon or investigated. But the warden knew from long experience that these brief delays were seldom more than a postponement of the inevitable, and he sometimes wondered whether the attorneys who obtained them were doing their clients a favor at all.

It was typical of this warden that when he replaced the phone, he spoke first not to the newspaperman or the others but to Perez. "You have an hour's stay," he said to the now smiling man, wondering as always at the joy of a condemned man

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A child who cries for the moon should be taught to have just a little more patience.

BOB BROWN

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over an additional hour of agonized waiting. "The police in Chicago"—now he spoke to the newspaperman as well as Perez—"are on the phone to the governor. They have a man, arrested last night, who's confessing a string of robberies"—the warden shrugged at this familiar phenomenon. "He knows something, or seems to"—again the warden shrugged—"about this killing. There's no confession, but he's talking, hinting, then retracting and hedging. But of course we're going to wait."

Turning to the guards, he ordered them to take Perez, for the hour's wait, to the condemned cell just outside the room, and to get him a drink of whisky if he wanted it. To Perez he said, smiling, "Good luck; here's hoping," and while he meant this—he hated executions—he didn't really hope. There are innocent men in prisons, he knew; less often than cynics might think, but more often than the gently bred might suppose. And this includes men convicted of murder, as well as of other crimes. But the warden knew also that nearly every murder brings false confessions. What had happened just now had happened before, and glancing at the waiting chair as he left the room, he did not believe Perez would escape it.

But he did. In less than fifteen minutes the phone—in his office now, where he sat waiting—rang again. The man in a Chicago police station, driven by whatever impels men to this, was confessing freely to crimes far beyond the one for which he had been arrested; including the grocery-store shooting for which Perez had been convicted upon the positive identification of three witnesses. And it was, in the words of the Chicago police lieutenant who had spoken to the governor, a "solid" confession. The man had shot a Chinese, he said, and he knew—the local police had just confirmed these facts to the governor—the location of the grocery store, the approximate date and the exact time of the shooting, the amount of money stolen; and the caliber of the pistol he said he had used was that of the bullet taken from the dead man's body. He had thrown the gun into the bay, and if it was recovered it would substantiate the confession conclusively. No one now doubted that the confession was genuine.

It was the warden, walking fast, who brought the news to Perez, waiting in the cell just across from the gas chamber. And he explained, smiling now, in full detail, as they walked with the two guards back to the row and Perez's cell; for he was still a condemned prisoner, his sentence of death stayed now for one month. Walking down the row, Perez smiling at the shouts of the men he had left an hour before, the warden said, "If this holds up, Luis, you can be out in a day on a pardon. If you want another trial ——"

"A pardon will do, warden," Perez answered, smiling. "I want to get home." They stood waiting, as a grinning guard unlocked his cell. "And it will stand up," Perez added. "I am certain of that."

"I hope so."

"It will, warden; oh, it will. I've known that all morning," and he beckoned, and the warden followed him into his cell. Perez lifted a corner of his hanging blanket then, and they stepped behind it, to face the painting. It had taken Perez a week, working every daylit hour, to bring his painting to the nearly finished state in which the warden had last seen it yesterday afternoon. It was impossible, the warden knew—he knew this, he told himself—for Perez to have scraped it from the wall, and completely repainted it last night; even if he'd been able to see by the dim night light in the corridor outside the cell. Yet apparently this is what Perez had done.

For there, painted on the wall of his cell, was the miraculously real-looking door; except that it now stood open. It was opened wide, flat against the wall, its inner side now facing the warden's eyes. And beyond the now open doorway lay the entire room he had glimpsed through the cracks of the closed door on the day before. There stood the table, all of it now, set with plates, a bottle of wine and a glassful of flowers. And there, in the blue-and-yellow blouse and bright skirt, was the woman he had seen, but now he saw her fully, and saw her face. She was crying, her face contorted in an agony of joy, and she was running toward the open doorway, her arms outflung, as though it had just opened, and someone she loved were stepping through it. Her forehead, the warden saw, was lined, and there were grooves in her cheeks, and her black hair was streaked with gray. But still, he did not have to turn to the photograph on the shelf behind him, and compare it with the older face in this painting, to know who this woman was.

"This is what I will see; very soon now," Perez said. "This is what waited on the other side of the door you allowed me to finish."

Standing in Perez's cell, still staring, the warden knew it was impossible, no matter how terribly intense the desire behind it, to paint a door on a wall so lovingly and realistically that it would open onto what lay waiting on the other side. He knew it was impossible for a man to escape Condemned Row through a door made of paint squeezed out of tubes. He knew all these things, but—a legend had begun—he knew also that neither he nor anyone else in this prison would ever believe them.

THE END

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Hearts Astray (Continued from Page 21)

a big bag and they all walked up Bleecker Street to the laundry and then went to Central Park for lunch, maybe, or took a ferry ride, or went to Inwood Hill Park or the Bronx Zoo.

But New York was all in the past, and two hundred miles away. They were in the country now. Logan's law practice was in the nearby town and they were, as Ellie kept saying, putting down roots. Putting them down, Logan sometimes thought, with a pile driver. He heard the children run into the house and he closed his eyes. It was Saturday, take-it-easy day, get-away-from-the-office day. His office, Logan thought, eating up just as much rent on Saturday as on any other day of the week.

A jeep came roaring up the hill and turned into his drive. Logan sat up as the jeep stopped in front of him with a spatter of gravel. A pair of stunning long legs appeared, followed by a cascade of petticoats and skirt. It was a sight that Logan Paige, the urban expatriate, considered with warmth, and some surprise. Amanda Hanney was not a girl to flaunt her charms, even though they were considerable. She was tall and dark-haired and quite beautiful; but if she flaunted anything at men it was her sarcastic tongue.

"Well, Paige, old boy," Amanda said. "Resting up after a rough week, what?" She liked to experiment with odd mannerisms of speech.

Logan stood up politely. "I was all set for a walk in the woods or a swim or something with the kids," he said, "but they're organized for the day."

"I'll bet they're organized for tomorrow too," Amanda said.

"Well, there's church school in the morning, of course. And the Eatons have invited all the kids for tomorrow afternoon, before they drain their swimming pool for the season." He wondered why he was explaining all this to her. Logan didn't like Amanda much.

"Our busy little community," Amanda said. "Let me tell you, old boy, you haven't seen anything yet. Wait until the women's activities get really under way. Fall has hardly begun, you know. Wait until the guilds get going, the literary clubs, adult education, little theater, friends of music. Just to mention a few."

"Yeah?" Logan said. "I guess maybe it's a good thing we don't live in town, then. It sounds like a pretty rugged schedule."

Amanda had a way of smiling with a kind of sudden brilliance, and it meant, Logan had found out, that Amanda thought you were being too dense for words. She now smiled in this way at Logan, and said: "Don't let me interrupt your undoubtedly well-earned rest any further, old boy. I really came up to see if I could borrow Ellie's buttonhole attachment."

Logan sat down and watched her walk toward the house. Then he lay back again. He started thinking about another *inter vivos* trust and about what a good-looking girl Amanda was. He supposed that was why her husband, Ed Hanney, was so jealous of her. Ed Hanney was a big man, heavily built. He liked to be the life of the party and he liked to drink too much, and at any party it was always Ed who told the first off-color story. But he never really took his eyes off Amanda.

The funny part of it was that Amanda was not a girl that the men made a fuss over. Her caustic tongue and her challenging manner took care of that.

The children came running out of the house, followed by Ellie and Amanda, chatting. Women, Logan had noticed, didn't sheer away from Amanda the way men did; but Logan Paige had never made the mistake of thinking he understood women. He stood up again.

Ellie went into the garage and backed out the station wagon. She kept looking at her watch and hurrying Bruce and Bessie into the car. "I don't know," she said to Logan, "but I think the kids and I had better have lunch in town. There're lots of leftovers and things in the refrigerator."

"Well," Logan said, "O.K."

"May Eaton is having cocktails and a buffet after the children's thing," Ellie said.

"Oh," Logan said. "I didn't know that."

"Darling," Ellie said. "I told you. I wish you'd listen to me." She kept racing the motor of the station wagon. "Be there about six," she said.

"O.K.," Logan said. "Have fun. Have fun, you kids."

He watched the station wagon going up the hill, until it disappeared. He felt curiously bereft.

"What ho for a walk in the woods with the offspring?" Amanda Hanney said. "What ho for the simple pleasures of life?"

"Yeah," Logan said. He wished Amanda would go away.

"What ho for cocktails at six," Amanda said, "and the good old mob? The same old mob." She sat down on the grass.

Logan glanced down at her. He had been thinking somewhat the same thing himself. "Why," he said, "they're not bad people at all, really."

"Who said they were?" Amanda said. "You're going to be at the Eatons' at six, aren't you?"

"Why," Logan said, "sure. Sure."

"Well, that's all I meant," Amanda said. "The organization's got you. It gets everybody, old boy. You're not in New York now, you know. You can't close your doors up here and let the rest of the world go by."

"Well," Logan said, "I suppose I should have realized that you were a New York girl."

"Oh my, yes," Amanda said. "Yes indeedy. A Seventh Avenue clotheshorse, that's what I was. But a good girl, and a proper one. And then my big man came along. My big construction man. And he took me away from it all."

This was beginning to sound uncomfortably like the kind of thing Logan had to listen to in his office.

"How was I to know," Amanda said, "that he was a seven-days-a-week man? A service-club man. A chamber-of-commerce man."

"Well," Logan said, "I suppose life in the country does seem dull to you."

Amanda smiled her sudden, brilliant smile. "I love life in the country," she said. "I love it, period, as we used to say." She was still smiling. "For instance," she said, "if you were ever to go for a walk in the woods with me, I could show you a fox den. I used to watch the little ones in the spring. I could show you where I used to find wild flowers, or where the deer bed down."

She was, of course, being transparently ironical, Logan thought, and he wished she'd stop circling around whatever was eating her. "It sounds fine," he said vaguely. "Just fine."

Amanda held out her hands. There was nothing for Logan to do but pull her to her feet.

"But not today?" Amanda said.

"Well," Logan said. "I've been thinking of all the work piled up in my office. Maybe I should be working today."

"Bully for you," Amanda said. "I can see that you'll go far up here, old boy. You're certainly not going to buck the organization, are you?"

In the following weeks Logan Paige did not think especially of this conversation with Amanda; but he did become increasingly aware of Ellie's involvement with activities in the town. It seemed to him that Ellie was always rushing off to some kind of meeting; and at night she was always tired. She was asleep before her honey-blond head hit the pillow.

"Listen," Logan said, "how's about a little home life, huh?"

"But, darling," Ellie said, "there's so much just crying to be done."

"Let it cry," Logan said.

"Do you think there shouldn't be a women's guild?" Ellie said. "Do you think there shouldn't be a hospital auxiliary? Are you against helping ——"

"No; gee, no." Logan flapped his hands helplessly. "It just seems to me that half the time I come home there's a baby sitter here. You even had Amanda Hanney up," he said, "when you were stuck for a sitter."

"Poor Amanda," Ellie said.

"George—he isn't ours!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What?" Logan said. "Why poor Amanda?"

"She just won't join in, that's her trouble," Ellie said. "And anyway," she said, "I didn't hear any complaints from you at the time. I had the distinct impression that you were very comfortable in Amanda's company that night."

The ball was in another court all of a sudden. Logan colored a little and decided to skip the whole argument. As a matter of fact, he had, to his great surprise, spent a most pleasant evening with Amanda. Even though it had ended on a rather bad note, it had been a pleasant evening.

It had started when Ellie telephoned him about five in the afternoon. "Darling," she said, and he could tell that she was excited, "big doings tonight. An election of officers. But I can't get the sitter."

"Golly," he said, "I'm tied up tight until eight, anyway." Logan was beginning to find extra work, by then. It was a kind of solution.

"That's all right," Ellie said. "I just wanted you to know I'd be out. Ed Hanney's away somewhere, so Amanda's going to sit. I'll fetch her if you'll take her home. She doesn't like the roads at night. Just be nice to her, darling. She's awfully funny about men."

This was no news to Logan, but he still didn't know how to go about being nice to Amanda. Amanda, it turned out, was not in her usual ironic mood. Logan was prepared to take her home as soon as he arrived, but Amanda had the children halfway to bed and afterward she insisted on serving him the dinner Ellie had left for him. It had seemed only natural, after that, to sit over a highball with Amanda, to chat with her about New York, to put on the Sibelius record she said she liked.

The bad part came when he took Amanda home. The Hanneys lived no more than half a mile away and the house came into sight as Logan drove over the crest of the hill. Amanda's hand closed tightly over his wrist. "The lights are on," she said. "I didn't leave any lights on."

"Burglars?" Logan said lightly.

"Ed's home!" Amanda said.

"Better than burglars," Logan said.

"Listen," Amanda said. "Say you just got home with Ellie, or just after her. Say anything, but don't let Ed know I spent the evening with you!"

"Hey," Logan said, "that's the kind of stuff you can really get tangled in."

"Don't let him know," Amanda said.

Ed Hanney came bounding down the walk as Logan stopped the car. "Well, well," he said. He put his face close to the open window, and he was grinning with a kind of jovial ferocity. "Where have you two been?" Ed Hanney said.

"Why, nowhere," Logan said mildly. "Amanda's been baby-sitting for us. We just got in, as a matter of fact."

"Nice of you to bring her home," Ed said. "Come on in and have a drink. I'm gonna have one. I just drove five hundred miles."

"Thanks, Ed," Logan said. "Let me take a rain check."

"Ah, come in," Ed said. "Let's hear all about your big night." He was still grinning. "Where'd you go?"

Amanda had climbed out and was standing behind Ed. Her face, in the light thrown down by twin post lanterns, was stricken. Logan, having told his lie, was beginning to feel the liar's anger at having to reinforce it. "Not a big night at all, Ed," he said, still mildly. "We just went to that French place, you know? I've got to beat it," Logan said. "Ellie's waiting for me. Good night, Ed. And many thanks, Amanda."

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Logan drove fairly fast until he was out of sight of the Hanneys' house. Then he floored the accelerator. He braked the car at his doorway and ran into the house.

The telephone was ringing, and Ellie was flying down the stairs. "Who can it be at this time of night?" she was saying.

"It's probably Ed Hanney," Logan said. "Wait, don't answer yet. Ed's in one of his jealous fits. I told him you and I were out together. At that French restaurant."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Ellie said. She picked up the telephone. "Hello?" she said. "Why, Ed Hanney. Logan? Not yet. I think he's just driven in. Yes, I can see him putting the car away. What?" she said. "Why, with my husband. I took a night off from the community thing and we went to that French place, you know, Bonnet's. There's just nothing like French cooking; I love it." Ellie rolled her eyes. "No, he's still out there. I see. All right, I'll tell him."

"Very neat," Logan said. "What was his excuse for calling?"

"He said he'd forgotten to ask you about a contract, but it can wait for a few days. Oh, that uncivilized oaf!"

"I feel kind of sorry for him," Logan said.

"Men always stick together," Ellie said.

"You know," Logan said, "six months ago such a thought would never have crossed your mind." He bent down and kissed the back of Ellie's neck, nuzzling aside the little tendrils of hair.

"I'm terribly tired, Logan," Ellie said. "I'm beat, really."

"All right," Logan said, "all right. Look," he said, "what are you knocking yourself out for with all this stuff, anyway?"

"There's such a thing as community service, darling," Ellie said. "This isn't New York, you know."

"You're darn right it isn't New York."

"Don't you like it up here?" Ellie said. She turned toward him, and Logan saw that her lips were trembling. "None of it's any good if you don't like it."

Logan didn't want to push her. "Of course I like it," he said.

"Darling," Ellie said, "I want us to belong. Don't you see?"

"Yes," Logan said. "I see." He could also see that this was no time to argue with Ellie, because Ellie was tired. Probably there was no time at all that would be the right time, because Ellie was convinced that she was doing the right thing. And maybe she was doing the right thing, after all, Logan thought, because this certainly wasn't New York.

It certainly wasn't New York, and it certainly was getting less and less like Logan's idea of life in the country. He was by no means pretentiously a family man, but in New York he had always thought that country life would bring them all closer together. Logan had thought and even dreamed of long evenings before a comfortable fire, of walks in the woods, of burning leaves in the fall. None of it had happened that way, and now the leaves were all down. The lawn and the driveway were covered with them. Somewhat childishly, Logan decided that at least he would have a bonfire of leaves.

He did it on a bleak Saturday morning. It was the first Saturday in many weeks that he had not spent in his office. "I didn't know you were going to stay home," Ellie said.

"You don't mind, I hope?" Logan said. He was beginning to feel a little edgy about things.

"Mind?" Ellie said vaguely. "Why should I mind? Anyway, I won't be here. I promised the hospital an afternoon."

"What about the kids?" Logan said.

"Well, dancing class this morning, of course. And we've pooled them for the afternoon. One of the mothers takes care of them while the rest of us do our chores."

"It sounds like the way they do it in Russia," Logan said.

"But the children look forward to it. They have their own little program, and projects for each age group."

"That's what I mean," Logan said.

So he was alone. He piled leaves a careful distance from the house and took a morose pleasure in watching the flames and the high column of smoke that went up into the still, cool air. And when he heard Amanda Hanney's jeep on the hill and saw it turning into his driveway he was not nearly as irritated as he might have been a few weeks earlier. In fact, he was not irritated at all.

"Sending out a smoke signal, old boy?" Amanda called as she climbed out of her jeep.

"Not exactly," Logan said.

"Very naughty of you," Amanda said. "Don't you know that you'll have the fire department after you if that smoke is seen?"

"Oh, no!" Logan said.

"Oh, yes. I thought a neighborly warning was in order. You'd better put a hose on that, old chap."

"What do you do with leaves, in the country?" Logan said, when he was spraying his fire.

"You make a compost heap. Make a pile of leaves, wet them, put on a layer of earth. Then another pile of leaves, and

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2-SPEED AXLES
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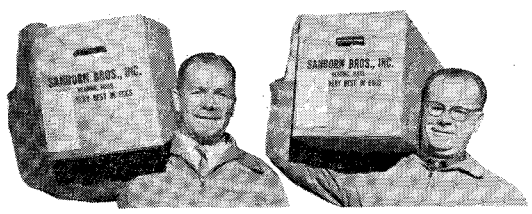

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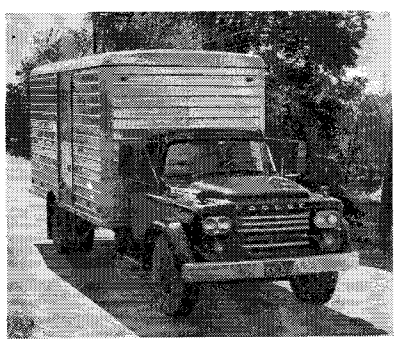
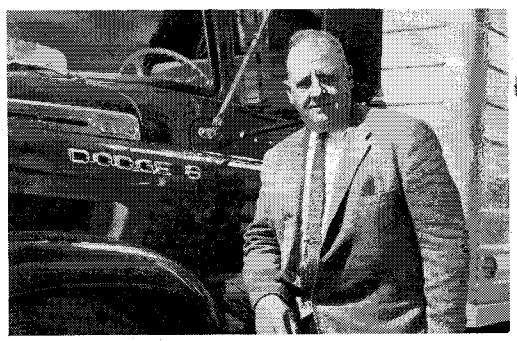
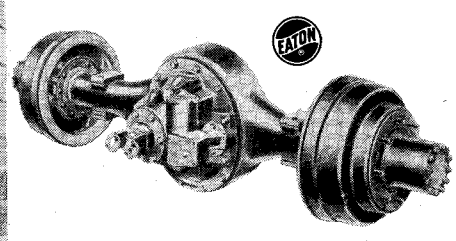


"Each of our trucks is designed to hold 306 cases—that's 9180 dozen eggs—and we usually load to capacity," adds Edwin Sanborn. "Without Eaton 2-Speed Axles, we'd scramble a lot of eggs on rough country roads and hills, and we'd need more time for deliveries, too."



"I've sold about 130 Eaton-equipped trucks in the past five years," says Dodge Truck Dealer John E. Classen, head of Classen Bros., Wakefield, Mass. "Eaton 2-Speed Axle customers are satisfied customers. They report important operating and maintenance savings—and Eaton Axle trucks are worth more at trade-in time."



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so on. And in the spring you have a nice pile of loam."

"Is that so?" Logan said admiringly.

"Well, more or less," Amanda said. "Want to try it? I'll rake if you'll shovel the dirt."

"Why," Logan said, "I think that's a wonderful idea."

At eleven-thirty, Amanda said: "Look at that pile. We should be proud of ourselves, don't you think?"

"I guess so," Logan said. "I liked doing it, anyway."

"I'm hungry," Amanda said.

"There'll be something for me in the refrigerator," Logan said. "We can make out."

"I've got a better idea," Amanda said. "Come down to my house. Let me cook you your lunch."

Logan thought about Ed Hanney. "What about Ed?" he said.

Amanda said, "He'll be back tonight, I suppose. He never comes home in the daytime."

The happy look about Amanda's face seemed to withdraw, and Logan wished he hadn't mentioned Ed Hanney. "Why, I think lunch at your place is a fine idea," he said. "You're just full of fine ideas today, aren't you?"

"Yes," Amanda said. "Just one idea after another. That's the way I am."

She began to look happy again at lunchtime and Logan ate with appetite and the appreciativeness of a man being served by a comely woman. Over coffee, Amanda said, "Do you remember that Saturday when you were all ready for a walk in the woods? And then you went to your office?"

"And I've been to the office every Saturday since," Logan said. He laughed. "Is this another of your fine ideas?"

"Yes," she said. "One more in a long line of fine ideas."

They walked uphill through the stubbly meadows and along an old wagon trail into the woods. Amanda looked up into the sky. "Too bad we can't have some of that marvelous October weather," she said. "It's a dull day, today."

"Is it?" Logan said. "I don't know why, but I keep feeling that the sun is shining."

"So it is," Amanda said. She had dropped her brittle mannerisms of speech, and she had stopped calling him old boy and old chap; and the revealed Amanda was a soft and fluid woman, walking with great grace by his side.

"This wall is tricky," Amanda said. "But we have to go over it if you want to see my fox lookout."

Logan scrambled over the crumbling stones and then held out his hands to help Amanda. After that it seemed quite natural to hold one of Amanda's hands as they walked on.

They came to a clearing studded with juniper, and Amanda said, "Right here. This is where I used to watch them from. The den was under that rock, and the little ones used to play in the sun."

She sat down, and Logan sat beside her. He lit two cigarettes and gave her one, and they smoked quietly for a while. Then Amanda said: "I wonder where they are now."

"What?" Logan said. "Oh, the little foxes."

"Shot, probably," Amanda said. "Or trapped. Or mauled by some other animal. Or maybe just lost." She was turned a little way away from him, crushing out her cigarette against a stone. For some reason Logan put out his own cigarette.

When Amanda turned back to him they went directly into each other's arms. Out of loneliness and out of hunger they clung to each other, kissing and murmuring and marveling.

Presently, Amanda drew away a little. Her eyes were closed, and she was breathing heavily through her mouth. "Logan!" she said. "What are we doing?"

"I don't know," he said. "Stealing a little happiness, I suppose. That's what I've heard it called."

"Stealing," she said. "Who are we stealing it from?"

"Don't get logical," he said. "It won't work."

"No," she said, "I suppose not. I know it won't, in fact. But all the same, I'd like to rob the bank, Logan. Dear Logan. That's what I'd like to do. You'd better give me a cigarette," she said. "And you'd better not touch me or even look at me for a few minutes."

"Get up," Logan said. "The ground's cold."

Amanda stood up. Logan didn't help her. "Everything's cold," Amanda said. "The whole world is cold. The sun didn't shine as long for us as it did even for the little foxes, darling."

Logan didn't know what to say. He felt an immense sadness, and an immense relief. They could fall in love very easily, he knew; and it would solve nothing. "We'd better go," he said. "I'll take you home."

"Anyway, stealing wasn't the right word," Amanda said. "I think treason is better."

"Don't start jumping up and down on it," Logan said.

"I'm not, really," she said. "I think you fall out of love the way you fall into it—you can do something about it up to a certain point, but after that there's no way of controlling it. And I haven't fallen out of love with my husband. Not irrevocably, anyway." She took his hand. "I'm talking it all to death," she said, "and I don't mean to. I'm trying to tell you that I can't fall in love with you, but I love you anyway; and I wish I could make sense about it, darling."

"It's all right," Logan said. "I've broken a couple of moorings myself."

It was beginning to get dark when they came in sight of Amanda's house. She stopped by a clump of trees on the hill overlooking it. "Let me go down alone," she said. She turned up her face. "Good-by, darling." She began to cry.

Logan kissed her with the utmost gentleness. "Are you going to be all right?" he said.

"Just say good-by to me," she said. "I want to hear you say it."

"Good-by," Logan said. "Good-by, Amanda."

He walked home not feeling much of anything, or perhaps incapable of feeling anything. He rubbed at his mouth with a tissue that he found in his pocket, but it was too dark to tell if anything came off. When he went into the house the children were upstairs with the television and Ellie was busy in the kitchen.

"Hi," she called. "Where've you been?"

"Out for a walk." He went into the bathroom and looked at his mouth. It was O.K. He went into the kitchen. "Let's have a drink," he said.

"You go ahead. I'll be with you as soon as I get everything on."

Logan wished she'd ask him about his walk, or even look at him. But she didn't, and he wandered into the front room, drinking from a stiff highball, and tossed some paper and kindling into the fireplace. When he had the fire going he sat in a big leather chair and stared at the flames.

After a while Ellie came in. "I'm ready for a drink now," she said.

Logan went into the kitchen and made her a dry Manhattan. He made it with extra care and carried it in to her. "Thanks," Ellie said. "I need it. What a day this has been!"

Logan sat in his leather chair and listened to Ellie. Presently she said, "I hear a car in the driveway. I wonder who it can be."

She got up, but she was barely across the room when the door opened and Ed Hanney came in. His face was pale, and he moved in a tense, dangerous way. He brushed past Ellie. "Well, for heaven's sake," Ellie said.

"Evening, Ed," Logan said. "Have a drink?" He stood up.

"I don't want a drink," Ed Hanney said. "I want some answers."

"Such as?" Logan said.

"Such as where you were today, and who you were with?" Ed stood in the middle of the room, radiating anger.

"Maybe you'd better fill me in, Ed," Logan said.

"As if you needed to be filled in," Ed said. "All right," he said, including Ellie with a jerk of his head, "I come home and my wife takes one look at me and then starts having hysterics. So I ask her what's

... ...

Mexican Holiday

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Xochimilco flower float,
Popocatepetl,
Parrot plume and cactus bloom,
Buzzard soar and settle.
Narrow street and cobblestone,
Lizard on a railing,
Twilight blue, and purple hue
Bougainvillaea veiling.
Tone of bell and pigeon talk,
Star above the rafter,
Burro bray to end the day
On a note of laughter.

... ...

wrong and she says nothing's wrong. Nothing's wrong!" Ed repeated. "So I ask her what's happened, and she says nothing. So I ask her what's she been doing, anyway, and she says nothing. Finally," Ed said, "I get it out of her that she's been wandering around the countryside with Mr. Logan Paige!"

Ellie darted a look at Logan. Then she said to Ed, "How did you get it out of her? Did you beat her?"

Ed ignored her. "What happened?" he said to Logan. "That's what I want to know. What happened?"

"We had a very nice walk," Logan said. "That's what happened."

"Don't smart-talk me," Ed said. "I want the facts. I want the truth."

The facts, Logan thought; *the truth*. But the facts would convey no truth to Ed Hanney while he was in this state. Very carefully, Logan said, "I just can't confirm your expectations of Amanda, Ed. There's your truth."

Ed Hanney's head seemed to sink between his shoulders. "What do you mean, my expectations!" he shouted.

"Stop that yelling," Ellie said. "My children are upstairs."

Logan said, "I mean the jealousy routine at parties. I mean leaving her alone too much. I mean rushing home without letting her know. You were setting her up for unfaithfulness, Ed. You were asking for it. You still are. But you haven't got it, yet."

Ed's eyes shifted, but not much. "You know a lot, don't you?" he said.

"Everybody knows it," Ellie said. "Why do you think she was so witchy with men at parties? Just so that you'd have nothing to complain about, that's why."

"It looks to me as though you two are in cahoots," Ed said. "I think I'm getting a snow job instead of the facts."

Logan was beginning to get angry. Partly he was angry with Ed, in a reflex way; but mostly he was angry with the whole wasteful situation. Forcing himself to coldness, he said, "I've already given you the truth, but you don't seem to want it. You want facts. O.K., here are the facts. Amanda and I exchanged some pretty forceful kisses this afternoon. We did it partly because we like each other, and partly because we were both lonesome and fed up. We didn't do anything else," Logan said. "That was as far as it went, because in spite of all your help your wife refuses to betray you."

It was entirely possible, Logan thought, that Ed Hanney would go so far as to attack him. But Ed, standing in the middle of the room, reeled as though he himself had been struck.

"You'd better sit down," Ellie said.

"No, I'm all right," Ed said.

"Well, I'd better, anyway," Ellie said.

Ed looked at Logan. "Say," he said, "I don't suppose I could have that drink you offered me?"

"Sure," Logan said. "I'll fetch it."

Ed Hanney drank a straight shot and held out his glass for more. He kept on standing in the middle of the room with his feet wide apart, and he kept staring at his glass and shaking his head.

"I guess it cost you something to tell me that, huh?" he said finally.

"I don't know," Logan said. "I don't know what it's going to cost me, yet."

Ed Hanney's shoulders lifted, and fell. "I guess I never could believe that a girl like Amanda could love a guy like me," he said. "I always figured the first guy she met that she could really go for, that'd be it as far as I was concerned."

"Well, now you know," Ellie said.

"Yeah," Ed said. He drained his glass and put it down. "I better get back to Amanda," he said. He walked to the door, and Logan moved to the door himself. Ed grinned weakly. "I should punch you in the nose," he said. "That's what I was gonna do, you know."

"Don't get sentimental," Logan said. "We'll all look back on this and laugh someday—maybe."

When he closed the door on Ed and turned back into the room, Ellie was standing by her chair. It seemed to Logan that there was a tremendous distance between them, and he had no idea of how to cross it.

Ellie opened her mouth, and Logan said, "Just don't start anything yet. That guy scared the hell out of me."

"I think you were brave," Ellie said.

"I can take it without sarcasm," Logan said. He sat down.

Ellie sat on the arm of his chair. "What was it like, kissing Amanda?" she said.

"What?" Logan said. "What kind of a way is this to start a fight?"

Ellie was smiling down at him. It was the kind of smile that Logan had not seen on Ellie's lips for a long, long time. "I'm not starting a fight, darling," she said. "I'm just asking you a question."

Logan Paige had never made the mistake of thinking he understood women. But he knew that Ellie, in her own way, was trying to cross her part of the distance they had put between them. He also knew that Ellie wouldn't believe him.

"Well," he said, "she wasn't much, really."

THE END

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The Earth's Shifting Crust

(Continued from Page 22)

thrust in one direction. But a satisfactory explanation of such pressures has never been found.

Volcanoes are phenomena often associated with mountains. Many mountains, and even whole island systems, have been built up by volcanic action. But to this day there is no generally accepted theory of volcanism. There is no agreement as to the source of the magma—the molten rock—that fills thousands of cracks and fissures in the earth's crust, and occasionally erupts at the surface.

Another open question about the earth's crust is whether the present continents and ocean basins have been permanent features of the earth's surface. There is a vast amount of geological and biological evidence for former land connections between the continents, for "land bridges," but there has been no way of explaining their appearance and disappearance.

If we turn to the history of climate, we find other unsolved problems. More than 100 years ago geologists made the discovery, which at first appeared unbelievable, that floods of ice had in the past swept down over great areas of North America and Europe, invading the temperate zone. Since that time at least fifty theories have been produced to explain these ice ages, but none of them has been satisfactory.

One of the special mysteries connected with ice ages is the location of former icecaps on the earth's surface. Theoretically, one would expect a great ice sheet to spread out in all directions from a center at or near one of the poles. But it appears that the last North American icecap had its center two thousand miles south of the North Pole, and spread northward as well as southward and westward. Long ages ago another great ice sheet had its center in the African Congo, on the equator. Still another formed in Southern India, and may have spread southward to the equator on land now under the Indian Ocean. These facts have defied explanation.

The reverse climatic situations are equally inexplicable. There have been many cases of warm, temperate climates prevailing near the present poles. Luxuriant forests have existed in areas now terribly cold—in Spitsbergen and on Bear Island in the Arctic Ocean, and on the lofty sides of Mount Weaver, within two hundred miles of the South Pole.

These climatic puzzles are connected with unsolved problems in the theory of evolution. It is still widely supposed that the principle of natural selection explains the origin of new forms of life. The truth is, on the contrary, that the impossibility of explaining evolution through natural selection, without the assistance of some other factor, became obvious to geneticists about the year 1900. Statistical studies by J. B. S. Haldane and others showed that the amount of time that would be required for new traits to become established in a species by natural selection alone was so immense that even whole geological periods would not suffice to produce new species. As a way out of the difficulty it was suggested that mutations might account for more rapid changes in life forms. It soon became evident, however, that the very great majority of all mutations, since they are random, must be harmful and will be eliminated, in due course, by the process of natural selection itself. The net result of mutations, therefore, must be to slow down, rather than to accelerate, the process of evolution.

The time element is by no means the only problem left unsolved by evolutionary theory. Another is the frequent recurrence through the earth's history of simultaneous extinctions of many forms of life, with whole groups of species succumbing together. In many cases paleontological evidence shows that these species did not succumb to the competition of superior forms, but left their life zones empty—or were succeeded by inferior species.

One of these periods of wholesale destruction of life occurred at the end of the last ice age. At that time the mastodon and the mammoth, the giant beaver, the giant sloth, the saber-toothed tiger, and many other species, were destroyed, while others (like the horse in North America) were displaced from their original habitats and driven to the ends of the earth. It was a natural disaster which, according to one writer, destroyed some 40,000,000 animals in North America alone. And this occurred when the climate was improving—at the end rather than at the beginning of the ice age. In a few thousand years life on earth assumed a radically new aspect. There has been no acceptable explanation of this.

One of the most astonishing facts of this mass destruction of animals is the complete preservation of the remains of many of them in the frozen ground of northern Siberia and Alaska. For many centuries mammoth tusks in huge numbers have provided a supply for the ivory trade in China. Bodies of mammoths have been found so completely preserved that their meat has been edible. Summer flowers and grasses have been found, almost perfectly preserved, in their mouths and stomachs.

It is apparent that millions of animals once flourished in areas now bitterly cold. Furthermore, there is plentiful evidence that the bodies of hundreds of thousands of animals of all kinds were entrapped in the great ice sheet that covered so much of North America in the last ice age. There was thus tremendous mortality at the beginning of the ice age as well as at the end. How did animals of a temperate climate become entrapped in the mile-thick ice sheet in North America? What sequence of events preserved the Siberian and Alaskan animal remains at a later period—for it is known that ivory, as well as meat, changes its structure rapidly if exposed to the air at normal temperatures?

These circumstances require an agency that can change climate rapidly, and not merely over extended periods of time. A shift of the crust of the earth can provide both gradual and abrupt climatic changes, for the reason that it must inevitably set up intense strains and stresses in the crust. These strains can be expected to increase the rate of volcanic eruptions, in which vast quantities of volcanic dust will suddenly cloud the earth's atmosphere. The meteorologist, Humphreys, showed years ago that one great eruption (that of Mount Katmai in Alaska in 1912) temporarily cut off 20 per cent of the sun's radiant heat from the earth's entire surface.

We can thus hazard that the mammoths were killed by deep snowfalls and buried in freezing mud following a sudden and catastrophic weather change caused by some distant volcanic holocaust and its proliferating dust. We may further suppose that many of the animals were preserved for thousands of years because the area in which they lived was then being shifted poleward by the moving crust.

With regard to the last ice age, we have recently come into possession of new information that deepens its mystery. Since World War II new methods of dating geological events have been made available through nuclear physics. One of these uses a radioactive isotope of carbon (Carbon 14) and is able to date geological events of the last 30,000 years with considerable accuracy. Another, using three radioactive elements found in sea water, gives dates for the last million years. By use of the first method, scientists revised the date of the end of the last ice age, making it only 10,000 years ago, instead of 30,000 years. A still more startling discovery was that the first known phase of this ice age (called the "Farmdale Advance") occurred only about 25,000 years ago, instead of more than 100,000 years before the present.

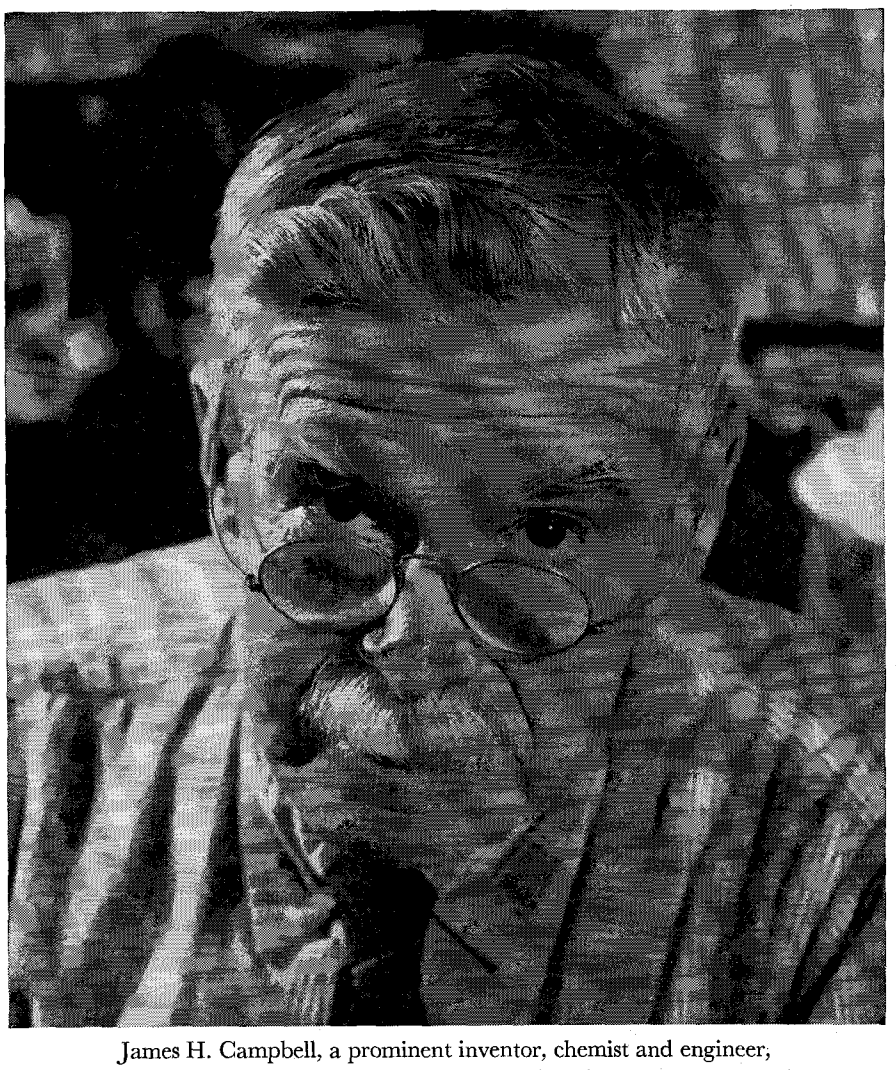
This discovery challenged the fundamental principle of the system established by the nineteenth-century geologist, Charles Lyell. He supposed that geological processes in the past always proceeded at their present rates: processes such as rainfall, snowfall, erosion and the deposition of sediment. However, in 1955, geologist Leland Horberg showed that, unless the radiocarbon method was entirely fallacious, there was a very marked acceleration of the rate of these geological processes during the last part of the ice age. Some factor must, therefore, have been operating that is not operating now. It is clear that volcanic dust, by producing sudden falls in temperature and, at the same time, providing nuclei around which moisture could condense, could increase the rate of rainfall. Therefore, we are sure that a movement of the earth's crust would accelerate all these processes.

The other new method of dating, which we call the ionium method, has also produced a major upset. Applied to date the sediments obtained in cores from the bottom of the Ross Sea in Antarctica, it has revealed that during the last million years Antarctica has several times been nonglacial. When these cores were dated it was found that the most recent "ice age" in the Ross Sea began only 6000 years ago! It appears from this that the growth of the ice in Antarctica actually occurred simultaneously with the melting of the North American icecap. I had the opportunity to discuss this matter with Einstein, and he expressed his opinion that only a shift of the earth's crust, simultaneously moving North America away from the North Pole and Antarctica toward the South Pole could explain these facts.

The importance of all these problems compels us to admit that we do not now have an integrated, effective theory of the earth we live on. If we are going to look for a better understanding of it, we must turn to one of the basic principles that underlie the sciences and that have enabled people to surmount crises of science in the past. This is the principle of simplicity. In the history of science we see how, again and again, a new basic solution has taken the form of some simple idea, an idea that made it possible to relate many different problems and explain them simply.

To accomplish this we looked for a common factor linking the different, apparently separate, problems. The key to the theory was the discovery of this common denominator. In our examination of geological literature we found that there was one conjecture that kept cropping up in controversies about earth problems. Sooner or later, it was always suggested that the problem under discussion might be solved if we assumed shifts of the earth's poles. These suggestions were always dismissed, however, because no one could explain how the poles could be shifted.

My collaborator and I have now produced a new theory of polar shift. We have taken the old idea that the earth's crust can be shifted, thus changing the



James H. Campbell, a prominent inventor, chemist and engineer, helped formulate Hapgood's new theory of earth-crust movement.

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geographical locations of the poles, and we have added to this an idea we borrowed from the noted engineer, Hugh Auchincloss Brown, to provide a force for moving the crust. In two ways this theory is in accord with the principles I have mentioned: It is based on a few simple assumptions, and it appears able to explain and integrate many questions.

Let me define our assumptions. The earth is thought to be composed of an inner liquid core, made up of either iron or of rock materials under great compression, with a radius of about 2000 miles. Around this core are three layers. The lowest and thickest of these is called the mesosphere, meaning "middle sphere." This is a solid shell, several hundred miles thick, kept solid by the pressure at that depth. The shell about this is called the asthenosphere, from the Greek word for weakness. This, supposedly, is a viscous and plastic layer with little or no strength. Its thickness is uncertain. It is overlain by the earth's crust, from twenty to forty miles thick. Our first assumption is that the crust can be displaced over this weak layer. The deeper shells of the earth are not involved.

This assumption is supported by a mass of geophysical evidence. The late Prof. Reginald A. Daly pointed out that the temperature of rocks observed in mine shafts and oil wells increases with depth, and that this leads to the conclusion that at some point between twenty and forty miles below the surface the rocks must reach their boiling points. This would mean that their crystalline structure would be destroyed, and we know that the strength of rocks depends upon their structure of interlocking crystals. The asthenosphere, in Daly's estimation, must then yield easily to any pressure exerted over a prolonged period of time. Daly maintained that only a weak layer below the crust could explain volcanic action or make possible the folding of mountains. He pointed out that in mountain building the crust folds to its full depth, and that this must require considerable horizontal shearing movement of the crust over the asthenosphere, a movement that would be impossible if the sublayer had any strength.

Perhaps the most important argument advanced by Daly for a weak asthenosphere was that this alone would make possible the observed degree of gravitational balance of the crust. Geologists use the term isostasy to refer to this principle of balance. According to this principle, if a sector of the crust becomes overloaded with sediment (or ice) it sinks until it reaches gravitational balance. It is like an iceberg sinking into water to reach equilibrium. The sectors of the earth's crust are in this sort of hydrostatic equilibrium, more or less, but the erosion, deposition of sediment, accumulation of icecaps, volcanic action, and other factors, force constant readjustment. This readjustment requires that plastic rock under the crust must flow from the overloaded regions to the unloaded regions. This flow would obviously be impossible if the rock had much strength. Thus, the whole theory of isostasy depends upon a weak asthenosphere. There is, therefore, good reason to take our first assumption seriously.

The problem of a force to move the crust was solved through the suggestion made by Brown. He pointed out that in engineering it is highly important to center a rotating flywheel accurately, because if it is off-center there will be a disruptive centrifugal effect—a sidewise heave so powerful that it may shatter the flywheel. Now, said Brown, if we look at the earth, we find that an off-center weight has accumulated at one point on it: namely, at one of the poles, where we find the Antarctic icecap. This icecap, he pointed out, covers about 6,000,000 square miles and is thought to average a mile in thickness. This makes for a very formidable weight indeed, twenty-five quadrillion (25,000,000,000,000,000) tons! Our measurements indicate that the center of this enormous mass is about three hundred miles from the pole, so that it is not centered at the axis of rotation, and a centrifugal effect must result.

When I consulted Professor Daly, and the physicist, Prof. Percy W. Bridgman, at Harvard, about this idea of Brown's, they agreed it was a good one. Professor Daly, however, said that it was an idea that had never been investigated by

Einstein on Hapgood's Theory

● During an early period of his work on the shifting-crust theory Professor Hapgood outlined his findings to Albert Einstein. Excerpts from Professor Einstein's answering letter follow:

"I find your arguments very impressive and have the impression that your hypothesis is correct. One can hardly doubt that significant shifts of the crust of the earth have taken place repeatedly and within a short time. The empirical material you have compiled would hardly permit another interpretation.

"It is certainly true, too, that ice is continually deposited in the polar regions. These deposits must lead to instability of the crust when it is sufficiently strong not to constantly keep in balance by the adjustment of the polar regions.

"The thickness of the icecap at the polar regions must, if this is the case, constantly increase, at least where a foundation of rock is present. One should be able to estimate empirically the annual increase of the polar icecaps. If there exists at least in one part of the polar regions a rock foundation for the icecap, one should be able to calculate how much time was needed to deposit the whole of the icecap. The amount of the ice that flowed off should be negligible in this ealculation. In this way one could almost prove your hypothesis.

"Another striking circumstance appears in connection with the ellipticity of the meridians. If, according to your hypothesis, an approximate folding of the meridional volume takes place . . . this event will have to be accompanied by a fracture of the hard crust of the earth. This also fits in very well with the existing phenomena of the volcanic coastal regions with their mainly north-south extension and the narrowness in the east-west direction. Without your hypothesis one could hardly find a halfway reasonable explanation for these weak spots of the present-day crust of the earth. . . ."

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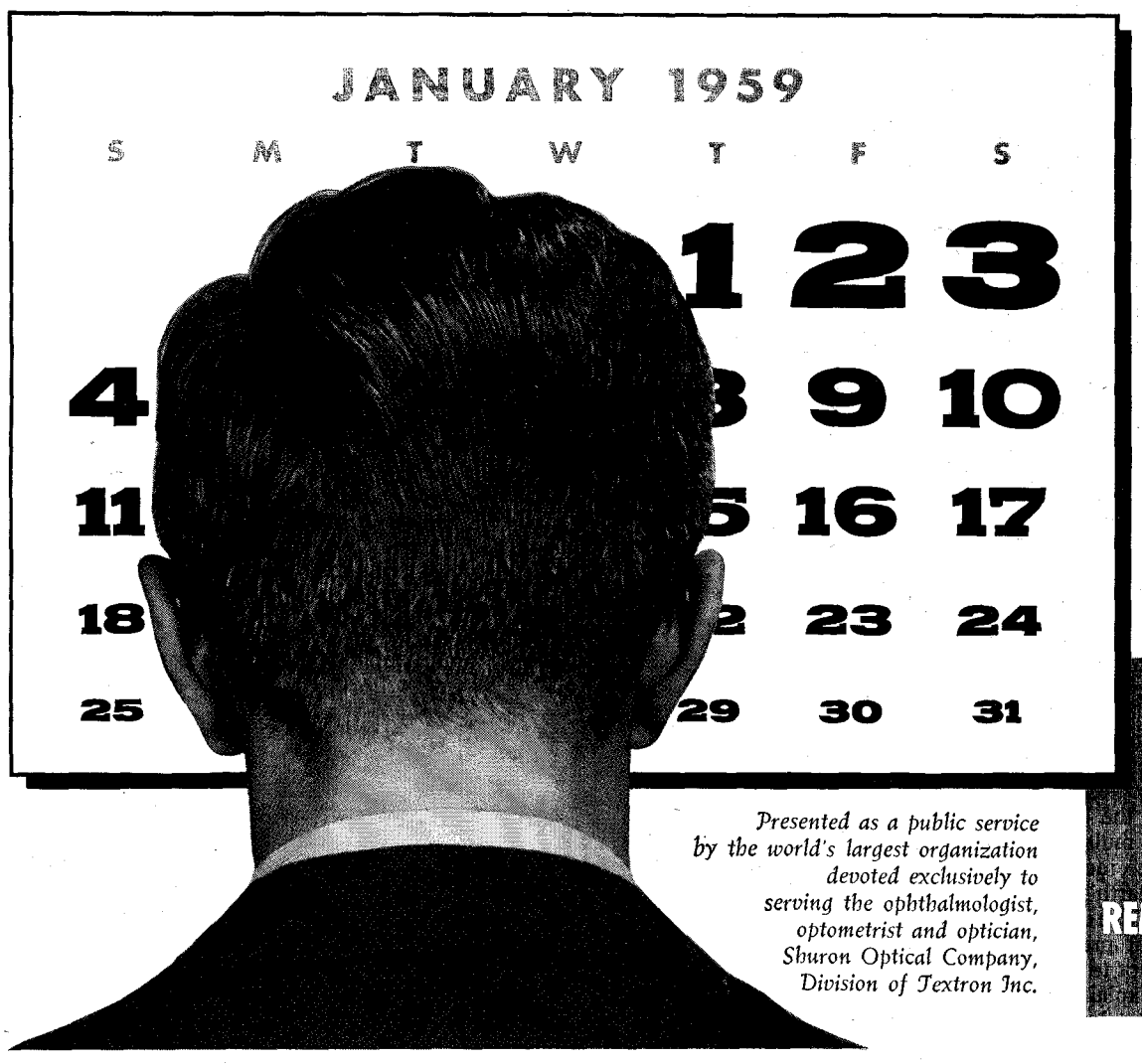

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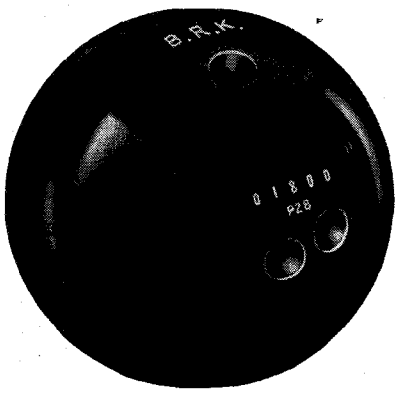

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science, and his statement was later supported by Harvard's great historian of science, the late Dr. George Sarton.

In order to apply this principle of centrifugal effect to the icecap we had to make our second assumption. For our theory to be valid, it was necessary that the icecap should have accumulated faster than the crust could sink under it. The reason for this is that if the crust should sink as fast as the snow accumulates on an icecap, then no surplus weight will be created on the crust to exert a centrifugal effect. Fortunately, geologists agree that icecaps have accumulated faster than the crust of the earth can give way. A lag results, partly from the resistance of the crust, which has some strength, and partly from the stiffness of the viscous rock under the crust, which takes time to flow out from under the area where the icecap is accumulating. Our second assumption, therefore, appears to be strongly based.

Let us now test our theory by what it is able to explain.

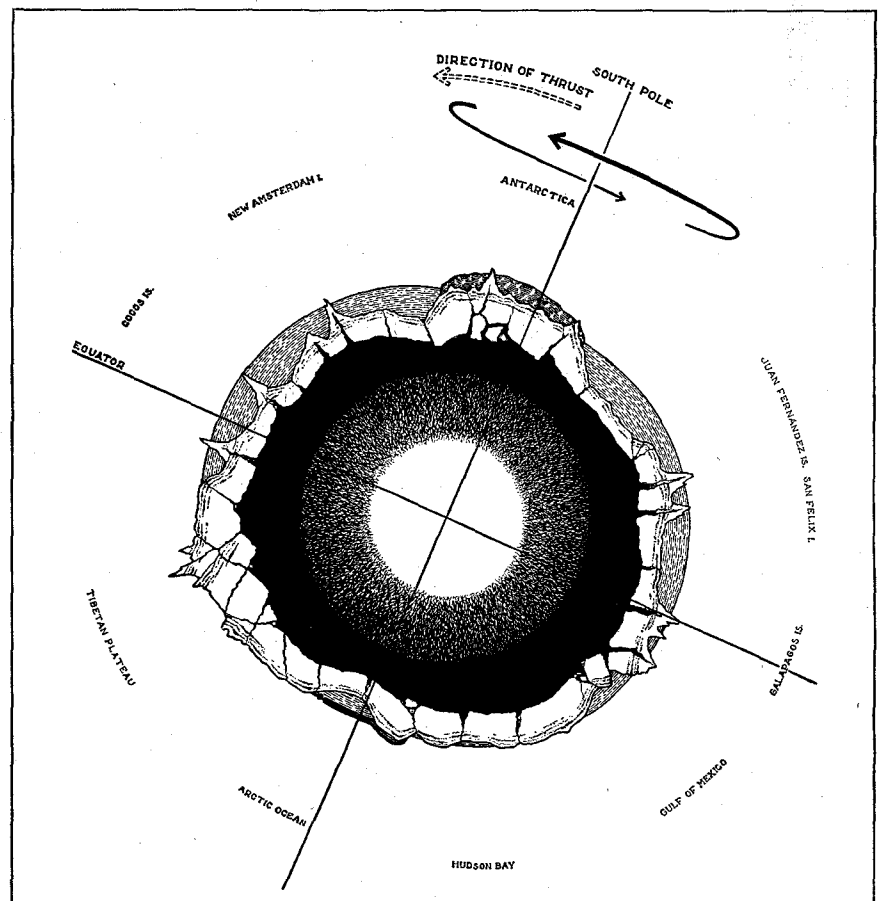
First, the theory provides us with a reasonable explanation of the folding of the mountains and for volcanic zones. The earth is oblate—or flattened at the poles—so that the difference between its diameter through the poles and through the equator is about twenty-six miles. This means that if a section of the crust is moved poleward it will be slightly compressed and must fold, while one moved equatorward will be stretched and must crack. Volcanoes will tend to form along such cracks, which in some cases may become volcanic zones. Mr. Campbell has shown that in areas of compression the patterns of folding to be expected from a crust displacement agree closely with those of existing mountain ranges.

The theory that accounts for mountain building also, of course, accounts for land bridges between continents, for a mountain range formed on the bottom of a shallow sea might well create a land bridge between two land masses. A subsequent movement of the crust might later destroy the land bridge, by moving the sector equatorward. In this case there would be subsidence of the land relative to sea level.

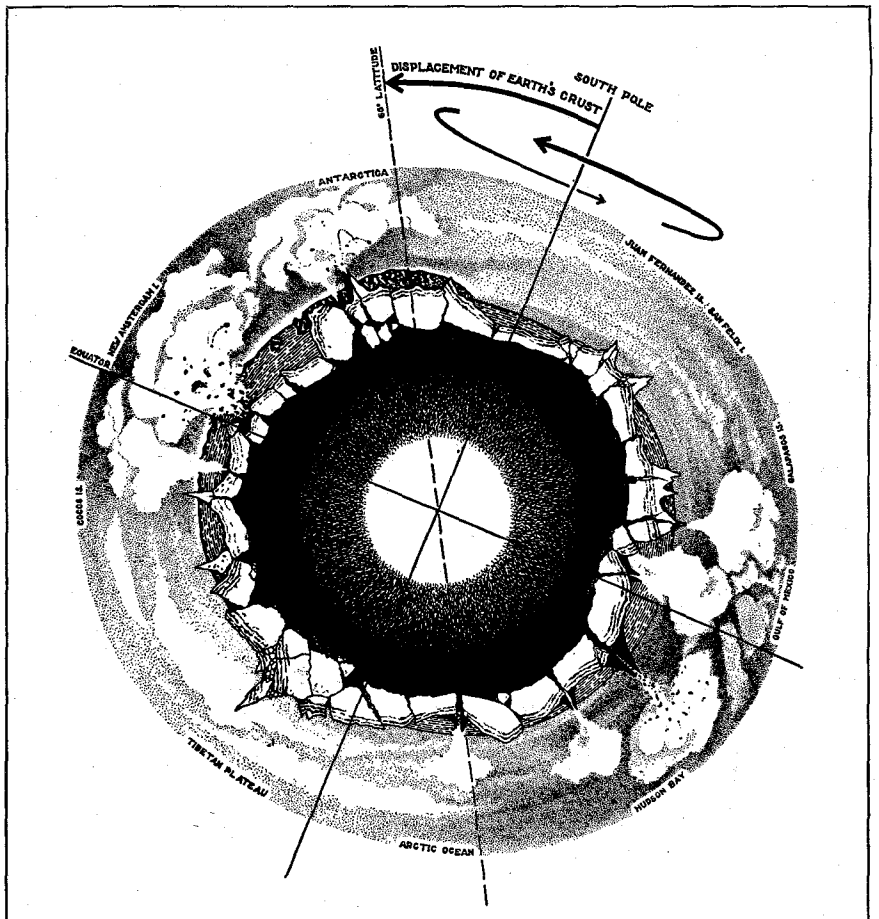
When it comes to ice ages, the assumption of crust displacements makes it easy to explain the wrong location of past icecaps, including those that once existed in the tropics. The theory explains them by assuming that these areas were formerly located near one of the poles, and that later movements of the crust shifted them away. The same assumption also explains former warm climates at the poles. Furthermore—and this is most important—the theory explains the acceleration of the rates of geological processes at the end of the last ice age, on the assumption that a crust in movement will produce turbulent conditions on the earth's surface.

With regard to evolution, the theory supplies the missing factor, a factor to accelerate the process. Biologists have always recognized that the most powerful evolutionary force must be climatic change. The trouble, hitherto, has been that climatic change has supposedly occurred too slowly to account for the quantity of evolutionary change. Now, if our theory is correct, the rate of climatic change is suddenly multiplied five or ten times. Our evidence indicates three displacements of the earth's crust in the last 150,000 years. If we are correct, this must have involved great pressure on plants and animals to adapt to changing conditions. It can also explain the extinctions of species unable to adapt or to migrate.

Oddly enough, our theory even seems to throw some light on the affairs of our sister planet, Mars. Dr. Harold Urey, in his book, The Planets: Their Origin and Development, notes that Mars has no mountains on its surface. Likewise, it has no icecaps, except for thin layers of hoarfrost around the poles in winter. Otherwise, the composition of Mars closely resembles that of the earth. The absence of great icecaps, of course, is due to the lack of water, but could there not be a relationship of cause and effect here; no great icecaps, therefore no crust displacements, therefore no folded mountains?



Cross section of the earth. The mound at top is the Antarctic icecap, a tremendous weight which (1) creates a centrifugal force that unbalances earth rotation and (2) exerts pressure on the earth's crust and its weak underlayer.



As the layer (black band) under the earth's crust gives way, the icecap shifts. The force of this great, relatively quick movement would cause compensating changes—in animal life, land and climate—throughout the world.

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There are special reasons for insisting that icecaps are the most likely agents for causing crust displacement. In the first place, they provide a mechanism that can overcome friction in the sublayer and can displace the crust to very great distances. This is the result of the fact that the centrifugal effect increases mathematically with increased distance of the center of the icecap from the pole (or rather from the axis of rotation). The icecap is rotating with the earth on an ever-increasing radius of eccentricity. Therefore, the force builds up and can never be absorbed by friction.

This is not enough, however. We have to explain not only how the crust could be displaced to great distances but also what factor limited the displacements to a fraction of the total distance from pole to equator. According to mechanical principles, the centrifugal effect would not decline until the excess weight on the crust that caused it approached the equator. The geological evidence, however, suggests that the latest movement of the crust stopped when Hudson Bay (which theoretically lay at the pole during the last ice age) had been moved only one third of the way to the equator. We must, therefore, have a weight that will disappear en route. Ice is the only sort of material that can disappear with its job one third done—by melting in the temperate zone!

Any new theory can, of course, be expected to encounter objections. We have encountered many of them in the last few years, and I have answered a good many of them in our book. One of the most troublesome Mr. Campbell and I have encountered is the question: What if both poles happen to be located in oceans? Won't the process of displacement then stop, since no thick icecaps can form in water?

This objection became less formidable as we investigated it. First, Mr. Campbell showed through a map study that because of the way the continents are placed it is almost impossible for both poles to be located in water areas and far enough away from the nearest land mass so that no icecaps can form. Then, my work showed that as a water area is moved poleward, the sea bottom rises relatively to sea level, and in many, if not most, cases the uplift would be sufficient to bring it to the surface. Finally, in my own investigations of the geological record I have found that changes at short intervals drastically affecting conditions on the earth's surface, and explainable by crust displacements, have been a feature of most geological periods.

Another frequent inquiry is: What of the future? It is reasonable to suppose that if there have been crust displacements in the past there will be more in the future. Our calculations suggest that the Antarctic icecap is nearly large enough now to start a movement of the crust. If that turns out to be correct, then mankind will have to divert its attention from destructive conflict long enough to control the icecap.

There have been a few earthquakes, notably the 1950 earthquake in Assam and the vast upheaval in December, 1957, in Mongolia, that suggest the imminence of a new displacement. If and when such a movement does start, we have a basis for an educated guess as to its likely direction. From the location of the Antarctic icecap's center of gravity, at latitude 85 south and longitude 96 east, we can deduce the direction of thrust of the icecap. This will determine the direction in which the crust moves. The ninety-sixth meridian bisects central North America, the Pacific west of South America, Antarctica and East Asia. From the direction of the present thrust in this meridian we expect that the next movement will pull the Western Hemisphere southward (in very much the same direction in which it apparently traveled last time) and push the Eastern Hemisphere northward. We may then expect that an icecap will form in Siberia, and that many species of animals in India, having no land to the south to escape to, will become extinct. The United States, moving into the semitropics, will subside relatively to sea level, perhaps a thousand feet or so. However, besides being necessarily somewhat doubtful, these disagreeable prophecies will not be realized for a long time, for our movement, once it starts, will require many thousands of years for its completion.

Readers interested in knowing more about the crustal-shift theory are referred to:

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So You're Flying Jet to Europe (Continued from Page 15)

about $16,000 per trip. In a month's time one such plane making a round trip to Paris every twenty-four hours could show an operating profit of almost $1,000,000. The net profit, of course, would be much smaller.

My jet flight to Paris began at a familiar portal, the dingy, crowded "temporary" Pan American departure terminal at New York International Airport—Idlewild—where in the jet age the struggle for a place at the ticket counter and, later, at the seat-assignment counter, is worse than ever.

A Pan American official informed me that the company was moving at near supersonic speed to improve its ground operations. Under construction at Idlewild, and scheduled for completion next fall, is a futuristic $8,000,000 jet-age departure terminal. It will have high, cantilever roofs, under which planes can park when it is raining or snowing; a total of forty-eight check-in counters, all within a stone's throw of the plane itself, and a five-minute maximum wait for baggage (it says here). The terminal is designed to load or unload one 165-passenger jet liner every fifteen minutes. American Airlines is building a similar terminal at Idlewild at a cost of $14,000,000.

Our flight was called—Pan American 114, scheduled to depart every evening at seven P.M.—and, after a long hike through the sheep run, we reached the airplane loading area. There, bathed in floodlights and looking like something out of a press agent's dream, was a Boeing 707, the first United States jet transport to go into regular service and, until the Douglas DC-8 is certified, the work horse not only for Pan American but domestic airlines as well. Like the other passengers around me, I stared transfixed. Squatting on its ten giant wheels, the blue, white and silver swept-wing plane looked twice the size of the DC-7C, one of the largest propeller-driven transports in service.

The 707 is a $5,500,000 civilian version of the Air Force's KC-135, which in the last three years has logged more than 50,000 flying hours as an aerial tanker-transport. Nearly 200 KC-135's have been delivered to the Air Force. Only two have crashed. One accident was laid to pilot error; the other is still under investigation.

The first 707 flew in July, 1954. Made cautious by the series of accidents which befell the original British Comets, the Civil Aeronautics Administration was severe in its inspection. Pan American and Boeing test-flew the 707 more than 1000 hours under every conceivable condition. Afterward the plane was systematically destroyed to measure its ability to withstand severe stress. The 707 is called "the most thoroughly tested civilian transport ever put in service." This is no exaggeration.

Looking at its massive bulk on the ground, one wonders how it could ever fly. The fuselage is nearly half the length of a football field—144 feet, six inches—longer by twenty-four feet than the ground covered by the first flight of the Wright brothers. Its tail towers to nearly four stories—thirty-eight feet, three inches. Its wings, angled back at thirty-five degrees, are about the same span as the DC-7C—130 feet, ten inches—but the four jet pods hanging beneath them make the plane seem heavier and bulkier. Fully loaded the plane weighs 123 tons, or about fifty-two tons more than a DC-7C. The fifty-four small windows along each side of the fuselage give the 707 a vague resemblance to a landlocked ocean liner.

"As a matter of fact," a Pan Am executive said, "one of these planes making a round trip every twenty-four hours could carry more people back and forth across the Atlantic than the Queen Mary."

One appealing feature of the 707 from the airline point of view is the flexibility of the seating arrangement inside its 100-foot-long cabin. All seats are mounted on tracks and can be changed around swiftly to accommodate the four classes of air travel: de luxe, first class, tourist and economy.

So far, Pan Am has flown only two classes on its Paris run: de luxe and economy. The forty de luxe passengers—round-trip fare, $909—sit in the forward end of the cabin in roomy seats, two abreast on both sides of the aisle and, in theory, are plied with liquor and a sumptuous meal catered by Maxim's of Paris. The seventy-one economy-class passengers—round-trip fare, $489.60—ride in the rear of the cabin in much smaller seats, three abreast on both sides of the aisle, and are fed sandwiches and coffee.

A partition with a folding door separates the two classes, and no passenger of one class may enter the compartment of another, except in emergency. Not wanting to arrive in Paris with a Maxim's-eye view of the trip, I chose to ride economy, with special dispensation, as a working journalist, to wander at will between the two compartments.

Our captain, Robert Weeks, along with the de luxe passengers, entered the elongated plane through the door near the nose. I walked aft and up a ramp which led into the rear cabin. Except for the seating arrangement, I might have been entering a swanky night club. The purser, dressed in white dinner jacket and cummerbund, stood by the door like a headwaiter. Soft music from special tapes flooded into the compartment through the loud-speaker system. The décor was strikingly modern: pastel grays and blues against white, with soft, indirect lighting.

There was considerable confusion in the compartment, however, since half a dozen of us were unable to locate our seats, and a dozen others wanted their coats hung up. The purser, trying to stem this confusion, was searching for a second purser or a stewardess to help out. "That's one of the troubles with these monsters," he grumbled. "They're so big you can't keep track of your people." The purser was making his second jet trip. Several of his assistants were making their first.

I climbed into my seat, which was outboard—next to one of the many small windows. There are nearly twice as many windows as seats and they are not aligned in the economy section. I had to lean forward to see out. (At night, flying above 30,000 feet, there is not much to see anyway.)

Over each seat there was an individual "service unit," containing a small No SMOKING—FASTEN SEAT BELT sign, tiny loud-speaker, reading light, stewardess call-button and a compartment for the emergency oxygen-breathing apparatus, a spongelike device which is clamped over the nose and mouth in the unlikely event that the cabin pressurization fails. There is a blue plastic fold-down tray on the back of each seat, an item I was able to examine in microscopic detail when the man in front of me reclined his seat into my lap.

At 7:17 P.M. New York time, Captain Weeks shot a blast of compressed air into Number three engine, rolling the turbine. Within two minutes the three other engines were turning over, and without further ado the plane began to roll, guided by ground crewmen wearing special ear muffs as protection against engine noise. Inside, in the rear cabin, we needed no ear muffs, but could plainly hear a kind of deep-throated roar and high-pitched whistling of wind, all mixed together.

I recalled a memo written by a Pan Am executive: "Unfortunately," he said, "the jet *does* produce more sound than originally advertised, both inside and outside the aircraft. There is no sense in trying to disguise this obvious fact. Therefore, I would like to suggest to you that we may

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use as an expression that the 707 . . . speaks with the 'voice of authority.'"

When we reached the runway, Captain Weeks turned the 707 directly into take-off position. As yet, jets have no formal priority, but the Pan Am pilots have worked out an informal system with the airways controllers. The pilots do not start engines—which burn as much fuel at idling speed as some four-engine piston planes burn at cruise speed—until the controller reports "no known delay." In the near future, when the number of jet planes operating out of Idlewild sharply increases, the Government will have to devise an efficient and formal ground-control procedure, perhaps a prearranged take-off time. In-flight air control must also be radar-refined. The airlines say a jet plane moving at nearly 600 miles an hour requires for safe transit a cleared air space of 6000 square miles, 2000 feet deep.

Poised at the end of the runway, foot hard on the brakes, Captain Weeks opened the throttles wide. The "voice of authority" spoke. And what a voice! As heard from my seat, in the very rear of the cabin, the rush of wind and engine noise was almost unnerving. I summed it up with a simple, trembling scrawl in my notebook: "fantastic noise." At 7:28 Captain Weeks released the brakes and the plane lunged forward, wobbling somewhat as its massive wheels crossed slight depressions in the runway.

Our fuel load was only about twenty-five tons, about half of total capacity. Still, taking into account the temperature, runway length and wind direction, we were "operating near the safety limits of the aircraft," as a Pan American captain later put it. But the take-off is scientifically plotted. Fully loaded, a 707 should pass a preplotted position known as V-1 at 166 m.p.h. and, shortly thereafter, V-2 at a speed of 188 m.p.h. If the speed is any less than 166 m.p.h. at V-1, the pilot cancels the take-off. If an engine fails after passing V-1, the pilot continues the take-off, since the 707 can take off in emergency on three engines.

The wheels left the ground, and Captain Weeks pulled the control yoke hard back in his lap. The 707 shot skyward at a fighter-plane angle, climbing initially at 2000 feet a minute. Soon Weeks reduced power slightly, and the engine noise subsided considerably. Like other economy passengers, I could still hear a rushing of wind. About four minutes after take-off the No Smoking-Fasten Seat Belt signs went off, and the stewardess began preparing sandwiches in the galley serving our compartment. The purser paused at my seat: "How do you like that take-off? Pretty dramatic, eh?"

As soon as practicable I squeezed my way up the narrow aisle, passed through the inviolate partition and made ready to rub shoulders with the de luxe passengers, 90 per cent of whom, Pan Am says, are executives on expense accounts. It was something like entering another world, to see those wide-spaced, comfortable seats, and, forward of the engines, to hear not the slightest murmur of wind or engine thrust. The utter stillness, the lack of any vibration or noise, was eerie. As one Pan American captain says: "When I first experienced it, I thought, 'My God! We've lost all four engines!'"

Immediately forward of the forty de luxe seats, across the aisle from the galley which serves the forward cabin, is a small cocktail lounge, or "drunk tank," as the stewardesses call it. This is a semicircle of soft leather seats seating up to six long-legged people at one time. There being no other place for me, I made my way to the lounge, joining several seasoned trans-atlantic travelers, all of whom were making their first flight on the jet. When I eased into my seat, I heard only a faint rush of air rubbing the fuselage, its sound almost drowned out by the whir of the cabin heater and air-conditioning unit.

There was a window aligned with my seat. By crouching slightly I could look out. The leading edge of the wing and the two jet pods were illuminated by a searchlight, kept burning throughout the flight so that the crew can make visual inspection of that area. One thing they look for: ice forming on the wings or pods—at our altitude the outside temperature was fifty-six degrees below zero. On top of the wing I noticed a forest of picketlike objects, which I found out later are called "vortex generators." By "generating vortexes," they break up the flow of air, which at high speed tends to lift up and away, and force it back down against the wing and rudder controls. This makes the controls more responsive and eliminates the need for hydraulic boosters. Looking at the wing, I had no feeling of motion. It was hard to believe we were actually smashing through the air at nearly 600 miles an hour. An engineer peered over my shoulder at the pods.

"Isn't it amazing?" he asked. "Just those gaping holes throwing out all that power."

The secret of the jet age, of course, lies behind those gaping holes. Developed by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, a division of United Aircraft Corporation, the engines are civilian versions of the J-57, a reliable design that has accumulated almost 3,000,000 flying hours on military aircraft. Each engine, two thirds as long as an automobile, generates almost 13,000 pounds of thrust or more than twice the equivalent power of one engine on the DC-7C. Two tons of water injected in the engines on take-off cool the air and boost the thrust of each engine to about 14,000 pounds.

On landing, the powerful thrust of the engines can be reversed to help stop the roll of the airplane. The 707's engines burn plain old kerosene. But what a thirst! On take-off and initial climb they gulp down about twelve tons of fuel an hour; in normal cruise, at altitude, about six tons an hour. To satisfy this thirst, the 707 must carry two and a half times as much fuel as the DC-7C.

Although the engines have fewer moving parts than piston jobs have, they cost nearly a quarter million dollars apiece and are twice as expensive to maintain. Pan Am will not keep engines in the "pipeline." When a plane at a remote point needs an engine change, a new engine will go out from New York tucked on a special fitting under the wing of another 707. Ordinary piston engines are overhauled every 1200 hours. The CAA insists that, at first, United States airlines overhaul jet engines every 600 hours, a figure the airlines hope may someday be increased to 1000 hours or better.

Interim maintenance has introduced some startling new twists. During prolonged flight unburned kerosene collects, like carbon inside an automobile engine, on the jet turbine blades. Pan Am mechanics remove this deposit by running up the engines and tossing walnut shells into the intake.

Jet engines, as anyone who has lived near an Air Force base knows well, are noisy. Just how noisy is a controversial question. To quiet the engines in the 707, Boeing spent more than $10,000,000 of its own money in research on about 500 different devices. The company finally settled on a weird-looking gadget called a "noise suppressor," which is stuck in the exhaust pipe of each engine. From the outside, the suppressor looks like a bunch of stove pipes thrown together helter-skelter. Actually, the tubes are scientifically engineered outlets which split the exhaust gases into twenty-nine streams, a trick that considerably reduces the racket. Boeing claims that with a power loss of less than 2 per cent the 707 engines have been quieted down to the noise level of the DC-7C engines.

Pan Am says flatly the noise has been "conquered." The Port of New York Authority, which controls Idlewild airport, thinks otherwise. It has restricted Pan Am jet operations to one runway—Number twenty-five, which exits over Jamaica Bay—unless there is a tail wind, or a cross wind exceeding thirty miles an hour. The runway, now being stretched to 10,000 feet, is at present only 8200 feet long. The 707 cannot take off in that distance with maximum fuel and passenger load. Thus, Pan Am claims, it is being severely and unnecessarily penalized.

Meanwhile, the planes which could fly nonstop to Paris with a full fuel load, weather permitting, must land shortly after leaving New York to take on more fuel. This is an expensive stop for Pan Am and an annoyance to passengers. Many Paris flights have left New York and landed for fuel half an hour later in Boston.

There have been exceptions. One Pan Am pilot who took off on a longer runway at Idlewild reached Paris nonstop in seven hours and one minute. Another Pan Am plane, carrying a full passenger load, made it nonstop from Boston to Paris in five hours, twenty-two minutes. But the average en route time, New York to Paris, during the first two weeks of scheduled flight operations, was nine hours, sixteen minutes. This is only about two and a half hours less than the average DC-7C nonstop time.

Even when Runway twenty-five is a full 10,000 feet long, a nonstop jet flight to Paris will not always be a certainty. In winter the weather over Europe is traditionally soupy. The 707 must have at least a 300-foot ceiling. If Paris weather is marginal, a fuel stop will be required en route, and in inclement weather passengers run the risk of landing in some other part of Europe.

As I stared at those gaping holes hanging beneath the wing, a chilling vision crept into my mind: a ditching at sea. Would the pods pull the wings off and plunge the fuselage and its 111 passengers to the bottom like a submarine? No, said Captain Weeks. The pods are stressed to break before the wing. In a ditching they would be torn away. Another Pan Am captain said: "The pod system is great. We never worry about fire or a runaway engine. If anything went wrong, the pod would simply burn, twist or blow off. In flight the 707 can remain aloft under emergency conditions on two engines."

From my seat in the cocktail lounge I looked across the aisle at a tiny galley, equipped with infrared ovens capable of cooking sixteen steaks in seven minutes. One purser and four stewardesses were hustling like Seventh-Avenue waitresses in the noon-hour rush. They had launched the serving of Maxim's sumptuous dinner—choice of seven entrees, including pheasant and lobster—an operation that would keep them working breathlessly for four and a half hours.

Each de luxe tray was decorated with a small orchid—economy sandwiches are decorated with a sprig of parsley. The immediate objective was to serve the cocktails and hors d'oeuvres—including caviar—before we reached our refueling point, Gander, Newfoundland, two hours' flying time from New York. Their almost total preoccupation with this enormous task reduced the flow of liquor to the cocktail lounge to a trickle and finally dammed it altogether.

One hour after take-off we passed over Nova Scotia. Informed of our position, the stewardesses pressed on more steam, and raced back and forth down the de luxe aisle pushing cartfuls of goodies. Not very many minutes later we began our letdown for Gander. The de luxe passengers were shooed back to their seats; I buckled into a safety belt in the lounge. One of the harassed stewardesses sat down next to me. "It must be marvelous to be a passenger," she said, "but I'm still wondering (*Continued on Page 72*)

"How do you expect me to sleep with that light on?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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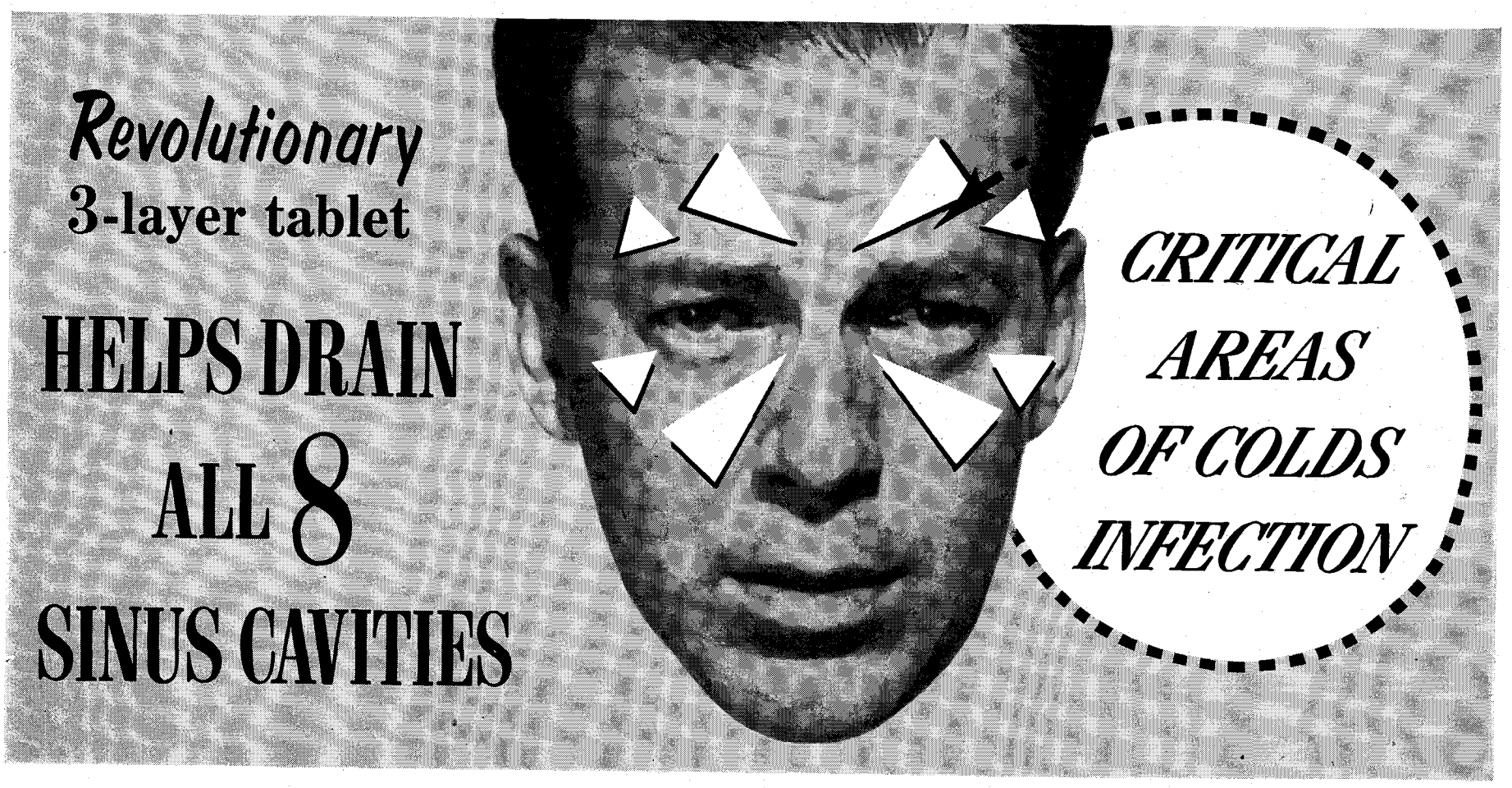
for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...



- Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion
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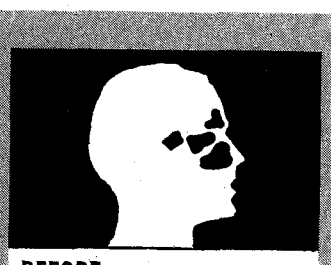
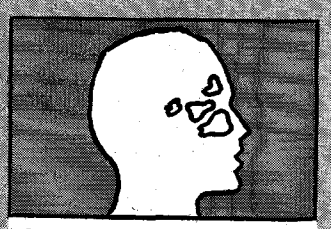


BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained ...free, comfortable breathing restored.

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EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

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(*Continued from Page 70*) what I did wrong to get selected for this run. And I'm frozen in it for two months too!"

Seconds later we were all startled by a deep rumbling noise. But it was only the massive landing gear extending. The noise is caused by air swooshing into the gear well just as the doors flip open. From that point on, the descent was ghostly quiet. Captain Weeks had pulled the throttles back to idle position and we were literally coasting down at about 2000 feet a minute. The excellent cabin-pressurization system makes ear popping unnecessary. Peering out the window, I caught sight of the runway lights. Gander was clear and, as usual, bleak.

We came over the fence at 156 miles an hour, about twelve miles an hour faster than a DC-7C. There was a time when, at this critical moment of flight, a jet engine would stall out if "jam power" were applied. But Pan Am pilots say the new engines on the 707 will not stall; the reaction time is about the same as that of a piston engine. We touched down smoothly. Captain Weeks pulled up the "spoilers"—big flaplike devices which "spoil" or dump the lift off the wing—and the 707 settled heavily and firmly on its wheels. Then Weeks closed the clam-shelled doors in the rear of each engine, opened the forward-pointing "cascades," pushed the throttles wide open and the plane shuddered under the stress of "reverse thrust." With this and the help of our skidproof brakes, we soon stopped. Says a Pan Am pilot: "I'd rather land this plane on a short field than a DC-4."

We remained on the ground at Gander one hour and five minutes taking on forty tons of fuel. No one was allowed to smoke or to leave the plane—"the terminal is too far away." At 10:40 New York time, we taxied out and took off. I remained in my seat in the cocktail lounge. Up forward the take-off is tame and practically noiseless. I bug-eyed my seat companions with tales of the wind-tunnel noise back in economy. Checking the publicity handouts about lack of vibration, one man balanced a half dollar on edge. It remained that way for half an hour. I, being an interloper from economy, balanced a nickel on edge. It stayed up longer than the half dollar.

Captain Weeks estimated our nonstop flying time from Gander to Paris at four hours, thirty-three minutes. Two and a half hours out of Gander (1510 miles), or at about 1:15 A.M. New York time, the Maxim's meal service was completed. Said the purser: "You might call it a very fashionable, late, Manhattan-type dinner." Said an experienced air traveler: "If the pursers and stewardesses are forced to continue serving that meal under that pressure they will all quit."

The 707 is manned by a crew of ten: captain, first officer, navigator, engineer, two pursers and four stewardesses. Captain Weeks, age thirty-eight, is not a regular Pan American pilot, but rather a Sector Chief Pilot, with 14,000 hours of flying time. Within Pan Am he is classed as "management." And therein lies yet another unresolved conflict of the commercial-jet age.

Pan Am's regular captains have refused to fly the jets until two conditions have been met. The first is a wage increase which, the airlines say, would boost the average pay of senior captains from about $25,000 a year to $45,000 a year. The pilots' union says this estimate is an "out-and-out lie." It claims that under its terms the average salary of a twenty-to-twenty-five-year pilot, working a normal week and with normal vacation, would be closer to $30,000 a year. The pilots have asked for this wage increase, they say, because they believe they should share in the potentially larger profits of the jet age and because the jet transports place a greater responsibility on pilots.

The pilots' second condition is that the engineer on the airplane be "pilot-trained." This demand, the airlines say, is being pushed by younger, less senior pilots, who foresee in the jet age a declining number of job slots. (Faster speeds and larger passenger capacities mean that fewer planes will be required to cover the same routes; in some cases speed will eliminate the need for relief crews.) The engineers, who have a contract with Pan Am through 1960, are not keen on this proposal.

Thus far, Pan Am has refused to accede to the pilots' demands, and it is quite possible that it will face a strike, like some of the other airlines. Meanwhile, during the deadlock, the planes are being flown by pilots recruited from management, who are members of the same pilots' union but on the "inactive" rolls.

On invitation I visited Captain Weeks in the "wheelhouse," which I found quite small compared to those on other airliners. With the plane on autopilot and flying at 33,000 feet, far above "weather," Weeks looked relaxed. "Flies like a dream," he said, an opinion shared by the more than 100 airline pilots who have flown the 707. But the navigator and the engineer were working feverishly, making fuel computations and charting our course to pick up the most favorable tail winds. "If you relax a minute," the engineer said, "you could lose track of 5000 pounds."

"We're almost over Shannon," Weeks said. "Stick around and watch the sun come up." In a moment it did, rising quite swiftly. "In high north latitudes, going the other way, we can catch up with the sun and make it rise in the west," Weeks said. I left the wheelhouse pondering that jet-age phenomenon.

Sauntering back through the plane toward the economy section, I polled the passengers on their reaction to the flight. Said the de luxe: "Let's have more booze." "The meal is ridiculous. A choice of three entrees would be plenty." "The refueling at Gander adds too much time. I'd just as soon spend three hours more flying and have more comfort." "The seats are closer together than other de luxe flights." "Perfect. I did a day's work in New York. Today I will do a day's work in Paris." "Incredible aircraft. Non-stop it will be fabulous." "The jets will put the people who make motion-sickness pills out of business."

Said the economy: "Not enough leg room." "Too much noise." "Too cramped." "Next time I'll take a boat." It should be mentioned that most of the economy-class passengers had never flown economy class on any other airplane, and most were making their first transatlantic crossing.

I buckled into my seat in the "wind tunnel." Captain Weeks was making an instrument letdown in pea-soup weather. It was broad daylight, and I tried to make the mental adjustment to Paris time, setting my watch ahead six hours. We landed at 9:15 A.M. Paris time, not at Orly Field, where jets are barred, but at Le Bourget, where Lindbergh came down thirty-one years ago. The field hasn't changed much since his time. It is difficult to collect baggage, more difficult still to hire a cab. From Le Bourget it is an hour's ride to the center of town.

Our total en route time from New York was eight hours and fifteen minutes, about three and a half hours less than the average nonstop flying time of a DC-7C. We still had nine tons of fuel on board. I noted when I debarked that I didn't feel wobbly and my clothes were still neatly pressed. My economy companions, who had ridden all the way in tighter quarters, were slightly mussed.

Within the next few months Boeing and Douglas will deliver to both domestic and overseas airlines faster jet transports with more powerful engines, greater payloads and longer range. These planes will make nonstop service between distant points more of a sure thing. When airport facilities, airways control and ticketing facilities have caught up with the jet transports, and when in-flight service for passengers has been adjusted to a sensible level, the age of the jet transport will be something to behold. Meanwhile, as one passenger on my flight commented: "So far, the commercial jet age is less perfect than predicted."

The Secret of Glacier River (Continued from Page 17)

"There's six altogether," the mechanic said. "A Doctor Craig heads it, helped by a young professor named Jessop. This Jessop's fresh out of Oxford—plenty fresh, in my book. A horse-faced lad with a mouth full of teeth."

"An excellent portrait," Ravenhill said. "Who else?"

"Two Eskimos, Old Mac and Young Mac. Old Mac's the cook, Young Mac's pick and shovel. Then there's a couple of college lads, built like stevedores. And how d'you suppose these two gorillas are keeping busy all summer? Hunting bugs, by the eternal!" O'Rourke's disgust was deep and bitter.

"Come, come," Ravenhill reproved. "Entomology's a recognized branch of science, old cabbage. And science must advance. *Excelsior*—and all that."

"I don't have to travel any more," the mechanic asserted morosely. "I've seen everything."

Now the passenger ship from Norman Wells came thundering over the horizon: a massive, float-equipped, fourteen-seater. It winged in low from the south, circled with mechanical precision and set down against the slow-moving current amid knife-edged plumes of spray. It taxied to the larger dock upriver, made fast at once, and the passengers began to descend.

Ravenhill mounted to the cabin again and donned his earphones. The dispatcher's voice came in briskly: all clear for Ravenhill, westbound to Glacier River. Ravenhill acknowledged it, hung up his earphones and motioned O'Rourke to cast off.

But O'Rourke, at the forward mooring line, held up a warning hand. "One of them CPA passengers running this way. Making motions for us to wait. A gal," he amplified, "loaded down with baggage like a female Santa Claus."

"A gal?" Ravenhill repeated with dismay.

The girl hurrying toward them, encumbered with a sleeping bag, knapsack, camera and other gear, appeared to be in short-tempered mood. She was obviously no tourist, but a trim, seasoned figure in beret, mackinaw and jeans. Blond hair clung dankly to her perspiring forehead, and her cheeks were flushed as she stumbled down to the dock.

Ravenhill descended courteously to await her. She planted the baggage at her feet and gave him an accusing glare. His debonair appearance and polite, disinterested manner seemed to add to her annoyance.

"What's the meaning of this, Mr. Enders?" she demanded. "You'd have gone off without me! Didn't dad tell you he was expecting me out to the dig today?"

"Sorry," Ravenhill returned. "I'm quite sure I haven't had the pleasure of meeting your 'dad.' And my name isn't Enders. Enders is down with the flu. I'm the substitute pilot. The name's Ravenhill."

"Ravenhill!" she repeated, with unflattering emphasis. "I've heard of you.... Well, Mr. Ravenhill, I'm Carol Craig. Doctor Craig, the archaeologist, is my father. I wirelessed from Fort Simpson that I was coming out to the dig. I'm an ethnologist—if you happen to know what that means."

Ravenhill nodded, giving O'Rourke a gloomy twinkle. "An interesting branch of science, no doubt. Tribal groups and that sort of thing?"

"Yes," she said shortly. "Well, there must have been a slip-up somewhere. In any event, let's hurry along. Get my baggage aboard, please."

Pointedly ignoring her cavalier manner, Ravenhill turned to O'Rourke. "D'you know anything about this, O'Rourke?"

"Not a thing," the mechanic admitted.

"Well, we must clear this with Enders. Dash up to the hangar and give him a ring, eh?"

"Yessir," said O'Rourke, and took off.

Ravenhill glanced at his watch, cocked an ear toward the steadily throbbing engine and stifled a yawn.

"Let's grant that you're a spectacular bush pilot, Mr. Ravenhill," Carol said. "Notorious, even. Dashing, no end, but I'm not in the least impressed. Why this straining to assert yourself?"

"This is Enders' ship," Ravenhill returned. "He must know what cargo he's carrying. Take explosives, for example." Ravenhill surveyed her cheerfully. "That would require an extra clause in his license."

"Very funny," she said. "But let's hurry on to the gist of it—if any."

"This is the gist of it," Ravenhill said. "Since you seem to prefer the blunt approach, let's grant at once that you're an attractive person, Miss Craig. That you're beautiful, even. That you're accustomed to having your own way. And that you were undoubtedly a spoiled brat as a child. These details are immaterial to me. To a pilot you're payload—nothing more. This establishes the status quo, I hope? The proper rapport?"

She eyed him furiously. "It'll do till we get in the air. After that—just keep your powder dry!"

O'Rourke now emerged from the hangar. "Enders O.K.'s the gal. I've phoned the tower that you've a passenger aboard. So you're all clear."

"Good," Ravenhill said. "Toss up her baggage, eh?"

Their take-off was without incident, despite their heavy load. Presently they were cruising north by west, seemingly motionless over the far-flung delta but for their shadow creeping steadily across the green and tawny world below. It stretched immensely from east to west, veined with

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black lagoons and innumerable sparkling surface ponds.

The edge of the Arctic crept obliquely toward them. There was no jagged or precipitous shore line: the flatness of the delta merely ended at a single glittering wrinkle of surf. Beyond was slate-gray water, and beyond that, far to the north at this season, a white of drift ice underscored the subpolar fog.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Ravenhill commented. To put her at her ease, he got out his cigarettes and offered her one. She accepted, and both lighted up. She didn't seem tense or apprehensive—a tribute to her caliber, perhaps.

"It makes one feel insignificant, sort of," she said, looking down at the vast, sunlit canvas below. "Our penny-ante problems too. . . . Sorry about my tantrum back there. It was childish of me."

"Quite all right. My fault, in fact. I prodded you into it."

"I was already prejudiced against you," she admitted. "I'd heard about you, and Dud gave me more of your background."

"Dud?"

"Dudley Jessop," she explained. "Father's assistant. He came from your county in England. You were neighbors of sorts, weren't you?"

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. Though one retreated to the ends of the earth—literally to its northernmost frontier—sardonic ghosts of the past could still rise up to tread softly at one's heels. "The Jessops? Yes, I remember the family. But I have no recollection of your pal, Dudley. He was probably younger than I. Still in day school, perhaps, when I was off to Eton."

"What you're really saying," she said, nodding, "is that you and Dud moved in different social circles. As schoolmasters and tradesmen, the Jessops were beneath the notice of the old landed families, weren't they? Particularly the Ravenhills of Ashleydown?"

He shrugged. "If that's young Jessop's view of it, why bother to dispute it? We're many a long furlong from that sort of thing, my dear. Let its blighted bones rest."

"My point is," she insisted, "that time's a great leveler. From humble beginnings Dud has made something of himself with a great career ahead. While you, with every advantage ——"

"Have gone merrily to Hades in a hand basket," he supplemented. "Granted. Onward and upward for Jessop. *A bas* with Ravenhill. Which disposes of the entire subject neatly, doesn't it? Look ahead, my dear. Note that the shore line's clear almost to the horizon. After that—nothing. D'you know what that means?"

"Fog, I presume," she said. "But I'm not through with you yet, my friend. I've a question to ask, in the interests of science. It's personal. D'you mind?"

"At your own risk," he warned.

"Tell me this, then. You're supposed to be a sort of buccaneer among bush pilots. Cashing in on one big deal after another. Always living high on the hog ——"

"A colorful expression," Ravenhill approved. He savored it, nodding. "'High on the hog.' Not bad."

"How come, then, that you're in your present predicament—a hired hand, as it were? Have you no ship of your own?"

"I had," he said regretfully. "A creaking old thing, but a good ship for a' that. I wrecked her on a sunken log coming into Aklavik three weeks ago. The old plane was a shambles. Her salvaged parts enabled me to eat for a fortnight. The last week's been a bit rough, I must admit."

"You mean," she said unbelievingly, "you've no capital at all? From all those spectacular exploits I've heard about?"

"Oh, yes," he assured her. He produced a single silver dollar, examined the coin affectionately and returned it to his pocket. "My reserves," he explained. "The prospect of a rainy day's always terrifying."

"Incredible! Whatever happens to your loot?"

He shrugged. "Where is last year's snow? Where are the roses of yesterday? Whither have the wild geese flown?" He pointed ahead. "Speaking of fog, don't be alarmed. If we can't land near your father's diggings we'll flit on up to a higher lake and ride it out. Glacier Lake, they call it."

"I know," she said. "I've had letters from father and Dud describing the situation at the dig. Why should I be alarmed in any event?" she asked, her cheeks dimpling a little. "With Ravenhill at the wheel? I've every confidence in you, sir. As a pilot, that is."

He saluted cheerfully. "Good. Another cigarette?"

A hairline decision was now at hand. Visibility was near-perfect, dead ahead, but far to the west, at the curve of the earth, converging lines of drift ice and shore line were blotted out. As O'Rourke had predicted, it looked like a neck-and-neck race with the fog at Glacier River. What was his, Ravenhill's, duty toward Enders' ship? Should he shorten the engine's life by holding it to top speed to the rendezvous? Or just cruise along and hope for the best?

He decided to cruise along. How far inland the fog might creep could not be predicted. Therefore, let the laws of chance govern. He settled himself more comfortably at the controls and gave the girl a careless, sidelong glance.

"Carol ——" he began. "If I may call you Carol, that is? My friends call me Riv."

"So we're friends now?" she said. "After that haughty-pilot and female-nuisance routine?" Then she shrugged smilingly. "I know—in this primitive environment let's not be stuffy? Very well, Riv."

"Tell me about your father's setup on Glacier River," he invited. "It's an important archaeological find, I take it?"

She gave him an incredulous glance. "Are you serious, sir?"

"Sorry," he said. "I'm only an ignorant layman, remember. It's quite important, then?"

"To this extent," she boasted. "It's probably the oldest prehistoric campsite discovered to date in the north. Father hasn't applied the Carbon-fourteen tests yet, of course, but it's as old as twenty thousand years, perhaps. It will prove any number of theories about the first human drift eastward from Asia. As an incidental bonus," she concluded proudly, "though this would make dad cringe, I'm sure, his findings on the site this summer will probably rank him among the world's top five archaeologists."

"My word!" Ravenhill said, honestly impressed.

He had other fish to fry, however, in areas relating more closely to Ravenhill's well-being. After a thoughtful interval he said: "Speaking of Glacier Lake, did your father's letter mention the four Alaskans in camp there?"

"Dud's did. Father's only interested in the dig. It seems these Alaskans were suspicious, at first, almost hostile, but Dud soon had them in a very friendly and co-operative mood. Why do you ask?"

"Just idle curiosity." It occurred to Ravenhill that young Dudley Jessop, fresh from Oxford, had much to learn about the true nature of the average Alaskan sourdough. Gaining the confidence of wolves from the barrens might rank as a lesser chore. "On your father's diggings," he went on, "how is he protected? In his rights to the ground, I mean?"

"His rights?"

"To use an unlikely example," Ravenhill said, "suppose that, unknown to your father, there happened to be something else of value—other than artifacts—on the bench he's exploring. Suppose some wandering prospectors decided to stake the bench and record it, as a mineral or placer claim. How does your father protect his diggings—prevent the prospectors from working the ground at once?"

"It's simple enough," she explained. "Father has permits to explore promising archaeological sites on each side of the line. On the Yukon—Canadian—side there's less red tape about a particular dig. He's only required to survey the ground and mark it properly. Then he has prior rights to the ground until he's through digging."

"And in Alaska?"

"In Alaska," she said, "he also has a general permit to explore anywhere on government ground. But after he's selected a particular spot he must also apply for an *in situ*, or 'on the site' permit. That gives him prior rights."

"As I understand it," Ravenhill said, "this particular ground's in Alaska. Adjacent to the Alaska-Yukon boundary?"

"That's right. There's about a hundred feet between the boundary and the river bank. The dig's in that hundred feet."

"But definitely in Alaska," Ravenhill said, nodding. "And your father has his *in situ* permit?"

"Oh, yes. It's on file at Fairbanks."

"Who flew your father down to Fairbanks?"

"Dud managed it," she boasted. "It seems the Alaskans were flying back and forth from Fairbanks, anyway, bringing in supplies and equipment to Glacier Lake, so they offered Dud a lift to Fairbanks to file the *in situ* permit. Nice of them, wasn't it?"

"It was, indeed," Ravenhill agreed. "Benevolent chaps, these Alaskans."

Here was a "strange track in the snow." That the Alaskans would haul a chance passenger to Fairbanks and return—a six-hundred-odd-mile haul—was a notion so bizarre as to verge on the ludicrous. What, then, were they actually up to?

Minutes after passing the black islands in the sky which represented the crest of Herschel Island, Ravenhill saw that the fog had beaten him to the wire. The entire coast line was already blanketed.

He swung southwest, gaining altitude, and soon picked up the deepening gorge of Glacier River. They were now over the broad inland tundra, skirting the foothills of the snow-crested Brooks Range. The small landing lake crept into view, brimming with mist from bank to bank. He swung in low to reconnoiter and could barely make out the dark, glistening surface. A corner of the archaeologists' bench, a little higher and due west, was vaguely visible beyond an intervening ridge.

Ravenhill was again faced with a tactical decision. Should he try for the somewhat risky landing here or head on up to Glacier Lake? His swing was taking him over the bench, where objects were in clearer focus. What he saw there tipped the scales.

As they roared over the bench, banking south and then east to clear the ridge on the left, tiny figures sped beneath them, arms upflung in welcome. The river edge of the bench had an odd, bristling appearance—upthrust pipes at geometric intervals, interconnected with a web of hose. Beyond, briefly glimpsed as they wheeled eastward, an aluminum pipeline threaded the upper gorge: gleaming in the sunlight, plunging into shadow, reappearing again higher up, ever mounting.

Ravenhill was inwardly staggered. A hydraulic setup on the bench, complete with Nome "cold-water" thawing points—and with the first series of points already in place? This must have been assembled during the past fortnight. Enders would have mentioned such a prodigious installation if it had been there two weeks ago.

"Why aren't we setting down?" Carol asked abruptly.

"We are," Ravenhill told her. "I had to make a pass at it first. What kind of thawing equipment does your father use to melt the permafrost?"

"He doesn't use any," she returned. It was plain that she had noted nothing unusual on the bench; she had been intent only on the human figures there. "They just leave the surface of the dig exposed each night. It melts an inch or so before morning. It's slow, but the best they can do."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. "Your safety belt, please."

They came in low over the east bank of the lake. For a moment it was touch and go, then they made contact with the black, motionless water. Once the floats took hold they mushed down quickly.

A small stretch of scarred sand took form ahead. As the ship crept toward this

"Police popped out from everywhere—
soon the bank was a sea of blue."

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makeshift landing spot, two men came charging over the bank. The younger was tall and rawboned, the elder rotund, cherub-faced and puffing.

"There's father!" Carol cried joyfully. "And Dud. Aren't they looking fine?"

She swung down the moment the floats touched the beach and was at once in her father's outstretched arms. Still clinging to him she extended a hand to young Jessop. He, too, placed an arm about her, his glasses and teeth gleaming, and for a moment all three did an impromptu dance in the sand.

"What's all this?" she asked laughingly. "I don't rate such a reception, that's for sure. You had good luck at the dig today?"

"Treasures untold!" her father exulted. "Giant bison femurs—split longitudinally, for their marrow. Giant bison, my dear—extinct at least eight thousand years!"

"In association with pottery fragments!" Young Jessop snatched up the torch, in a manner of speaking. His accents were even more broadly British than Ravenhill's. "Paddle markings. Distinctly Siberian."

"And the Carbon-fourteen test, my dear"—the doctor's voice was fairly quivering—"will indicate, we are sure ——"

"Wait!" Carol interrupted, her cheeks flushed with contagious excitement and pride. "Tell me all about it later. We've plenty of time. This is Mr. Ravenhill. He's substituting for Mr. Enders, who's down with the flu."

"A pleasure, sir," Doctor Craig said warmly, with a touch of belated dignity. "And my assistant, just over from Oxford—Dudley Jessop."

Jessop's manner chilled a little, as did Ravenhill's. Each inclined his head briefly. The young scientist's eyes, behind thick-lensed glasses, were cold and unwinking.

"The pleasure is mine," Ravenhill assured the doctor. "We've arrived at a historic moment, I take it?"

"You have, indeed. Sorry to inflict our enthusiasm on you. If you're interested in our dig, I'll give you a tour after supper. You can stay for supper, I hope?"

"Delighted," Ravenhill said. It was what he wanted most at the moment: to examine the bench at close range.

The doctor beamed at his daughter and linked his arm in hers. "If you'll excuse us a moment," he told the others, "we've a little visiting to do." He and Carol moved away, heads together.

Ravenhill and Jessop eyed each other. "Well?" Jessop said, smiling a little. "It's your move, I think. What's our role?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Is any role necessary? Just carry on."

Jessop's smile broadened. "We're a long way from Ashleydown, is that it? Strangers in the barrens? Ships that pass in the night—and that sort of thing?"

Ravenhill nodded. "With one amendment—what of it?"

"Very well," Jessop said. "Just remember the doctor knows little about you—yet. He's quite touchy where Carol's concerned. So I'd suggest you keep in bounds. Walk softly. And hurry back to Aklavik."

"You sound quite alarming," Ravenhill said. "May I stay for supper?"

"At your own risk," Jessop returned, his smile fading abruptly. "It's a long lane, Ravenhill. I'm top dog here. You're on the outside, looking in. Keep it that way."

Two youthful giants now burst into view, almost literally thundering over the sky line. Behind them labored two short-legged Eskimos. The quartet arrived, puffing, and Jessop introduced them to Ravenhill.

The two white boys were Buster and Julius—Ravenhill forgot their surnames at once—the youthful entomologists O'Rourke had mentioned in Aklavik. They were healthy young animals, woolly as Airedales in their newly acquired summer beards.

"And this is Old Mac," Jessop concluded, in a somewhat patronizing manner. "Our sterling cook. And Young Mac, who's becoming a first-class finder of artifacts out at the dig."

The older Eskimo beamed at Ravenhill, showing tobacco-stained teeth. "I hear talk about you. From upriver."

"*Cultus clatawah?*" Ravenhill asked good-humoredly, meaning, "Was it bad talk?"

The old Eskimo shook his head, his grin broadening. "No—*hyas*," he said, meaning "great" or "good," depending on the inflection. He grimaced guardedly toward Jessop, who was standing a little behind him. "We make *hyas* talk before you go, maybe?"

Ravenhill nodded and turned to Young Mac. This impassive youth was obviously a "boomer," as the type was known on the delta. "Congratulations," Ravenhill said. "I saw some of your pals in Aklavik. You're in a far better spot here."

"It's a living," Young Mac returned, his eyes sullen and watchful.

Doctor Craig now rejoined them and took command. "Let's get the stuff ashore, Mr. Ravenhill."

They were soon unloaded. Bulkier items were left on the bank for later packing. Perishable food was distributed among the men. Carol managed her personal gear, Ravenhill the mail sack, and they started for camp.

As a reflex born of old habit, Ravenhill studied his surroundings as they mounted the bank and crossed the low headland separating the lake from the river channel. The steep bank marking the northern edge of the bench was at their left. They rounded the corner and the camp came into view: a row of tents below the bench, on a sand spit flanking the swift-flowing river.

Ravenhill and Doctor Craig were bringing up the rear. "Just where is the international boundary?" Ravenhill asked.

"We've already crossed it," the doctor replied, gesturing up toward the bench. "According to the 1908 survey, the line lies approximately one hundred feet east of the river bank. That would place it just below the ridge east of the bench."

It occurred to Ravenhill that the river channel might have eroded a considerable distance eastward toward the Alaska-Yukon boundary during the preceding half century. From the doctor's point of view, however, what of it, since he was armed with the proper exploration permits on both sides of the line.

The cook tent's furnishings were rough but adequate. Preparations for supper went forward at once, and soon all were seated around the oilcloth-covered table. Jessop took little part in the mealtime talk, but kept Ravenhill under an owlish and gloomy scrutiny. Ravenhill merely listened, in his role of casual guest.

All in all it was a pleasant, neighborly gathering—the lull preceding a storm, as Ravenhill looked back on it later. Carol held the floor briefly, giving a cheerful account of her scientific research among the natives up at Fort Simpson. Then the two young entomologists, Buster and Julius, took over.

It appeared that these youthful scientists comprised a natural comedy team, and that their daily misadventures on the eastward tundra enlivened each supper hour. Together they kept their audience in stitches. Old Mac, in particular, who had an immense and wolfish knowledge of this bitter land, at times leaned weakly against the tent pole, wiping his eyes.

Supper over and the table cleared, Buster and Julius got out their paraphernalia and began mounting the day's specimens. Young Mac took up a fishpole from the corner and left for some evening's fishing in the river. The doctor reached for the dispatch boxes containing the day's take of artifacts, then hesitated, his earlier enthusiasm overhauling him anew.

"We've better specimens up at the dig," he told Ravenhill. "Let's dash up there a moment, eh?"

"Pardon," Dud Jessop interposed. "Do you have the time, Ravenhill? Before heading back to Aklavik? You've no interest in this sort of thing, of course."

"On the contrary, I've a profound interest," Ravenhill assured him. "We'll take the time."

"And I'll tag along," Carol said. "You, too," she told Old Mac. "Wash your dishes later. I'll help you."

Old Mac fairly wriggled with appreciation. "I will go—and you do not need to help with these *cultus* dishes."

"Nonsense!" she said. "No argument."

As they emerged into the cool outer air the doctor halted without apparent surprise. A visitor blocked their path: a

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roughly dressed little man of gnarled but powerful physique. His seamed features were pitted with ancient frostbite and one scarred cheek bulged with an enormous chew of tobacco. His manner had the friendliness of a shaggy and alert little terrier.

"Thought I'd drop in for a li'l' visit, doc," he said affably. "I seen Enders' ship come in." He inspected Carol with surprise, then his bleached eyes fixed on Ravenhill with something akin to horror. "Only this ain't Enders!"

The doctor did the honors courteously. "Mr. Flynn Foley—my daughter, Carol. And Mr. Ravenhill, who's substituting for Enders. Enders is down with the flu." And to Ravenhill: "Mr. Foley's one of our good neighbors up at Glacier Lake. He and his three partners are exploring the canyon above here for its gold possibilities."

"Haven't we met before, Foley?" Ravenhill asked gravely.

"Seems like we set in a poker game once," Foley agreed. "Over in Nome a few years back?"

"That's it, of course. Wasn't there a dispute over some local playing rule?"

"Yeah," said Flynn Foley, with relief. "Imagine getting so het up over a five-dollar pot, in a friendly game! Penny ante, wasn't it?"

"Trivial," Ravenhill agreed. "Undignified."

These were colossal understatements. It had been neither a five-dollar pot nor a friendly game. Flynn Foley was the most ruthless gambler, speculator and confidence man Ravenhill had encountered in the north. The stakes on the table had been high in five figures—the largest single pot of record in roaring, postwar Nome.

The showdown dispute had not been over an ace-low straight, but over the curious fact that Foley's four queens had included one that Ravenhill had previously discarded. The resultant brawl had almost shaken Nome to its permafrost foundations. It had culminated with Foley behind bars, near berserk and screaming for vengeance; and in Ravenhill's hasty exit from the Seward Peninsula, air-borne and with United States Marshal "Horse" Wiggins' outclassed ship lumbering behind in hopeless but stubborn pursuit.

"No hard feelings, then?" Foley asked genially.

Ravenhill shrugged. "It's water over the dam. Shall we carry on, doctor?"

"Whither bound?" Foley wanted to know.

"A conducted tour of the dig," the doctor explained. "Would you care to join us?"

"Sure," Foley said.

The doctor led the way up the steep bank. Gaining the level of the flat, they proceeded with the doctor at Ravenhill's left, Flynn Foley at his right and with Carol, Jessop and the old Eskimo following behind.

Ravenhill kept an iron hand on his inner and mounting exultation. The smell of raw gold, strengthening moment by moment, was coming down with the wind. That a gambler of Flynn Foley's caliber was in charge of the Alaskans was proof enough that enormous stakes impended here. The mere presence of the hydraulic equipment, flown in piecemeal from Fairbanks at enormous expense, confirmed that Foley was "shooting at the moon."

Just where did the golden treasure lie? All the signs indicated that it was on the bench itself. But if so, where did the archaeologists stand in this puzzling picture? Granting that their ignorance of placer mining was profound, could they possibly be unaware of what impended here? No destruction of terrain was more complete than that left in the wake of the devouring "giant."

Ravenhill thrust further speculation into the background. His immediate objective was plain: confirm the existence of the gold beyond doubt. The size of the pot. The dimensions of the loot. If the deposit was on the bench, as seemed certain, he must somehow obtain a sample of the gold-bearing stratum. From the dig itself, probably. Managing such sleight-of-hand in the presence of this considerable company—and under Flynn Foley's scrutiny—might take a bit of doing.

The bench itself was unimpressive: merely a small shelf extending north and south some two hundred feet, and some hundred feet wide, bounded by the river channel to the west and a brush-covered ridge to the east. The moss-blanketed expanse was pockmarked with test holes and their adjacent gopherlike pile of material. The archaeologists' dig was just inside the twin rows of thawing points which paralleled the river bank.

Ravenhill gestured carelessly toward that bristling array. "Your thawing system, doctor?"

"No, Mr. Foley's," the doctor returned. "He and his associates have several claims up the canyon which they intend to develop next season. They're merely testing their equipment here, with our permission. It should be a great help to us."

Foley shrugged it aside. "'S all right. We had to test all our gear. Including the pipeline."

They came to the dig: a modest excavation sixteen feet square and less than three feet deep. It was spangled with twine marking off exact four-foot squares. Material taken from the dig but not yet screened formed a small bank on the northern side. Screened material formed a pyramid near the southeast corner. Surmounting this latter pyramid was a row of small but bulging canvas bags, each of the approximate dimensions of a medium-sized, elongated potato.

The doctor squatted there, with Ravenhill at his left and the others ranged in a respectful semicircle. The doctor explained that the dig was laid out with its north side parallel to a carefully surveyed east-west base line. The twine-marked squares made for further precision in that each artifact could be recorded in the exact three-dimensional position it had occupied during the preceding millenniums.

The doctor did not touch any of the artifacts exposed in the dig. Those already classified but awaiting permanent identification numbers were outspread on the bank at his right: burins, broken spearheads, huge splinters of ivory-hued bone, bits of pottery. These the doctor handled lovingly and almost gloatingly, as though each were a pearl.

It gave Ravenhill an odd, alien thrill to realize that these moldering and corroded handiworks of man had remained in this exact position, precisely as he was viewing them, during the preceding eighty or more centuries; that this apparently puny dig ranked as the most important discovery in its field, to date, in the entire world.

Ravenhill leaned outward to examine the lowest stratum of sand in the near corner of the dig below him. It was darker in hue, relatively untouched and still glistening with frost particles. "That's the bottom of your treasure chest, I take it?" he asked, pointing.

"Completely sterile," the doctor said. "It's an odd formation, however." He indicated the small bags behind Ravenhill. "We've taken several samples for analysis in our Toronto laboratory."

Ravenhill came to his feet in a natural, careless way, and stretched his legs after their cramped position. "Continue, doctor."

As the doctor expounded further on his beloved topic, Ravenhill seated himself on the dirt pyramid, the outspread tails of his open leather jacket covering the nearest of the sample bags. He lit a cigarette and sat in relaxed pose, his left elbow on his knee, his right hand resting on his hip, under his jacket.

It was easily done. By bending forward a little, pretending rapt attention, he was able to inch the nearest sample bag closer, raise it up, tuck it neatly into his hip pocket.

The lecture was over, finally, and all started back across the bench. After they had gone a few steps Flynn Foley halted them, his quizzical eyes fixed on Ravenhill. "I'll be getting on back to my roost," he announced. "You heading right back to Aklavik, Riv?"

"Immediately," Ravenhill returned. "Forthwith. I won't say it's a pleasure to have seen you again, Foley," he added, with a gloomy twinkle. "Don't rob your partners blind, eh?"

"If you're bound to crack up on the way back," Foley responded, with equal good humor, "wait till I get up to the lake and have a grandstand seat. Good night, folks."

He strode off at once. Ravenhill went on with the others. All halted opposite the cook tent. With a proprietary air—pointedly so, Ravenhill thought—Jessop stood close to Carol, his arm linked in hers.

"This can't be good-by forever, Riv!" she protested, her cheeks dimpling a little. "I'm not through with my laboratory project. Surely you'll be back!"

"I may, at that," Ravenhill told her cheerfully. "Provided I can persuade Enders to branch out with another ship and give me the Glacier River run. Meantime, cheerio. My thanks for your hospitality, doctor. Good luck in all your enterprises, Jessop."

"All?" Jessop asked, beaming down at Carol.

"All that can stand public scrutiny," Ravenhill returned. "Good luck to you, Carol."

He strode rapidly to the north end of the bench and down its crumbling face to the footpath leading to the ship. He could feel his pulses beating in quickening tempo as he hurried across the intervening headland. At the water's edge, with his foot on the ship's port float, he paused to look about him and listen intently.

No sound broke the brooding quiet except the distant murmuring of the river. The desolate terrain was empty and static in the slanting rays of the sun. He climbed aboard the ship, took a stainless-steel mess kit from the emergency equipment and swung down again.

Squatting at the water's edge, he opened the canvas bag, poured its contents into his improvised prospector's pan and immersed it in water. Bending lower, he began, with circular movements, the skilled operation which Ravenhill ranked as second only to the faster spinning of the roulette wheel.

The bottom of the mess kit began to show as layer after succeeding layer of dark surface sand was washed over the side. Soon only a thinning residue was left, crescent-shaped, its color changing slowly from dark to pepper gray. Finally it was a speckled yellow in the thickest of the residue, but wholly yellow along the crescent's thinning horns.

Ravenhill set the mess kit down and squatted there for a moment, motionless and still unbelieving. Then he raised the pan and tilted it up so that the bright light from the northwest brought its contents into bold relief. The tiny grains and close-packed flakes of yellow in the crescent's horns did not actually gleam in the pan; their incomparable color merely altered a little to a deeper, richer hue.

He set the mess kit down again, his lips pursed in a silent whistle. The truth was plain to the eye. Here were values running hundreds to the average pan, thousands to the cubic yard. Assuming that the gold-bearing stratum underlay the entire bench, as the archaeologists' test holes indicated, here was a strike ranking among the greatest yet recorded in the north.

And now—what to do? The stakes were on the table at last. Bales and bags of the filthy. Whose gold was it? More to the point, how could Ravenhill ——

Gravel crunched gently behind him. Ravenhill leaped to his feet and turned about. Having approached soundlessly on rubber-soled pacs, Flynn Foley was standing just beyond arm's length. His seamed features were no longer bland and jovial. His right hand gripped a flat, heavy-calibered automatic whose black muzzle seemed to peer unwaveringly at the second button of Ravenhill's shirt.

"Hold it," Foley said, his voice brittle. He inclined his head toward the mess kit at Ravenhill's feet. "Pretty, ain't it? The stuff you'd sell your soul for, eh? But it ain't for you, gambler. We saw it first."

TO BE CONTINUED

"You're right, it is kind of catchy."

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I, Johnny Torch, American (Continued from Page 25)

during the Japanese conquest of the Philippines in World War II, I was suddenly without my mother. After walking a long way down a mountain, I saw sunken ships in a harbor. The next thing I remember, I was tasting my first American doughnut in a Red Cross hut during the liberation of the islands and it was there that Big Skiff, a G.I. sergeant, picked me up as company mascot.

This outfit might have been the 835th Ordnance Base Depot Company; it might have been the 48th Medium Maintenance Company; it might have been one of several other units. In any case, when it came time to evacuate the company to Japan, Big Skiff sneaked me on and off ship and into the depot in a barracks bag. Among the ten thousand or more soldiers and civilians of all ages stationed or employed in the big compound, I passed unnoticed by the top command in a changing khaki sea.

When we arrived at the barracks, I was barely able to see over the pool tables and I stuck close to Big Skiff. With him, and 118 other men, I lived in a Headquarters Company barracks. They were all good to me; as their mascot, I had special privileges. They got up at 6:30 A.M., but I slept until breakfast. They lived according to routine, but I had only to fall out occasionally for fire drill and medical inspection. They called me Johnny. I loved them all.

Mostly, though, I looked up to Big Skiff. When I needed anything I always asked him. It was he who outfitted me, cutting down G.I. fatigues for my clothes. What pleased me most was to be able to do the same things Big Skiff and the others did. As soon as I could hold a cue, he taught me how to shoot pool. When I was able to tell the king from the jack, I learned pinochle. When he discovered I could understand some Japanese, probably learned during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, he had me put in charge of a cleanup gang—old men and young boys who cleared the rubble left by American bombers before the surrender. I practiced giving orders like a drill sergeant and one day when Big Skiff was watching, I decided to show off. Puffing out my chest, I barked out a baritone order that ended in a high piping note. Even the Japanese laughed at a boss whose voice was changing.

Yet those were happy times. I felt important, had lots to eat and everybody was my friend. As far as I knew, the world would go on like this forever. Then one day I sensed something was different with Big Skiff.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "No letter from your girl?"

Big Skiff just looked at me. He didn't smile and when he spoke I got cold all over.

"I've got to leave here, Johnny. I'm going home—to the States."

"You leave me here? Can't I go too?"

"Not for a while, Johnny. They won't let me take you. But you behave and I promise to send for you. O.K.?"

I said O.K., but when he sailed it was like losing my mother all over again and for two years I cried for him the way I had for her. He didn't send for me. I don't know who he was and I never saw him again.

One thing Big Skiff's leaving did do was turn my mind to America. If he lived there, that was where I must go. From then on, I listened to everything the G.I.'s had to say about this home. It could drive you nuts. What could you think about how great New York was after listening to the guy from Texas? An Iowan said that, until I ate a double banana split in Des Moines, I hadn't lived. A Nevadan told me to see Las Vegas and die. A sergeant laughed at them both. Let him get back to Paradise, California, and heaven could wait.

But, no matter where they came from, the G.I.'s agreed America was God's country, where they all owned fast cars and were great lovers. About this time I began to realize the difference between the photograph of a sister and the pinup of a girl, and one day a chaplain asked me if I understood about God.

"Sir," I told him in all seriousness, "God owns the United States where there are lots of fast cars and women."

When that answer got back to the barracks, the G.I.'s laughed.

"Johnny," said one that night, "you're bright as a torch."

From then on, my name was Johnny Torch. I liked it better than the other—the one that had been given me on a slip of paper at some time before I arrived in Japan. Written in pencil were the words "Alfonso Piarano." I do not know who wrote them, but for years I carried them with me, studying them over and saying the words to myself often. But as the years passed, the pencil markings faded, the paper creased itself into pieces and one day I threw these away.

After Big Skiff went, the happy days never quite came back again. The troops at the depot were always shifting and rotating and I was passed along from one American to another—sometimes a major, sometimes a Pfc. Whoever it was would see that I was taken care of and kept out of trouble. If any of the commanding officers knew I was at the depot, they said nothing. In this busy world I was a small problem, too small to matter.

If I kept myself out of trouble, it doesn't mean that I hid. On the contrary, I was always working at something, making myself useful. By the time the Korean fighting started in 1950, I had been at the depot five years and was, I guess, about twelve or thirteen years old. In that time the G.I.'s had helped me learn to read and write. Also, I enrolled in Troop Information courses to improve my English and mathematics. I had already taught myself typing while doing clerical work for the major and for a supply clerk. I was never officially on the Army payroll, but whoever employed me always kept me in cigarette money, often out of his own pocket.

I had already discovered the movies and in them I could picture the America I heard about from the G.I.'s. In exchange for free admission, I had a spare-time sweep-out job. Soon the manager allowed me to help the projectionist. Two years later I was made a full-time projectionist. Finally, when I was about fifteen, I was appointed manager of the 250-seat theater, given charge of a staff of three Japanese nationals and paid a salary of forty dollars a month out of company welfare funds. *Now*, I told myself, *if I can be such a success in Tokyo, I could do even better in America, where everything is bigger. Maybe there I could grow to be six feet tall.*

Although still self-conscious about my five-feet plus, I was now a serious teenager and no longer the little mascot everyone kidded around with. As I grew older, my former hero worship of the G.I.'s leveled off into a more genuine friendship. Among them I always found a buddy and we'd pal around together until the time came for him to be rotated back to the States. He'd understand how badly I wanted to go over. Maybe he'd even guess how I hated being left behind. A fear was growing that someday the whole U. S. Army would pull out. Then where would I go?

So, we'd plan on ways I might get to America. I would save my money; my buddy would start the paper work, once he got back home. Before you knew it—we'd tell each other—we'd be spending Christmas together in Chicago. His girl friend had a sister; his folks would be glad to put me up until I got settled.

"We all got surprise raises—then he declared himself into bankruptcy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It went something like that with Curley, Tex, Francis, Lefty and Woodrow. Even the major promised he'd have his congressman pass a special bill. After he left, I began counting the days. Finally I lost count. Then a buddy like Woodrow would leave and there would be the same "good-bys" at the pier.

"Honest, Johnny, I'll get you over," he called back from the ship. But then, as the months went by there would be no letter and I'd have to remember once more that a barracks friendship in Tokyo couldn't stack up against the fast cars, the beautiful women, the fine friends, the baseball games, the tall buildings, the big bridges and the mountains that they said would make Fujiyama look like a molehill.

Once in a while, though, there would be mail. Woodrow sent a picture post card of the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Below THIS SIDE FOR MESSAGE he wrote, "Hi, Johnny! We're on our honeymoon. Say Hello to the Gang. Wish you were here."

Some message.

By the time the Korean war came to a close, in 1953, the changes in the G.I.'s arriving seemed more noticeable than before. Perhaps the difference was in me. In the beginning, everyone in Headquarters barracks knew my story and was my friend. Then the story became a kind of legend passed along from veteran to newcomer. But now I was grown and the replacement troops arrived and left too fast to understand about a mascot who beat them at pool, ran a theater and slept until breakfast while they got up early. A few of them resented it.

One evening six of us were playing pinochle in the company lounge when a loud-mouthed corporal, loaded with sake, came in.

"I hate all Japs," he said. "I hate all slant-eyes. And that goes for that little guy over there. I mean you, Johnny Torch."

A hush came over the room and I felt cold all over. Trouble was one thing I couldn't afford. I studied the cards in my hand so hard I can still see them. Then, two of my buddies, Vic and Max, got up from the table and stood on each side of the weaving corporal.

"You're drunk," said Vic. "The kid's no match for you."

"Let's take this outside," Max said.

I waited in misery. Couldn't that dumb corporal see that in my heart and my head I was just as much American as any G.I.? When Vic and Max returned, they said nothing and I asked no questions. The corporal never spoke to me again.

Vic was Victor Cantelmo, a twenty-two-year-old college student from Whittier, California. He had arrived in the depot in 1952, about the time I was fifteen, and was assigned the bunk next to mine. Although he was older and stood six feet to my five-foot-five, we hit it off from the start. He was a good football and baseball player as well as a good student, and he was patient in helping me study. Some days we'd open a dictionary at random and Vic would check the words I could define and spell on one page. Or we'd play a geography game: ask each other to identify the Great Lakes, to locate Yellowstone Park, to name the capital of West Virginia.

Best of all, though, was the game we called Home. We played it while we ate pepperoni—Italian sausages sent him by his folks. The game began with any old Monday morning in Whittier and Vic would tell me each single part of the day's routine: getting up, breakfast, what he wore to classes, the schedule at college, the coffee break with a girl, the plate of spaghetti his mother set before him at dinner (this was (*Continued on Page 78*)

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(*Continued from Page 76*) no chewed-up Army spaghetti; it was long and tender, Vic said, with rich tomato sauce and grated cheese, and you washed it down with red wine). After this, he told me, there were the hours of study at night, then maybe a television program before he went to bed. We'd go through the whole week like that, covering every hour of the day and winding up with the Saturday-night date and dance.

Now for the first time I got the feel of what life with a family must mean. I began to fill my mind with daydreams that Vic's mother and father were mine; that his home was mine. I started to call him brother.

Now Vic began to talk of the day I would come to the States. He wrote his parents in Whittier, who answered that they would welcome me in their home. The thought became the most important thing in the world to me, but always in the back of my mind were the other disappointments. Vic would forget too.

Then came a cold, rainy day in December, 1953, when Vic sailed for home. Again I went down to the pier where the gray transport waited to take him to his family and friends, to all the dates and dances, to the big bridges, the wide boardwalks and the tall mountains.

"Good-by, Johnny," he said as we shook hands. "I know what you're thinking. I'll help you get over."

Four weeks passed with no word from Vic. Then one day I heard my name at mail call, and there was a package from Vic's mother and father—a box of pepperoni. No sausage ever made a man so happy and no taste ever turned a barracks so quickly into home.

That night I sat down and wrote: "Dear Brother: Vic, please tell your parents thank you. I try to write them but I cannot. Something stick in my throat. I would like to express in this letter my thanks to them but my mind is confused with joy."

Not long after, a letter came from Vic. He was writing Vice President Nixon. With such an important person hearing about Johnny Torch, I would soon be going, like any G.I., home to America. The "soon" turned into a year; instead of America I almost landed in a Japanese jail.

The person who kept me out of jail was, aside from Vic, my best friend at the depot. Her name was Mrs. Irma Ross and she was Chief of Civilian Personnel. I met her just after her arrival in Japan in 1951. She used the theater I managed, to give lectures to the Japanese civilian personnel. Also, she organized a class in English which she allowed me to attend.

Knowing an American woman was a new experience for me and right away I liked her. I tried hard, through good penmanship and spelling, to please her and it made me happy when she asked about my plans for the future.

Once she understood how much I wanted to become an American, Mrs. Ross, too, began trying to find a way to get me there. Vic's letter to the Vice President was answered by Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, of California. It was a friendly reply and the senator explained I might be eligible to enter the United States if I could prove my status as a stateless citizen and show that I would not become a public charge.

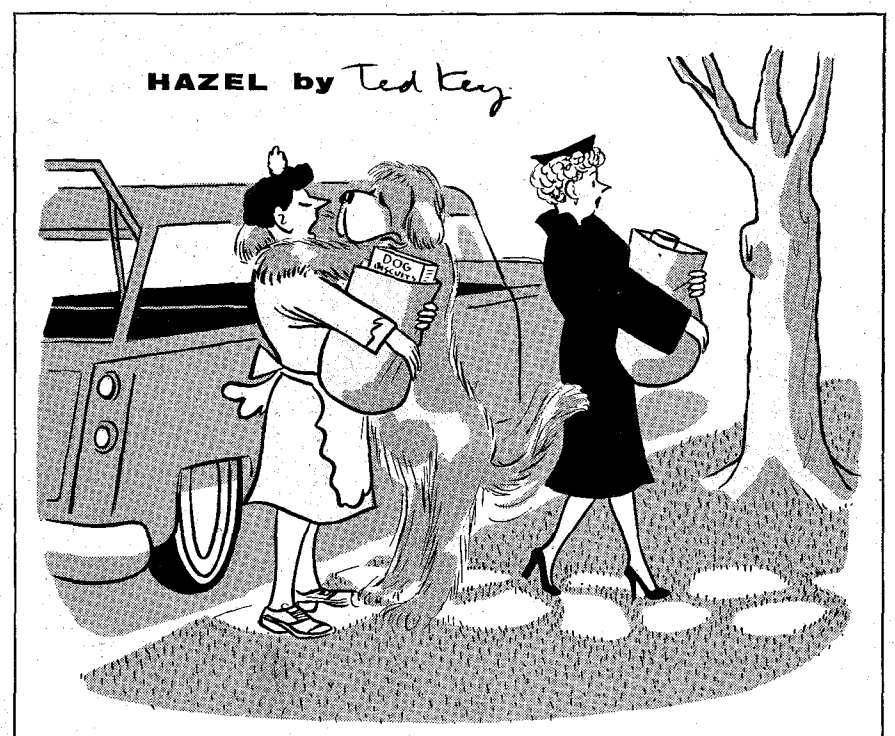
It was the citizenship status that worried me. However, the American consulate in Tokyo allowed me to register under the Philippine quota and sent Mrs. Ross and me to the Philippine Mission for a citizen's travel document. Here everything went well until the Philippine vice consul asked my place of birth. Then he frowned.

"But just look at him," Mrs. Ross insisted. "He *is* Filipino."

"We must have proof," the vice consul said, shaking his head. "As far as we are concerned, this young man does not exist."

I would have given up then and there, but Mrs. Ross refused to take head-shaking for an answer. She began interviewing people and writing letters, trying to find out where I might have come from. Some of the replies told us where, for military reasons, I couldn't have come from—but that wasn't much help.

We tried another tack. We called on Mr. Eliseo Hermosa, an American of Filipino origin who lived in Tokyo. He spoke to me in Tagalog. It meant nothing. Next he spoke in another language, and somewhere in my mind the words had warmth and feeling. Behind the feeling was the idea of mountains and life on an island. When I tried to describe these thoughts, Mr. Hermosa believed the language was



"Shall we dance?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

one I might have sometime understood. Ilokano, it was called—a Malayan tongue used on the western side of Luzon.

I told Mr. Hermosa about Alfonso Piarano, the mysterious name on the slip of paper. He replied that Parayno and Parano were common names on western Luzon, particularly in the province of Pangasinan. That might be a clue to my old memory of the sunken ships, because that province borders on Lingayen, the invasion gulf.

Leaving Mr. Hermosa, we were encouraged and excited. The search seemed to be growing warm. Now Mrs. Ross wrote to the widely circulated Philippines Free Press of Manila. On May 20, 1954, a picture and article was published. Under my picture was the question that we hoped would tell us much: DO YOU KNOW JOHNNY TORCH?

It was sad to find out how many people thought they knew Johnny Torch. Hundreds of letters poured in, from all over the Orient. At least twenty-five claimed me as a lost son, separated from them by war, and begged me to return. Most of these enclosed a birth certificate, a baptismal certificate or a certified letter from a parish priest. Some letters sent pictures of a child. Could I be this child? Village officials wrote for mothers who did not know how. Many letters described birth marks I didn't have. It was just as well I couldn't be identified. I could not have gone back to the Philippines. My heart was set on becoming an American.

We wrote to civic officials in every town and village in Pangasinan province. Finally, with the evidence piling up that there was no proof of my birth, we thought the time was ripe for me to go back to the American consulate and be declared a bona fide refugee under the 1953 Refugee Relief Act.

We laid a thick file on the counter before the consular attaché: letters, forms in quadruplicate, passport photos, sponsor's assurances, character references. But there was one thing missing.

"May I see the re-entry permit, please?" the attaché asked.

"The re-what?" asked Mrs. Ross in a troubled voice.

A re-entry permit, we learned with drooping spirits, would have to come from the Japanese, to certify that I would be received back into the country in case I became a liability in the States. Suddenly America seemed farther off than ever, because I knew that as far as the Japanese were concerned I didn't exist either.

"You've done enough," I told Mrs. Ross as we left the consulate. "When I'm older, maybe I can become a G.I. and get to America that way."

"You've had too much Army already," Mrs. Ross said. "Now you listen to me. When Big Skiff and the others promised to get you to America, they didn't know—any more than I—how hard it would be. Some of them tried, I'm sure, but maybe they were ashamed to let you know they had failed. I've watched how you've died each time you were disappointed. I'm going to see that you don't lose your faith in people, especially now when there is Vic to help too.

"Then there's another kind of faith I want you to have. It's faith in God and His willingness to help. Some years ago, when my daughter Nancy was six, I had to begin making a living for myself and for her. I had never worked before. Just one helping hand would have been a blessing and it was then that I found out what faith in God and one person's help could mean. That's when I vowed that if I ever had the chance to help another, I would never let it pass."

When we inquired about the re-entry permit next day, I was told I should have registered as an alien before April, 1952, when the peace treaty went into effect. Now, I learned, I must appear before the Japanese immigration authorities—and meanwhile I was subject to arrest.

Startled by this threat, Mrs. Ross hurried to the American consulate. After pointing out the danger I was in, she asked again that they cut as much red tape as possible or America, she told them, "will lose a good citizen."

Her plea had some effect. I was called in for more questioning, and after this the United States Employment Service gave me a vocational test and the Army a physical examination. The Army doctors set my probable age at eighteen and then the psychiatrists went to work. When they had finished, they said I was "bright, normal, possibly superior in intelligence." They even gave me a paper to prove it. Finally, a security officer checked my record, and by mid-summer, 1955, the long series of investigations was over.

Meanwhile, though, the Japanese immigration authorities ruled that their hearing could no longer be postponed. Just as we were bracing ourselves for that, help arrived from another source. At Mrs. Ross' request, Rev. Hallam C. Shorrock, Jr., of the World Council of Churches, had placed my case before the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, in Geneva. The commissioner after some months, had ruled that my case was indeed covered by the Refugee Relief Act of 1953; and on the strength of this, the International Red Cross forwarded to me in Tokyo a travel document of the kind issued in lieu of a passport to stateless people.

Clutching this precious document firmly, I went before the Japanese Immigration Bureau officials. But I need not have worried. With all the evidence that had now piled up in my favor, the hearing became merely a formality. In short order I was issued the necessary permit for re-entry into Japan, and after that I easily obtained an American visa as a stateless citizen.

The long months of discouragement were over. I could hardly believe it. Then once more, I made the familiar journey to the Yokohama pier, the pier where I had stood so often, lonesome and despondent, watching my friends depart. But today my heart was high. Now it was I who would say good-by from the ship, never again to be left behind.

But saying good-by to Mrs. Ross turned out to be the hardest of all. She was making possible the greatest adventure of my life. When I tried to tell her of my gratitude the words choked up and tumbled over each other. But as long as I could, I stayed on deck looking back.

For the next seventeen days I was completely on my own for the first time in my life. It was like a new beginning. And finally, one August morning in 1956, I watched the Golden Gate Bridge pass overhead, looking almost as big as the G.I.'s had claimed.

The next night I arrived by train in Los Angeles. The Cantelmo family was waiting to greet me—brother Vic, his bride and infant daughter, his mother and father. I had come home at last.

On May 3, 1957, Johnny Torch, the waif who had appeared out of the smoke of some liberation battle in the Philippines, became John Torch Cantelmo, the formally adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Cantelmo. With their help and a part-time job, I am now taking a pre-engineering course at Long Beach City College. After that, my mind is set on a degree from the California Institute of Technology, as it was once set on coming to America—the land to which, one day in 1961, I will pledge allegiance with all my heart.

Do you hear, Big Skiff? THE END

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